

*Dr. Stange*

# THE MUHLENBERG



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SEPTEMBER, 1910.

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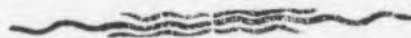
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## THE MUHLENBERG

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# THE MUHLENBERG

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(Open)

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## EDITORIALS.

The ring of the bell! Old faces! New faces! New and old exchange greetings! Reminiscences swapped. New men measured. Boarding houses open. Books and furniture sold and exchanged. New wing to dormitories; two new professors! "Pop" on deck. Student regulations read and explained to freshmen. The "wearing of the green." Freshman enter rear door. Everybody astir. Football in the air. Everybody boosting for Greater Muhlenberg. Ancient good made better by time!

On Thursday morning, September 8th, Muhlenberg College opened her forty-fourth scholastic year before an audience of students, alumni, officers, and friends. The program was simple and impressive. Following the opening service by President Haas, and the Scripture reading by the Rev. James Little, of Hokendauqua, the president introduced Professor Chas. S. Foos, superintendent of the Reading public schools. The professor came to fulfill his task despite an afflicting physical ailment, and held his audience to close

## THE MUHLENBERG

attention. He chose as his subject, "Right Living as an Art." He spoke informally, enlivening his "heart to heart" talk with fitting references to the life of Lincoln, and others who, he said, possessed the art of right living. He urged the persistent practise of enthusiasm, patience, tact and self-reliance, if we would carry our message as a burning fact to a needy world. He went on to say that as the 14th Century was the era of learning, the 16th Century, of religion, the 18th, of freedom, so the 20th is the era of the revival of the beautiful, ergo, the useful, the pure, the true. The search for the beautiful results in the search for the Creator of the beautiful. To fill our place in the world we must adapt ourselves to the beautiful by a mastery of self, which adaptation, in turn, must be produced by adaptation to the Creator. With this equipment the solution of life comes easy. One so endowed is the type of the 20th Century man, his chief attribute being sympathy, i. e. love to all. This sympathy wrestles with the world's problems. Such living is the highest art.

After the closing services, the student body tarried for a mass meeting, called by the president of the Students' Organization. The first item was football and its prospects for the season. Prof. Reese with his usual enthusiasm presented the facts, and urged the fellows to "stick" close together and "boost". He suggested a hard life for the knocker. The student regulation rules were read so that every man of the various classes might know his proper place in the student life. After adjournment the professors looked the new men over.

Prof. C. G. Alexander, of the University of North Carolina, and Prof. E. D. Ross, of Syracuse University, have

been added to the faculty, and are occupying the chairs of English and History, respectively. In speaking for the student body, the "Muhlenberg" wishes for both these gentlemen a large measure of success in their new vocations.

Again in the flood of collegiate activity, we are impressed with a new and local application of the words of the great American orator where he says, "If there be anything in local association fit to affect the minds of men, we need not strive to repress the emotions which agitate us here." As Sons of Muhlenberg surrounded by the steadily enlargening advantages and possibilities of her halls, we, too, have just claim to a full and reasonable expression of the emotions which agitate us here. Stagnation and retrogression find no lodging about these parts. Hopes, which a few short years back, seemed highly calyxbound and uncertain of fulfillment, are now blossoming forth into happy realization. Old Muhlenberg is shaking herself mightily with awakening life and enterprize. A powerful spirit of loyalty and unification is welding the student body into one strong force, without faction or disruption. The new slogan is, "Unite and boost." Every man is boosting! The new spirit demands it of every man. The dawn of greater things is upon us, and will continue unclouded so long as every man is a Muhlenberg man to the core. Life here will be made intolerable for grunts, knockers and other venders of bad goods. Everybody—boost! And then—boost some more!

The president's Baccalaureate Sermon is weighty with truth and inspiration, and deserves the careful study of all our



readers. It is found on the opening pages of this number.

---

Our greeting to the new students is that of cordial welcome. We wish for them all a most profitable and enjoyable journey through these halls of learning. The biggest problem confronting the new man, particularly the freshman, is to find himself. We would urge an appreciation of this vital point. Some students consume a whole semester in realizing this. First get your wheels on the track and then steam along.

---

The new northwest wing of the dormitories, to be known as Luther League Hall, which is the gift of the Luther Leagues of Pennsylvania and vicinity, is built after the plan of Rhoads Hall, and will afford lodging for twelve students. Owing to delay in the arrival of foundation stone, the structure was late in starting, but now promises to be ready for occupation by the middle of November. It will be right up to the minute in modern improvements. Would that more organizations and friends of Muhlenberg would come forward with the spirit of the Luther League.

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As in former years, we shall not be disturbed in our morning slumber by the striking of the clock in the tower of the Administration building!

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The early morning fall of trowel and hammer on the new dormitories eliminates the need of the customary rising alarm.

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If you are right, do not care if you are the "only one in step." Just "drive everything before you."

---

A word to the new men. A reminder to the old men. Return to our advertisers a reward for their loyal support of our periodical by directing your purchases along channels suggested by their advertisements. Take time to think of this. Reciprocation is the reasonable and fair thing. We need their financial assistance. They deserve first consideration on our part. Let us cooperate.

---

Ruskin makes the assertion that no religion ever preached on this earth of God's rounding, ever proclaimed any salvation to sellers of bad goods. If "rapid transits" may be classified under the category of bad—and opinions differ—some fellows' chances for bliss are slipping away in direct proportion to the amount of traffic in such speed vehicles.

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Do you read the Muhlenberg from cover to cover? Do you know what business men advertise in our paper? Do you read our exchanges in the reading room?

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The freshmen also posted town.

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Full students' self government is new with us. It has been growing upon us for a number of years, and is now ready for the crucial test. What if we should fail? We can't fail! We have the requisites for success. However, a word of warning. Its success depends upon our ability as men to pull one way. If in studying the constitution or any of its working phases, you find reason to differ, do not scatter your opposition broadcast and label yourself a knocker. Let not our tongues be our own shame's orators. Present your grievances to a member of the Council, who will confidentially refer the same to the Council for

due consideration. The ten members of the Council are these: Grant, Baringer, Weber, Eberts, Wunder, Hartzell, Kuder, Coleman, Ammarell and Bieber.

That all students may more clearly understand the workings of student self government at Muhlenberg, permit this work of explanation. The system is twofold. First, we have the Students' Organization, composed of all regularly enrolled students of the college. The function of this body is legislative. It is also executive in so far as it is the duty of the student body to enforce its regulations. The other body is the council, whose chief function is executive. It also interprets the constitution and its appended laws, and is therefore judicial. It also suggests bills to be voted upon by the Students' Organization, although any student may recommend legislation. The council has power of legislation merely to the extent of carrying on its business as an organization. In brief, the Students' Organization is legislative, while the Council is Executive and judicial.

A report was circulated that a skunk passed through these parts recently. The veracity of the report was questioned by no one.

We again welcome Coach Bull to our gridiron and wish him success in the application of the new rules. Dr. Bull has shown in the past that he is here not only to coach the team but to use his influence in working for the good of Muhlenberg. A word spoken here and there for the college by a man of his caliber counts for much. He is loyal to all of her interests. We need such a man. We have him.

The best way to make football a game for the many is for the many to come out and struggle on the scrub team. Those who scrub will not be required to attend the regular classes in the "gym" during the football season. Let's make this season a "hummer".

Football season tickets are on hand for the alumni and friends. The squad looks O. K. and a big season is the promise.

The alumni and our friends are taking an active interest in our athletics. It is for us to do the students' part as we are best able by loyal support of our teams whether we are participants in the games or witnesses on the sidelines. The old Muhlenberg spirit shall be strong wherever it is!

We would urge particularly upon the new dormitory arrivals who smoke to use special care in the disposal of seemingly extinguished matches and stumps. Use a metallic tray, never the paper basket. A due appreciation of the sacrifices endured in providing these halls should enforce upon us respect for such consideration.

Gossip has it, that in the midst of the poster festivities on the night of opening day, one of the Sophs was overtaken by an officer while moving his heels at a rapid pace. He was released from the stern grip of the law by passing out to the blue coat the information that he was merely enjoying his customary midnight constitutional. Clever, eh, for one who has just passed the mile stone of verdancy.

The president's first heart to heart chapel talk, on "The purpose of College and its Advantage for a man's life," was a strong word in season.



In his second chapel talk the president dwelt on the restrictions of freedom, necessary for the maintenance of order in college life. His words were straight forward and profitably suggestive.

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Muhlenberg was represented at Northfield Conference this year by Karl L. Reisner '10, Jacob H. Horn '10, Arthur N. Butz '11 and Paul F. Kerstetter '13. The summit outlook upon life which Northfield and similar conferences afford to college men, is one that serves to highly multiply and bring to light the latent possibilities and potentialities of a life. It crystallizes life purpose and reveals the value of a soul. If there is any possibility, every Muhlenberg man should attend a conference of this character at least once during his college course.

Our periodical this year will rise in quality if the plans of the staff are realized. The future looms large before us with undreamed of possibilities. We shall endeavor to have our capabilities

measure up more closely to our possibilities. Give us the fruit of your pen. You won't realize your ability until you try. Give us a legend or tradition of your own neighborhood, a story, poem, essay, oration, in fact, anything which may be of interest to our readers. Don't you pass judgment upon your productions and cast them aside. Let us look them over. Modesty may bias your opinion. Sign your own name or initials to your article. Pseudonyms detract interest. If you fear criticism content yourself with knowing that greater men than you have been criticised by greater critics than your own. If there is any matter which should have editorial notice, mention it to the editor. This is not the staff's publication. It is the official organ of the whole student body. Material for publication should be in by the first of each month. Hand it to the editor or leave it at room 102, Berks Hall.

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New Staff bows to its friends.

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You will find poetry nowhere unless you bring some with you.—*Joubert*.

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In all things the supreme excellency is simplicity.—*Longfellow*.

**BACCALAUREATE SERMON.**

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The forty-third Commencement week of Muhlenberg College began on Sunday, June 12th. The Baccalaureate sermon was preached by President Haas, who took his text from John 8:32: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

There is one characteristic of our age which stands out beyond all others, and which impresses us most largely. This is the fact of the world's unrest. We of the West are apt to have our look directed to the nearer and farther East, and in view of the transforming forces of life there evident, we speak of the changing order of the Orient. In this day of cosmopolitan interest we note the loosening of the former aged and hoary standards of faith and morals, the breaking up of the old tyrannies through constitutional government, the new hope of a larger democracy borne in upon the East by the Western conception of Eastern religion and by Western enterprise and commerce. But it is not just simply to take this far-away view and neglect self-observation, for unrest is among us as well and we are in the turmoil also. This is felt very keenly in our own land in various directions, and particularly so just at the present. Our unrest is political; we are, as it seems, on the eve of the breaking up of the great political parties, and a new alignment seems necessary and about to come. Minds are seething in the cauldron of political life. We are living even more in a time of social unrest. All the freedom of our government is not freeing us from the mighty rumblings heard ever more distinctly of that stratum of

society which is claiming a larger and a fairer share of this world's goods. Nor is there more rest in the economic combinations that have grown up amidst us. Public opinion and increasing investigation of the State are harassing the power of large wealth. The family also of the upper and lower classes is subject to great stress, and the quiet peace of the home is disturbed by the tumultuous tempest of the age. Is it to be wondered at that as a reaction men throw themselves into the whirlpool of pleasure where it dashes most wildly? The Church, with her promise of peace, is also girding on her armor and getting ready for the struggle. There is to-day not more defection from religion, or more indifference than there was some decades ago; the remarkable thing is the return to some sort of religion and the new interest in religion, which is attacking the old formalisms, and asking for support and strength in the searchings of souls that are being felt. The Church is being aroused and is asserting new virility. It is calling its men to its work, and it almost appears like the preparation for something greater than the immediate action contemplated.

Into this world, and into such an age you are going forth, not without knowledge. You have been forwarded in the college, which is not as popularly supposed cloistered and secluded, and behind whose walls are only musty tomes. The modern college is rather an armory where men already hear the clash of arms and prepare for the fray. The battle for which their soul is to be won in the spiritual order. For we must realize



the more deeply we think of the present unrest, that its aim is larger freedom, but freedom never comes through deception; its only final solution is the truth. And, therefore, the message of your Alma Mater which she gives to you as you go forth, after her efforts to awaken in you the sense for truth, is this:

STRIVE FOR THE TRUTH THAT SHALL  
MAKE MEN FREE.

1. What is this vital striving?
2. What is this truth to free men?

Like a contrast of peace into the sounds of war there comes the voice of Christ saying, "Ye shall know the truth." It speaks with an assured certainty. At once this attitude is challenged and brought into conflict with the position of a Pilate who sneeringly asks: "What is truth?" The old sneer has not yet died away in the world. There are still Pilates, men of the world, men with selfish purposes who live simply for visible influences whether they be of government or wealth or pleasure. The voices are still heard who say that truth is unobtainable, and its quest is a dream like the old pilgrimages that sought the Holy Grail. Truth, it is claimed, is ever hidden; only a disordered fancy of men and a projection into real life of an illusion is forcing men to put the question that can never be answered. What is truth? Such an interrogatory is like the chase after the will-o-the-wisps, that alas, destroys men in deep morasses. Abandon, we are told, this insoluble problem; for many are the answers, and none has certainty. True is what seems true to any one; true is what is currently held. All truths are alike; therefore let us take life as it is and stop this endless wrangling. Poor, deluded humanity that thinks it can find truth,

and burdens itself with many burdens, and at last generations go and generations come, and what is the profit of it all! Let us live for the present, for has not the preacher of God said: "And I gave my heart to know wisdom and to know madness and folly. I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit, for in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow." But it is not only this pessimistic abandonment of the search after truth that meets us, but still more prevalent is the assertion, that what we need is action, what we must have is practice, and not theory. The motto of the age is *let us do and not let us know*. The clamor is for the doer, the practical man, and the practical religion.

Is this the real attitude, and shall we give up all striving to know? If we are honest with ourselves we can not finally be cynics, either for pleasure or for action's sake. The mind and heart of man refuse to be satisfied and to be stopped by such arguments. Deeper and deeper we have been led to look into nature and history, nor will mankind ever rest while thousand problems are to be solved. And who will say that this quest after truth has been in vain? Certain great results have been attained, and certain territory has been conquered. Knowledge is possible. Why will men deny this search which has changed so much of the world for us, which has enabled us to trace the paths of the stars, to tell the story of the earth's form, to utilize her forces, to understand her manifold living beings, and which has shown us the world of men and their progress through many a strife? It is not true that knowledge has been all in vain. Without knowledge a people perishes. Back of all this cynicism, especially that which cries out

for action alone, lies the error which does not see that all action grows out of knowledge, and new knowledge and new truth means new action. The very difficulty with this age of being is that there is too much heedless running to and fro in the land, too much mere nervous experimentation, too much unguided strenuous attempt, but the great lack is a deeper knowledge and a deeper truth which shall bring rest, and not add to the sum total of unrest. If this is true, in the world about us, is there any more reason for cynicism in the world within us, in the moral and religious sphere where history also shows us greater and greater progress as knowledge grows from strength to strength?

But if we can not turn aside this striving after truth by cynicism, why shall we not rest in the past? There is a great glory in tradition. Wonderful minds have thought long before our day, great hearts have felt, great heroes have lived, and poets have sung. Who to-day can measure up to the thinking of a Plato and a Kant, who has the great heart of an Augustine and of a Francis of Assissi, who has the heroism of a Luther and a Calvin, who can sing as sang Homer, and who can paint life and reveal the human heart as can a Shakespeare? What efforts of ours can reach to the limits of these giants? Do we not live through their thoughts? Does not the pulsation of their hearts still vivify us, and their heroism still inspire us? Therefore let us take what we have inherited from them and live upon it; we can not live upon the present, and can not know except through the past. We are the heirs of all ages, and he is to be pitied who has no share in the glory of the past. And yet how is this past ours? It is ours, if unthinkingly and without

examination, we simply take for granted all that the past has given us. Does the past offer us the talents that we should bury in the ground? It can not be true that the past has forever set all the combinations on the organ of life, and it behooves us simply to use the combinations of the past, and never to dare to draw our own stops. Tradition has its blessing, but traditionalism is a curse, for it is the blind acceptance of what has been because it has been. It is not the entering into the real gifts of the past and their use, it is not knowledge of truth, but simply repetition of forms, it is not imagination that makes alive, but memory that killeth. Too long have we allowed the dead hand to rest upon us, and have not seen the demands of the present. We have lived as though the past had forever enacted the laws that must govern us, and frequently we have done so, not because we have accepted the results of the past out of a deep desire for the truth. No! we have taken the past, and accepted it as a whole to save ourselves the labor of finding the truth. It is not so much that we wanted to know the truth, but that we did not want the pains of searching for the truth. Truth is not really vital enough for us, and of high enough worth, and therefore we accepted what claimed to be truth without earnest test and examination. Can we know, can we find the truth if this be our attitude? The traditionalists as well as the cynics have no real message for the age; they have no life in the truth and for the truth. With high regard for the lessons of the past, let us learn the lessons of the present in all spheres. Even the Scriptures we have not simply as an inheritance, but we are told to search them that we might find life.



Not cynicism, not traditionalism, but humble acceptance of all that is true in the past, and high resolve to search again in the present is the attitude of right knowing and right striving for the truth. When Christ utters the words: "Ye shall know the truth," He speaks to those who are beginners in the faith. His promise is "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed, and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." The knowledge which is promised in the truth begins with the vital test of taking Christ at His word, and then becoming a disciple. Out of such experience of life will come the knowledge of truth. Christ here but repeats in other words what He has elsewhere said, when He asserted: "My doctrine is not mine, but His that sent me, if any man will do his will, he shall know whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

Let us note carefully, Christ first says, "ye shall be my disciples," and then only, "ye shall know." Where life is, knowledge must come. The constancy and perseverance in His word, which is the gift for knowledge, is vitalized through experience, and then becomes real knowledge. All experiences, all the testings of life, lead on to knowledge, and we do not really know before we live, it is only out of life, reaching back to the promise of the past that truth comes. Never are we finished if this be truth, and yet there is no sense of despair, but only joy of progress. Even though, as long as time continues, we shall know only in part, and the perfect ye shall know is always onward, yet this very experience is our help and strength. And in the unrest of to-day there is a demand for just this attitude. The understanding of what similar crises of the

past has come to men, the acceptance and perseverance in the life that has been tested will lead us on. There must be openness to every fact, and trust that greater knowledge shall come out of the restlessness of the present. The present can not be stopped; it can not be damned, for the anathemas of the past will cure no ills. Our only hope is in the greater knowledge of the truth, in the greater knowledge of all truth, not only that which looks earthward, but that which looks heavenward. We need in the world Christ made real by discipleship, and thus in life we shall know, though through many a trial, the truth that is needed. How full is this life of the present! Oh! to be young at such a time as this, and to remain young in this joyous, glad, striving, searching, seeking, in which the life full of hope will ever anew bring knowledge, and knowledge will find truth.

If we have found the correct attitude and the proper striving for the truth, we are not yet at the end. Our attitude must be toward truth, and truth must justify itself. The blessing of the truth is that it shall make free. Knowing the truth is not the end, but freedom is the goal which mankind is striving after in individual lives and in its common history. But now what is this glorious liberating truth for men, which everyone that has tasted of it must help others to find?

There is a liberating power in all truth. Wherever there is any truth, it breaks the shackles of ignorance and superstition.

\* \* \*

But while everywhere any part of truth will break claims and open prisons, is there any truth which does this in the highest manner and in the highest



spheres? The highest spheres are certainly those which are measured by man's happiness, and man's happiness grows out of his moral endeavor, and his moral endeavor grows normally out of his faith.

\* \* \*

The power of religion as truth that makes free can not lie in any conception which subjects man to forces. Over against forces we are slaves. It is only in personality that we are free. And thus that religion alone has power of liberation which it not impersonal, but intensely and directly personal. This is eminently the fact in the Christian faith, and Christ who says, "ye shall know the truth," also says, "I am the way, the truth and the life." In a supreme way He exerts the power which is brought to bear upon us when some noble human personality comes into our life. Have you ever been in the presence of a man who unconsciously attracted you and won your confidence, so that you could reveal to him the inmost secrets of your heart even in its darkness? Have you felt in such a presence that no ignoble thoughts, no impure feelings, and no mean purposes could find place in you? This was not simply an influence which needed the bodily presence of such a personality. It is the spirit of a great and loving man, clothed in his word, that makes other men nobler and liberates them. In an altogether unique way freedom comes from Christ as we know Him not in the flesh, but as the Lord, the Spirit, for where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. But this Christ can be no partial Christ. He can not as truth deliver us, if we regard him as a convenient healer of the body, as a comforter in tears of mere outward distress, as the Christ of the mere words

of the catechism or of ecclesiastical definition, or as the leader of a great social revolution. He can only help us as He is the full, real, complete, harmonious person, in whose presence all evil flees, and before whom all holiness is brought forth.

In Him there comes to us the truth about ourselves. Real religion is fundamentally honest, and its first demand is that we be honest with ourselves. It can never begin when we say, "we are no man's slaves, we are free." But we are just as much enslaved as we are bound by our meaner selves. Can you honestly assert that there is any one whose soul is clear and deep as the crystal spring? Who that is sincere with himself, can say that he has no sin? "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us." It is certainly not comfortable to know ourselves thus, and if we do not desire to be uncomfortable and distressed by our own littleness and meanness, we must forego truth. But if we allow all that is wrong in us honestly to come out into the light of the truth of Christ, the great person, not with pietistic cant, nor with hypocritical confession, but in downright honesty, what power can not the purity of Christ exert to cleanse us from our iniquity!

What might not be the result in the great world if each class of society would not look for the mote in the eye of the other class, but at the beam in its own eye? Think of the liberty that would come to us if the great commercial combines would retract some of their policies, and honestly say, "we have done wrong!" What would happen if the restless classes would look to their sins and not believe that poverty and struggle made them saints? What liberation

would there be for the laboring man in the honest confession of the bitterness of his soul against his more favored brethren and in the acknowledgement that every life taken in a lawless strife is murder? What would come about if justice reigned in the world of finance, and honesty in the sphere of politics? Are such expectations idle dreams? Are they mere unrealizable fancies? No! they would not be this, if men, in their class relations, as well as in the individual relations, would be willing to acknowledge the truth. Of course, in a world shot through with sin, there will be but slow progress, and yet were there honesty enough, truth would work a mighty revolution for noble freedom. And in the principles, the life and the word of Christ, before whom Zacchaeus changed,

and in whose presence the Publicans repented, there is adequate power for freedom through truth.

The change which Christ works, through the holy influence of His personality, is no hard condemnation, and no condemning rejection. He, with His holy helpful strength, with His heavenly love, full of grace and truth, would soothe like a mother with tender comfort, and uphold like a father with helpful strength. This is not an idle assertion, for men have tried it and found it true that there is a "Godly sorrow unto repentance, which repenteth no man." Through this larger revelation of Christ, which developes the best in men and society, there will come the positive element of a high, a free life, after the removal of the wrong.

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### A WORD FROM MR. GRANT.

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Good student government can exist only where there is good college spirit. Its cornerstone has been laid in our beloved institution and it remains for us to gradually build it up until it reaches an unquestioned state of perfection. This can only be done by the most hearty cooperation of every son of Muhlenberg.

The way must be prepared and opened for the new men as they come in from year to year. The rules prescribed for the freshmen enable them to realize their position in college life and accordingly make them better upper classmen. But WE ALL need to be guided and

restricted, in a certain measure, so that the rights of others may not be infringed upon and a wrong conception of liberty arise. With the good will, earnest effort and most hearty assistance of the student body we shall accomplish wonders this year and the cry "Do it for Muhlenberg" will be heard in every corner of our college campus, in classroom society and athletic field.

The president of the student organization and all the old members hope that the freshmen will imbibe freely of the true Muhlenberg spirit and use their influence in every possible way to add to the glories of our Alma Mater.



## INCIDENTS BY THE WAYSIDE.

EDGAR O. REITZ, '12.

One breezy summer morning as the sun appeared above the horizon, we started on our journey to the summit of a high piercing mountain peak. When we had proceeded but a short distance there appeared before us a form that looked like a mere pygmy. It proved to be an unfortunate, painstaking mother, whose cares and worriments had made a deep impress upon her countenance. As she was slowly and cautiously making her way thru the rough and stony street we saw a kind-hearted and devoted youth come along. With the earnestness of boyhood he offered to carry some of the baggage which this mother happened to be dragging along with the greatest difficulty. Suddenly, almost in the twinkle of an eye, we could plainly see how the saddened face was transformed into a smiling gladdened form such as reminds one of the time when the rising sun dispels the mist. The youth looking up into her careworn face gave a smile of deepest love and respect. He accompanied her as far as our vision could bear us and finally disappeared from our view.

We stopped to learn the significance of our experience and we were fully rewarded for our patience. The struggling and care-worn mother at once suggested to us the dramatic scenes of a man's life. We learned that life is a struggle indeed. The example of the mother taught us to be courageous, to be active, to be daring. The point is that in order to do anything in this world we must not stand shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we

best can. Like the poor unfortunate one we must meet our obstacles by the way, we must surmount them, we must do or die in the cause. Then and not until then will there be a glorious conquest and the reward honor and success.

"This above all; to thine own self be true;

And it must follow as the night the day  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

We now continued our journey and finally came to a farmyard scene, the most beautiful and most attractive we have seen. The trees of a stately forest hard by seemed to keep time with the rippling water fall in an adjacent stream; the breeze passed silently thru the leaves; and the occupants of the entire farmyard seemed no less to share in the rhythm of screeching fowls, bleating sheep, grunting pigs, neighing horses and lowing cattle. The milkmaid was singing a song whose note seemed to have been instinctively inspired by this siren symphony of trees, brook, ducks, geese, sheep, turkeys, pigs and cows. Even the guinea hens in their monotony of tone added no small share to this great confusion. In truth there was life in every nook and corner of that most rustic farmyard scene.

At nine o'clock in the morning we came to the village blacksmith, Vulcan Stoppel. He had four men at work digging an excavation for a new annex to his brick house. They were working like Trojans. The setting of the new foundation necessitated the removal of a portion of the substructure of the brick house. We



inquired into the danger of such a procedure, for the rickety old building was badly cracked. The fissure extending from top to bottom reminded me of Poe's description in his romantic essay: "The Fall of the House of Usher." We had no sooner inquired than the whole collection of bricks came down with a crash. Brick follows brick, each one trying to be first in the race. In a mere glance the house had fallen. We were amazed at such a sight. The Fall of Usher's house had become a reality to me. The only exception I could find to Poe's description of Usher's house was that the tarn into which Usher's house sank was absent from the scene. It was the most singular occurrence that I have ever experienced. Nobody was killed for the collapse was anticipated and the household effects had been removed.

After this exciting event we proceeded to our destination. We had several accidents en route, but we successfully covered the greater distance by steam. The upper part of the peak was too abrupt to go by train. We thus worked upward by foot as best we could. The climbing was very dangerous on account of snakes, steep rocks and shots of hunters.

As we ascended a steep rock we accosted a large angry rattler making a noise like a katydid, and coiled ready to fasten its poisonous fangs in our flesh. We had now learned that perseverance in all things is the best way

to succeed. We chloroformed the reptile and then pulled its deadly fangs to prove our adventure. We also preserved the rattlers as a souvenir of our day's experience. What a helpful and what an instructive lesson we had learned from the old lady! What courage it gave us to struggle and surmount every fear! What a landscape rewarded us for our efforts!

With great fatigue of body and mind we had gained the destined goal. We had conquered. As far as the eye could reach we saw the most luxuriant vegetation. All nature was then before and around us. How we enjoyed the marked contrast of rock at our feet, and verdure in the valley below! It was an object lesson in every respect, and it could not fail but point us to the great Author of this lesson. In fact every form of nature is a finger-post which points us to eternal heights. In other words, the laws of nature are the thoughts of God. The fascinating picture before us reminded us of the words of the poet. He who loves Nature

"Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Like the climbing of a steep mountain so are life's struggles. They are difficult to pass but he who faithfully believes that "laborare est orare" will surmount every obstacle, encounter every difficulty, and finally, receive both honor and success.

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He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into Living Peace.—  
*Ruskin.*

## THE TEST OF DEMOCRACY'S GREATNESS IN AMERICA.

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(The Clemmie L. Ulrich Junior Prize  
Oration.)

JNO. E. HARTZELL, '11.

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A small army of gallant heroes is gathered to protect their inalienable rights. At its head rides the immortal Washington, in its ranks marches the unknown patriot. They are willing to go through untold hardships and endure great self-denial to accomplish their design. Circumstances and fate seem to portend their failure; but still they persist and push on undaunted until the black clouds, obstructing the bright rays of their destined future, begin to break. Little by little they see that not everything has been in vain. The dawn has come and their great ideal has become a reality. A new nation, a nation of democracy has had its birth and the constitution of the United States has become a living document.

From time immemorial, it has been an axiomatic fact that, wherever men live together, some form of government is expedient. The form, inaugurated by our ancestors, with its many privileges of justice, as contrasted with the more absolute forms, affords a great blessing to the American people. Do we really appreciate the significance and value attached to the name American? Cannot we, just like the Romans of old, with equal propriety and with as little hesitancy, declare that to be an American is to be a king?

We are, however, too often prone to forget the prodigious price that was paid, the noble sacrifices that were made, the terrible dangers and momentous vicissi-

tudes that were encountered in our country's establishment. Yet, it must be fully recognized that the greatness and stability of democracy do not depend upon its formation alone, but equally as much upon the manner in which it is carried out and respected. Our forefathers could do no more than establish a course of government, but to us, as their inheritors, has been allotted the task of protecting and of proving its greatness, and if we fail to do this, the inevitable courses of wrong-doing and negligence will be the result. The work of these sages still lives, very truly lives, having so far withstood the most severe and crucial tests that mortal times could invent. There is no evidence in all history of a keener test of democracy than our forefathers' task of achieving national unity and the capacity for orderly development, without which our national prosperity would have been an impossibility. Through how critical a test our ship of state had to sail until this unity was safely secured, yes, even through a civil conflict, which threatened our Republic with disruption! But guided by a trust-worthy and sagacious pilot, we came forth from this conflict united, united forever as long as we remain loyal to the Stars and Stripes under whose benign influence we live.

But while we are enjoying the blessings which come only to a free and prosperous people, we must not forget that our liberty, our institutions, and all



that we hold dear are continually on trial. The test of democracy is always present. We cannot evade it. Its success or failure in our country depends in an incomparable degree upon the attitude taken by its citizens. Because of its unprecedented success hitherto, citizens are not justified in assuming a complacent attitude and in subscribing to the doctrine of *laissez-faire*. They must awake from their lethargy and approach all the present day problems in the spirit of courage, common-sense, and highminded devotion to the right. The greatness of democracy, therefore, is created by its own constituents. It is altogether dependent upon the patriotism, the magnanimity, and the moral courage of the citizens.

America need not fear a foreign foe. Her foes are domestic, frequently carrying on their work covertly and insidiously. There are powerful and dangerous enemies striking unceasingly at our country's peace and progress, who must be conquered, if our government shall continue, and if the last great experiment in popular government shall not fail and fall. As our small army in the revolutionary days accomplished wonderful deeds, so to-day there is equally as much need for a patriotic army to combat with the foes that are incessantly gnawing at the vitals of our democracy. Whence shall this army come? If it is to be successful, it must be composed of the best, the most loyal, and honest citizens.

Under the exigencies of his time, Lincoln issued his Emancipation Proclamation. To-day, too, there is need for a proclamation calling forth the best qualities within us for retaining our high national standard by displaying hatred for the wrong and love for the right, thereby emancipating ourselves from grave per-

ils. Let it declare that citizens ought to be educated in civic righteousness and in the most profound respect for the greatness of democracy. Our schools and colleges are mighty factors in infusing into the youth of the land a high sense of patriotism and public duty and are surely instrumental in producing men fit for leadership. Recently, one of our leading educators made the startling statement that "Lincoln would not have been as serviceable to the people of this country, had he been a college man." Such an assertion must be discounted as being rash, unwarranted, and altogether too speculative. The well trained and educated, if their efficiency be properly directed for good, will be a potent force in shaping and advancing democracy's greatness.

But, alas! too often the best are slothful in exercising their potency. It is indeed a lamentable fact to hear good men venture the excuse that politics are too degraded to admit of their participation. The good men of the country have it within their power to rectify existing evils. But if they refuse to administer the remedy, the evils must go on with-  
warted. They will multiply, if unchecked, and become the greatest barriers in our pathway of prosperity. If politics be dirty, the fault to a large degree rests upon the heads of our so-called good and inactive citizens.

Party spirit is indispensable in a democratic form of government and for men to eliminate themselves from party activity and affiliations is a blow at one of the very attributes of democracy. Ambassador Bryce says "The spirit and force of party in America has been as essential to the action of the machinery of government as steam is to a locomotive

engine." It keeps alive and accentuates public opinion and serves to impose checks upon the administration of government. So long as it is kept within the bounds of propriety, without arousing serious animosities and criminations between brother and brother, its service is inestimable; but when it leaps these bounds and becomes the vehicle to convey political scoundrels, seeking their own selfish aggrandizement, to places of trust and honor, so soon it becomes a curse. This use of party spirit must be assiduously guarded against, if our democracy is to retain its greatness. When religion and morality are discountenanced by political parties, the object of popular government is defeated; for "of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, they are indispensable supports." There are times when party loyalty ought to be superseded by higher and greater considerations, when a non-partisan spirit should be displayed. And if men fail to recognize this, they evince a mistaken notion of the meaning of democracy and again our structure is severely tested. "Respect for authority, compliance with laws, acquiescence in state measures are duties enjoined by the fundamental maximus of true liberty." Because these laws and measures have been formulated by an opposing party, is no valid reason why the other parties should disregard them. Of course, if they are not stamped with wisdom and virtue, men should unite in exercising all their efforts to change them, but by no means to violate them. Herein we learn a valuable lesson from the great philosopher, Socrates, when he submitted to death, rather than violate the laws that nurtured him.

Indications of official abuses and individual disrespect for the sanctity of law,

glare up in living letters on all sides. We must stand for enforcement of the law and for obedience to the law; our government is one of orderly liberty, equally alien to the abuse of official responsibility and individual privileges, and its foundation stone is the observance of the law, alike by the people and their public servants. This position must not be overthrown by any sordid spirit of commercialism. A wrong standard of success in a democracy will be the cause of many perils. When men hold that their greatness and prestige are commensurate with the amount of gold they can control and in order to attain this level of greatness, will overthrow the cardinal principles of democracy, then, indeed, there is cause for alarm. By no means would we wish to condemn the men acquiring wealth by honest methods; but what can be said of him whose object is to satisfy his greed for gold; whose methods are not in conformity with the law, but who is willing to sacrifice principle and honor in the struggle to acquire it. The ideal that we must live and work for must be to hasten on the glorious day when the age of gold shall be displaced by the Golden Age when the rule of gold shall be displaced by the Golden Rule; when hunger and thirst for gold shall be displaced by hunger and thirst for justice and righteousness.

We can approach this ideal nearer and nearer, but, of course, never reach it together. And the only way for democracy to gain a relatively higher degree of greatness, is for its citizens to manifest an interest in its welfare. When questions, affecting it, are to be decided when votes are to be cast, it is the sacred duty of high-minded citizens to enter the arena and give their support unequally.



ocally to the representatives of those things which are just, upright, and creditable. As the true soldier will not desert his post, so the true citizen should not shirk his duty. If he does, he supports political rascality, fosters corruption, and condones civic usurpation. Inaction, in many cases, is as great an enemy to democracy as wrong doing. The demand for honest men, men of moral stamina, of sound caliber, and of unimpeachable character, has never been more urgent than at present. But a citizen with these qualities, devoid of interest in political affairs, is no valuable asset as far as democracy's welfare goes. These

sterling qualities plus activity make the ideal citizen, and insure not only democracy's greatness but also its permanency. With Emerson we can truthfully say,  
 "What builds a nation's pillars high  
 And its foundation strong?  
 What makes it mighty to defy  
 The foes that 'round it throng?  
 Not gold, but only men can make  
 A people great and strong,  
 Men who for truth and honor's sake,  
 Stand fast and suffer long.  
 Brave men who work while others sleep  
 Who dare while others fly—  
 They build a nation's pillars high  
 And lift them to the sky."

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## LITERARY.

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With this number there begins another volume of the "Muhlenberg". Each succeeding year has seen its standard raised to a higher place. Let us follow the example; and make this the BEST "Muhlenberg" ever issued.

Fellows, we can do it; but we need your co-operation. The staff alone cannot edit the paper. As a foot-ball team needs mutual assistance in order to be successful, so we too need and must have YOUR support. Let us put the foot-ball spirit into our literary efforts.

What we especially desire is the short story. This is the great field for the literary man. In looking over last year's Muhlenberg we find that ability is not lacking.

There are many men among us who do not take part in athletics. Why not give us as tory or two every edition? Do something for your Alma Mater!

Who knows but that the start you make while at college might be the laying of the cornerstone of a great literary career. Nothing helps so much in assimilating one's knowledge as the practice of writing. What seems the most difficult labor at first becomes a source of high pleasure in time. Begin now to develop your powers as a penman, put your whole self into your effort. Give full vent to your nature. It is worth while.

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The glories of the possible are ours.—  
*Bayard Taylor,*

## ATHLETIC.

## FOOT-BALL.

What promises to be Muhlenberg's greatest year of foot-ball started Thursday morning, Sept. 8th, 1910. She opened her scholastic year at 10.15, and at 11.30 she started off on her football campaign. As usual it was "Pop" Reese that did the stunt and started the ball rolling. Calling a meeting of the entire student body including the greens, he started off on one of those soul inspiring, blood chilling speeches for which he is so well noted, and before he had finished, he had every one of that entire student body at the top notch of true college football spirit. It certainly was a grand opening, some fellows deciding right then and there to come out and try for the team, while others pledged themselves to come out and root their level best. The thing was off and results were bound to come.

On Friday the physical examination was held, at which about 30 men reported. Monday was the first day of actual work, when Coach Dietrich was there to take charge of the squad. After giving them some strenuous practice in kicking and catching punts, carrying the ball and throwing and catching the forward pass, he ended up the evening's practice with a lively game of Association football.

On Tuesday the squad was out again, and Coach Dietrich was again in charge. He repeated Monday's stunts and gave the squad special practice in throwing and catching punts while on the run.

But Wednesday was the big day. Instead of meeting Coach Dietrich again,

the squad met Coach Bull, and it was the very same Bull of last year and two years ago. The fellows delighted in meeting Bull and he seemed equally pleased to be with the fellows again. The largest squad that had ever turned out in Muhlenberg field to meet Bull was there.

Of last year's "M" men there was the sturdy Teuton Coleman, capt. of the squad who starred particularly in last year's Medico Chi game, Bixler, her star quarter-back and punter, Savacool and Snyder, her husky guards, Deibert, her aggressive tackle, Fink and Quinn, her speedy ends, Brandt, her scrappy center, Slean, her star halfback, and Francis Hobson Smith, her star punter of 1907's team.

But it was particularly the new men who seemed to please Bull. Of these there was Katz, captain and end of Temple's 1908 team. Krauss, one of Northwestern's squad of last year, Scott, Nenow and Schilling, last year's Easton High stars, Flexer and Storb of Allentown Prep. and other promising material bound to make good as the season advances. Of last year's squad was Groff, Keim, Esser, Butz, Reno, Wacker and others. These, together with the "M" men of last year and the new material, make a squad of about 40 to work with, and Coach Bull says he's going to win every game on the schedule except the one with the Carlisle Indian Varsity. He laid particular emphasis on the fact that F and M, was by no means an exception to this statement. He made a special plea for scrubs, and made clear that no Varsity team could hope to be victorious without a strong scrub team.









Muhlenberg can be very proud indeed that she again has with her Coach Bull, a man with a national reputation, a man who stands in a class with Walter Camp, a man who has held down centre at Penn for 4 years, and All American centre for 2 years, and a man who has coached teams like Lafayette, and other colleges and universities in her class. This is Bull's third year at Muhlenberg, and in this time he has become thoroughly acquainted with the boys, and the boys have become thoroughly acquainted with him and have learned to like him. He said that if the boys would come out and fight for him, he would take care of his end, and place upon Muhlenberg's gridiron a team second to none in its history. This means defeat F & M, and we can do it and we're going to do it. Whatever you do "Watch Muhlenberg this year, she's going to make herself a name."

#### CHANGE IN RULES.

On account of the radical changes in Foot Ball rules this year, it is absolutely necessary for every lover of the game to become thoroughly acquainted with these changes in order to enjoy the game. The following is the gist of the alterations.

I. Since the quarterback may cross the line of scrimmage at any point, and since the forward pass may be thrown over the line at any point, the longitudinal lines on the foot-ball field are of no use and are consequently omitted.

II. A player removed for any cause except disqualification or suspension, may return to the game at the opening of any subsequent period.

III. The game is divided into 4 periods of 15 minutes each with the usual

intermission between the 2nd and 3rd periods but an intermission of only 3 minutes between the 1st, and 2nd, and the 3rd and 4th periods. During the 3 minute intermissions, no player is allowed to leave the field, nor is any other person except the authorized physician allowed to enter the field.

IV. No Crawling—Penalty 5 yds.

V. Forward Pass.

(a) A Forward pass is illegal if it goes more than 20 yds.

(b) No man can receive the Forward Pass unless he is 1 yd. back of the line of scrimmage or at the end of the line.

(c) No person may make a forward pass unless he is 5 yds. back of the line of scrimmage.

VI. Onside Kick.

(a) No player may make an onside kick unless 5 yds. behind line of scrimmage.

(b) An onside kick not legal unless it goes at least 20 yards from the line of scrimmage.

(c) In the case of a kick, the players on the defense within this 20 yard zone must not interfere with the ends or other players in any way until these opponents have advanced 20 yards beyond the line of scrimmage. After this they may interfere.

VII. Interlocked interference is not allowed.

VIII. It is not allowed for any man on the side having the ball, to push or pull the man running with the ball.

IX. A player in tackling an opponent must have at least one foot on the ground.

## THE MUHLENBERG

## SOPHS WIN BOWL FIGHT.

Wednesday, September 14th, was the first day allotted to the Freshmen to give vent to their Sophomore hatred in actions. It was the annual Bowl Fight, and was the worst struggle of any kind ever witnessed on Muhlenberg field. Although the Freshmen outnumbered the Sophs on the scale of 33—28, nevertheless experience played a greater part in the struggle.

The Freshmen appeared on the field at 1.45, singing songs and giving expression to the first signs of Freshmen spirit which was up to this time held down by student body rulings. At 2 P. M. the Sophs appeared, stripped to the waist, every one of them, and covered with a glistening coat of crude oil. Coach Bull refereed. Reno was the Soph's Bowlman and Nenow upheld the verdent side of the contest. At 2.15 the scrap started, and for 10 whole minutes the mass of humanity contended with each other, but things seemed to be so evenly matched that it was necessary for Coach Bull to call time before either side had scored. After ten minutes intermission

the scrap started anew. The greens got the bowl, but it was now that Sophomore experience came into play, and after Coach Bull had finished counting hands he reported 34 Soph to 12 Fresh. This gave the Sophs an overwhelming victory, which will help keep down the Freshmen. The "fresh" moved off the field like so many beaten cattle.

The dual track meet with Juniata College held here on June fourth, ended with the visitors slightly in the lead. The final score stood: Muhlenberg 51, Juniata 57. The discus and the 2 mile run were eliminated by mutual agreement. Of the twelve events Muhlenberg captured seven first places, Bixler, Skean, Toebke and Eberly being the heavy scorers for the local team. Return meets will be held next Spring with Juniata and Delaware on the foreign tracks. Teams will be sent to the Harrisburg and Penn meets as usual with the hope of capturing more laurels from those tracks. It is likely that our team will compete also with Gettysburg and Franklin and Marshall Colleges.

Teacher—Willie, what is a focus?

Willie—A focus is where the sons raise meat.





## PERSONALS.

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List of officers of various college organization:

SENIOR CLASS—President, Harry G. Stuart; vice president, Paul C. Weber; secretary, Ray R. Ammarell; treasurer, Philip S. Baringer; historian, Warren L. Eberts.

JUNIOR CLASS—President, Jacob S. Savacool; vice president, Walter W. Brossman; secretary, Harry M. Wertz; treasurer, Ernest J. Reiter; historian, Walter W. Brossman.

SOPHOMORE CLASS—President, Harry P. Cressman; vice president, Matthias H. Richards; secretary, Luther B. Scheehl; treasurer, John I. Meck; historian, Wm. L. Katz.

Members of Students' Council: Baringer, Weber, Grant, Eberts, Hartzell, Wunder, Kuder, Coleman, Ammarell and Bieber.

Student members of Muhlenberg Athletic Association: William E. Brandt '11, Fred. C. Wunder '11.

Football—Coach, Dr. Wm. A. Bull; manager, William E. Brandt '11; captain, Charles Coleman '12.

Track—Coach, Mr. Chas. W. Smith; manager, Fred. C. Wunder, '11; captain, Ernest J. Reiter '12.

Franklin Missionary Society—Honorary president, Rev. William Wackernagel, D. D.; acting president, Fred. C. Wunder '11; vice president, Otto C. Janke '13; secretary-treasurer, William L. Katz '13.

Euterpean Literary Society—President, Philip S. Baringer, '11; vice president, Paul C. Weber '11; treasurer, Carl G. Toeke; secretary, John I. Meck '13; monitor, Chas. H. Esser '13; corresponding secretary, Wm. L. Katz '13; librarian, William L. Katz '13; chaplain, Luther B. Scheehl '13; critics, Paul C. Weber '11 and Luther F. Waidelick '12.

Sophronian Literary Society—President, Harry G. Stuart '11; vice president, Walter W. Brossman '12; treasurer, Arthur N. Butz '11; secretary, (open); monitor, John E. Hartzell '11; librarian, Harry M. Wertz '12; chaplain, Wm. Bowsher '13; critics, Clarence C. Hummel '12, and James B. Schock '12.

Students' Organization — President, Chas. L. Grant '11; vice president, Clarence M. Snyder '12; secretary, Walter W. Brossman '12; cheer leader, Grant; asst. cheer leader, Robert G. Kleckner '12; song leader, Warren L. Eberts '11.

Proctors of dormitories—Roger M. Rentschler '11, Philip S. Baringer '11; representatives, Ray R. Ammarell '11, Paul B. Wolper '11, Francis Smith '11.

Press Club—President, Philip S. Baringer '11; vice president, Ray R. Ammarell '11; secretary, Ernest J. Reiter '12; treasurer, O. F. Bernheim.

Glee Club—President, Arthur N. Butz '11; secretary, (open); director, C. A. Marks, mus. D.; asst. director, Warren L. Eberts '11; manager, Wm. E. Brandt '11; Librarian, (open).

Senior (to Reisner '10, who returned for opening day)—Well, Karl, suppose you've donated a few of your commencement day photos to your queen?

Reisner—No, I sent several to the Royal Society instead.

---

As Katz's eyeglasses flew to earth in an after-supper-back-campus tussle, Wunder asked whether they were fly-specks. Reisner "speckted" they were.

---

Edgar O. Reitz has returned to college after a year's teaching at Slatington, and is registered with the Junior class.

Francis Smith has returned as a Senior.

William Bowsher has returned as a Sophomore.

---

Janke's latest occupation is that of teaching the "frash" how to swallow ice water.

---

Grant '11—Mr. Blank is an excellent writer.

Reiter '12—Oh yes, he's a relative of mine.

---

Grant '11—Dr. Ettinger's son's name is Amos.

Reiter '12—Yes, he's named after his father.

Grant '11—No, his father's name is George.

Reiter '12—Well, he was named after his father.

---

Shelly '12—A pin is a paradox, for while it heads one way it points the other way.

On Friday evening, September 16th, occurred the College Reception to the new students. Hon. Frank M. Trexler, Rev. Chas. L. Jacobs, Pres. John A. W. Haas, Prof. Wm. H. Reese and some of the students spoke. The reception is now an annual occurrence under the auspices of the Frankean Society.

---

"Bryan" Wagner, of chicken raising fame, was very busy the first few days dealing out old furniture.

---

In general, book selling for summer occupation, doesn't seem to be what the companies' testimonials prophesy.

---

Edgar F. Romig '11 and George B. Hamm '11 have entered the Senior class of Franklin and Marshall College. All success to them.

---

Kline '11 is now cultivating a few rows of hair beneath the bridge of his nasal paraphernalia.

---

The rubber heel society has increased its membership.

---

Baer '12 has gone to the Massachusetts School for Technology at Boston.

Vincent L. Bennett '12 has entered the University of Pennsylvania.

Clark W. Heller '12 has entered Gettysburg College.

Earl W. Bush '13 has gone West for his health.

Paul F. Kerstetter '13 is at Jefferson Medical College. Success to them all.

---

Freshman—When does manipulation (matriculation) day come?



Reiter '12 (passing the toothpicks)—  
Here fresh, have your pick.

---

Freshman—What songs must we learn?

Soph—First of all "The Wearing of the Green."

---

"Rosy Cheeks" is as rosy as ever.

---

The accession of new students this fall is the largest in the history of the college, the total reaching 55. There are 44 freshmen, 9 new sophomores, 1 junior and 1 senior. Senior, Francis H. Smith, of Pottstown; Junior, Edgar O. Reitz, of Slatington; Sophomores, John C. Seegers and Clarence Hess of Easton, Warren H. Butz of Macungie, Paul H. Krauss of Chicago, Ill., David H. Frederick of Reading, Wm. G. Bowsher of Chester, Samuel S. Fox of Alburtis, Robert H. Krauss of East Greenville, George Black. Freshmen, Ralph A. Schilling, Wm. N. Scott, Clarence A. Paulus, of Easton; Clarence Werner, Wm. L. McCollom, Charles M. Appel, Herman Fogel, Herbert Schmoyer, James R. Flexer, Walter W. Mock, Wm. Fritzinger, Chauncey Ritter, Clarence F. Hoehle, Gobin H. Norgang, of Allentown; Chas. A. Gebert of Tamaqua; H. Harry Nenow, of Phillipsburg, N. J.; Russell E. Haines, of Slatington; Harry S. Ziemer, of Adamstown; David H. Bucks, of Leola; Jas. Louis Moore, of Lansford; David C. Cook, of Spring City; George A. Eichler, of Laury's; Charles F. Seidel, of Calcium; Christian P. Jensen, of Utica, N. Y.; Arthur S. Deibert, of Schnecksville; Chas. L. Wagner, of Hellertown; Ralph P. Bieber, of Hellertown; Paul V. Taylor, of

Tamaqua; Lewis M. Storb, of New Holland; Arthur P. Grammer, of Fogelsville; Edgar Crouthamel and Daniel A. Singley, of Philadelphia; Clarence R. Kline, of Garwood, N. J.; E. Stanley Biery, of Macungie; Elwood J. Unangst, of Nazareth; Harvey T. Sell, of Schnecksville; Elmer L. Leisey, of Denver; Elmer S. Kidd, of Bath; Henry J. Fry, of Catasauqua; Martin D. Fetherolf, of Jacksonville; Elmer H. Bausch, of Lynnvile; John L. Eisenhard, of Cementon; Thomas Dietz, of Bangor, and Ernest Orr, of Phillipsburg, N. J. Several more are expected.

---

After the strife, the bowl fighters seemed to have nothing in possession but bare skin.

---

Robert L. Hutchinson of South Bethlehem, and Frank Blatt of Bernville arrived late and are registered with the Sophomores. This brings the total accession to 57.

---

Clark Heller, Ex '12 is making a careful study of the intellectual attainments of the following institutions of learning, probably with the intention of taking a course: Muhlenberg, Lafayette, Dickinson, Gettysburg, F. & M., Toronto, Montreal, and Wapwallopen Business College.

---

"Pop" issued his first call for pig skin warriors at the general mass meeting on opening day. Some big men of freshman rank have joined the gridiron squad and should make good.

---

The word that he speaks is the man himself.—*Carlyle*.

## THE MUHLENBERG EXCHANGES.

---

As this is the first number of THE MUHLENBERG under the present staff of 1911, we earnestly desire that our exchange list may be as large as possible and that our journal may prove interesting and beneficent to our readers. To begin with, we wish all contemporaries a prosperous year, both financially and otherwise. It is an established fact in all journalism that if a paper does not have the proper support from the reading public, it will sooner or later have to be discontinued. We wish that our journal will be a light unto the path of many and that we shall not have any lack of nourishment but comments from all our contemporaries and readers.

This being the age of advancement and progress in art, science, and the beautiful it is necessary that we have men and women of thought to take a true view of things before the world in general. This advancement and progress is brought about by close competition and rivalry, and, therefore honest and conscientious competition is desired in all phases of our fields of labor and pleasure. In our phase it is like wise true.

There are two classes of critics, those who criticise honestly, endeavoring thereby to elaborate, enlighten, instruct and further the interests of the talk at hand. The second class, those who have a selfish ill-will for others, attempting to belittle the good and holding the weakness up as models in hand, thereby twisting

and contorting the reader from the truth. Such are the two types of critics. For the ridiculing, the belittling and the despising and discouraging, we have no use, but for the honest, conscientious and just we have no fear; Yea, we invite friendly, selfful and truthful criticism in order that we may learn our weaknesses and errors. Occasional praises or encouragements make the contributors more anxious to improve the journal every time it is published.

We acknowledge all the commencement numbers sent to us.

The Red and Black, R. H. S., The Academy Bulletin, The Midland, The Carlisle Arrow, The Bethany Messenger, The Comenian, Junto, E. H. S., The Normal Vidette, The Opinator, The Mercersburg Academy Literary Magazine, High School News, L. H. S., The Delaware College Review, The Narrator, College Breezes, the Briar Cliff Spectator, The Crescent, Concordia Coll.; The College Folio, A. C. W.; The Mercury, The Breeze, The Sorosis, The Albright Bulletin, The Hall Boy, The Carthage Collegian, The Mirror, The Roanoke Collegian, The Buff & Blue, The M. A. S. Monthly, Old Penn Weeklyn, The Volante, Salem Commercial School Quarterly, The Argus, The Normal School Herald, College Chips, The Ursinus Weekly, The Monthly, Hartwick Seminary, Swarthmore Prep. Quarterly, The Leavitt Angelus, The Farnum Tattler, The Purple & White, A. P. S., The Susquehanna.



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# THE MUHLENBERG

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VOL. XXIX.

ALLENTOWN, PA., OCTOBER, 1910.

No. 2

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FOUNDED BY CLASS OF '83.

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(Entered at the Post Office at Allentown, Pa., as second-class matter.)

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## EDITORIALS.

Man is dust. Dust settles. Are you a man? Have you paid your "Muhlenberg" subscription? See Ammarell, the manager, room 101, Berks Hall.

With this issue we have our steel gray cover. The paper did not arrive in time for the first issue. For more than a year the gray used was too light.

The fellows have *Ben* by *Hur*.

Ashes! Ashes! Ashes!

Of course, the fellows attended the Allentown Fair. They attend pretty well to Allentown's fair.

Though Glen Curtiss is noted for his modesty he still has the bad habit of "looking down on people." In this respect he is not unlike the gallery-god.

In crossing above the gridiron Glen Curtiss took particular notice of the speed of our varsity.

If you wish to acquire at least a verbal appreciation of the combined flavors of molasses, flour and Limburger cheese, make your query to a freshman. Even the moon was slightly frightened. Well, of course, every dog barks in his day.

Our little friends in the college grove—the chipmonks—are now contemplating laying in a store of food for the coming winter.

The fellows seem to be awake to the fact that the Lehigh County Teachers' Institute is close upon us. Not all teachers are men, but of course it is wholly natural that students should interest themselves in pedagogical questions!

What is so rare as a day in June? A day in autumn! There is no season so beautiful to the lover of nature as the falltide, attended by the gorgeous coloration of nature's vestments, the ingathering of the yellow grain and the ripened fruit, the brisk invigorating atmosphere, and golden sunsets! Take time now for an occasional cross country jaunt, 'ere the coming of the Storm King makes it impossible. "To him, who in the love of Nature holds communion with her visible forms she speaks a various language!"

The workmen are now engaged on the inside of Luther League Hall.

Look over our advertisers. When you do your trading do not overlook them. Stop in.

Up to this time we have been unable to find a knocker. One would not dare to appear in the face of the sturdy unified spirit that is now in our midst.

"Button, button, who has the button?" is a question which in these days is redundant. The color goes with it. We well recall the days when we too were proud to wear it about town.

It is well that in future years we remember not to deface the buildings with unsightly posters, traces of which are bound to remain as eyesores.

"The dangers in the social life of the college man" was the theme of the president's third chapel address. Among other things, he emphasized the need of the social culture but did not fail to point out that where Society unquestionably encroaches upon the necessary hours for study, at that point the check rein should be applied. He also laid stress upon the danger of clique formations of any kind, as a force which tends to undermine the principles of democracy and the common brotherhood of man.

The fourth chapel address of the president dealt with the dangers that come to the intellectual life of the student. He disparaged the practise of superficiality in study, saying that it was not only a mental deficiency but a moral weakness. The dangers of intellectual selfishness, and of an overcritical attitude to life, were also unfolded.

The president made a strong plea for true heroism in his fifth chapel address. He pointed out that real heroism is not necessarily born of physical prowess, nor of dramatic spectacle. Its motive is higher. True heroism is a virtue which renders its possessor willing to die in a noble cause where no applause can be expected. It is the quiet daily sacrifice of self for the good of men. It holds



fast to character, even at the expense of bread and butter. The great need of this startling quality in law the ministry, teaching, and medicine, was emphasized.

What do you do when your brain becomes "clogged" and irresponsible already in the early part of your evening's study? Hie off to bed? Try a short run or brisk jaunt in the cool of the night. At the same time absorb into your system a large store of pure air. On your return your brain will be O. K., ready for a new start. Don't suffocate yourself in your study. Don't economize on oxygen. In this matter your environment makes you as you choose to make your environment. Get wise.

We may not all live until the year 2010, but we all may know something of life as it will then be, by carefully reading the clever article in this issue entitled, "The Tale of the Spirits." If the spirit of this article may be termed "romantic", then the staff would encourage romantic effort. We need to break away from the conventionality of the past and fall more fully into the tide of original thinking.

The brief chapel reference of the president of the Students' Organization to the evil of careless expectoration about the dormitories and other buildings was both wise and in season. There are still among our number some who will criminally—that is the proper word—expectorate in the waste boxes, corridors, radiators and where not, who would not, we suppose, perform thus in the place they call home. Even if it were known beyond doubt that there were no harmful germs within us individually—and we cannot be sure of

that—it would still be an act of barbarism to be so filthy.

Hippocrates, the most celebrated physician of antiquity, described pulmonary tuberculosis as "the disease which is the most difficult to treat, and which proves fatal to the greatest number." Today, in the face of the latest medical advances, the disease is still the most frequent cause of death. Every sixth or seventh death is the result of tubercular trouble. In our own country alone it lays low 100,000 every year. In the same time it claims 1,000,000 of the world population. Every minute this plague swallows up two human beings.

Our carelessness and heedlessness may vitally increase the number of the sick and dying. As college men let us live and spread the rules of clean and right living.

The Frankean Missionary Society opened its weekly meetings on Friday evening, October 7, when the missionary keynote was ably sounded by the Rev. Dr. Chas. L. Fry, of Trinity Lutheran Church, Catasauqua. The speaker outlined world movements in the light of the missionary enterprise. He said that we can't properly understand current world history without the missionary viewpoint; we can't understand the missionary viewpoint without the missionary spirit, and we can't understand the missionary spirit without the mission study class. No man can fulfil his life mission in any vocation except from the missionary viewpoint. Under the pressure of the universal awakening to the missionary enterprise, the problem of missions has resolved itself into a science—the latest science. This science holds the key to the world's future.

The book to be studied this year is the second in the Bible Study Union

Graded Lessons, entitled "Modern Progress of Christianity." It outlines Christian inroads into heathen lands, reveals the problems encountered, and points out how they are solved.

There will be open meetings once a month, when select speakers will be present. In the 7 o'clock Friday evening weekly gatherings in Frankean Hall, it is the plan to have a different student lead each time. The influence of these quiet weekly meetings cannot but remain a lifelong treasure. It is the hope of the society this year to support a native student in our foreign field. We have confidence enough in every Muhlenberg man to know that he will give the efforts of the Society more than passing consideration. He will link himself with the cause whether he be a prospective minister, lawyer, doctor or any other.

The tendency in retrospection is to idealize. There are some who think that this tendency obtains in our biographies of Abraham Lincoln, and that the nobility of his character is far overdrawn. And yet as we study into original sources we must feel that the record of his useful life is correctly reported, that the greatness and beauty of his soul, the simplicity and dignity of his character have been truthfully told. Thru the courtesy of one of our seniors we are able to publish a letter of Mr. Lincoln's, which has thus far failed to appear in any of his numerous biographies. It was unearthed some years ago by Mr. Jesse Welk of Greencastle. It is "probably the queerest love letter on record and the most remarkable offer of marriage ever made. It is a love letter without a word of love and a proposal of marriage that does not propose." Note the depth and beauty of the philosophy of

this almost untutored mind. It is addressed to "My dear Mary," presumably the lady he afterwards married. It follows:

You must know that I cannot see you or think of you with entire indifference; and yet it may be that you are mistaken in regard to what my real feelings toward you are. If I knew that you were not I should not trouble you with this letter. Perhaps any other man would know enough without further information; but I consider it my peculiar right to plead ignorance and your bounden duty to allow my plea. I want in all cases to do right, and most particularly so in all cases with women. I want at this particular time more than anything else to do right with you, and if I knew it would be doing right as I rather suspect it would, to let you alone, I would do it. And for the purpose of making the matter as plain as possible I now say you can drop the subject, dismiss your thoughts—if you ever had any—from me forever, and leave this letter unanswered without calling forth one accusing murmur from me. And I will even go further and say that if it will add anything to your comfort and peace of mind to do so, it is my sincere wish that you should. Do not understand by this that I wish to cut your acquaintance. I mean no such thing. What I do wish is that our further acquaintance shall depend upon yourself. If such further acquaintance would contribute nothing to your happiness, I am sure it would not to mine. If you feel yourself in any way bound to me, I am now willing to release you, provided you wish it; while, on the other hand, I am willing and even anxious to bind you faster, if I can be convinced that it will in any degree add to your happiness. This, indeed, is the



whole question with me. Nothing would make me more miserable than to believe you were miserable; nothing more happy than to know you were so. In what I have now said I cannot be misunderstood; and to make myself understood is the only object of this letter. If it suits you best not to answer this, farewell. A long life and a merry one attend you. But if you conclude to write back, speak as plainly as I do. There can be neither harm nor danger in saying to me anything you think, just in the manner you think it. Your friend,

Lincoln.

To reveal the human sympathy of this great man of sorrows, we dare take space to reproduce another letter of his. It is one of condolence, a classic of its kind, now preserved in Oxford University. It appeals to us all.

Executive Mansion,

Washington, November 21, 1864.

Dear Madame: I have been shown on the file of the war department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons, who have died gloriously on the field of battle, I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming, but I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

A. Lincoln.

If his Gettysburg address were only a name, these two messages alone would be sufficient to immortalize his memory.

The Classical Club reopened its monthly sessions Thursday evening, October 6, with forty members present. Prof. Robert Horn outlined anew the purpose of the organization, saying that its chief function was that of fostering in its members a love for classical culture and literature. Aristophanes' "Clouds" and "Plutus" and some Latin authors will form the basis for the year's work. The usual social fellowship phase will again be emphasized. Ray R. Ammarell '11 is acting president and Harry M. Wertz '12 is secretary-treasurer.

On the back campus one noon recently, two roughly clad gentlemen from South France entertained the fellows with a pet eighteen year old Colorado cinnamon bear. They were quite clever in their attempts to draw coin from their audience. The principal act was a three round wrestling performance in which "I sometime licka da bear, an' sometime da bear licka da me." With some persuasion the big furry fellow climed far up an oak tree as the concluding stunt.

On Wednesday morning, October 12, the Rev. W. E. Brooks of Allentown gave a strong straight foreward chapel talk on "Cleanliness". He pointed out the significance of this quality in daily life, not only in the matter of mere outward purity, but more particularly the cleanliness of heart and life. Digressing to the subject of football the speaker likened Christ to the football player who goes down the field ahead of us stripping off interference and enabling us to make touchdowns in life.

## THE MUHLENBERG

## SONGS OF THE PEOPLE.

HENRY B. SHELLY, '12.

The poetry which is simplest in form, most direct in its appeal to the heart, most truly characteristic of the tradition, history and spirit of a people is not found among the most highly polished and intellectual of classical poems. The songs of a people are those which men have lived and died to. The stirring battle songs which have roused them to great bravery in time of war, the simple folks songs, that is, the ballads and love songs which have brought visions of home and loved ones and which have been truly called the wild brier rose of music, springing up by the wayside of art, the well known hymns which have brought smiles to the lips of dying soldiers,—these constitute a most priceless treasure house of song, of the people, often by the people, and always for the people.

This precious treasure house is almost neglected in our schools. Many of our young people prefer "rag time ditties" to the dear old songs of homely sentiment and popular spirit. Do we not owe much to the old songs of England, Ireland, Scotland and America? Do they not bear the stamp of patriotism, of hopes and fears and of noble sentiments of our forefathers. Then, why do we not enter upon and inherit this priceless heritage? In it we may learn much that is not found in any text book, for every nation's songs are peculiar to itself. Some one has said, "Sing me a nation's song and I will tell you its history."

The songs of Russia are wild and pathetic, and are saturated with the idea of serfdom.

The songs of Norway, Sweden and Switzerland are filled with the spirit of freedom and show the influence of the mountains upon the character of the people.

The oldest and most beautiful folk-songs are those of Scotland which treat of almost every subject. Those of Burns inspire respect for humble labor. By a few skillful touches of Burns, the simple Scotch song, "Auld Lang Syne", became the voice of friendship and loyalty all over the world. Scott's "Lochinvar" is a favorite with almost every school boy. Sometimes the simple folk-songs become very effective war songs. In the Crimean War, the love song, "Annie Laurie" became the song of almost every English camp, every British soldier joining in its simple measure "And each one thought a different name, while all sang "Annie Laurie."

The vain struggles of the Irish for liberty and their despair and failure is poured forth in their songs. Their strong deep nature is shown in "Kathleen Maourneen" and the "Last Rose of Summer."

The Germans, who love their country so dearly, rejoice in singing the stirring lines of "The Watch on the Rhine."

An English poem of the people and for the people, and permeated with the spirit of the times is Kipling's "Recessional."

America has many national songs but fewer folk-songs than other countries, because of the different nationalities in different sections of the country. Most of our folk songs were produced by the



South, for the Northern people are very practical and the West is just developing in poetry. Some of our songs have undergone many changes before appearing in their present form. For instance, a Methodist camp meeting song was afterwards changed to a fireman's song, then a camp song, then an abolition ode was written by Edna Dean Proctor and set to the same music, and finally Julia Ward Home, hearing it and recognizing its value as a marching song decided to write words that should be worthy to be sung, and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was the result. This was the most popular Northern song during the Civil War, but many a weary march and dreary camp was cheered by the "Battle Cry of Freedom." The Southern soldiers expressed their hopes and sentiments in "Dixie" which reminded them

of all that the held dear.

"Yankee Doodle," although not a battle song, began and closed the Revolutionary War, and has maintained its popularity ever since.

"Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground" expresses the desires of many a weary soldier. One of the greatest home songs of the world is "Old Folks at Home." The author of this song wrote many others overflowing with tender pathos. Among them are "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Massa's in de Cold Cold Ground." The dearest and sweetest of American songs, the one that is nearest to the heart is

'Mid pleasures and palaces,  
Though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble,  
There's no place like home.

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I am not bound to win,  
But I am bound to be true.

*Abraham Lincoln.*

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No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife and all life not be purer and stronger thereby.—*Owen Meredith.*

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No man is born into this world whose work is not born with him.—*James Russell Lowell.*



## THE MUHLENBERG

## HEARTS AFFECTIONATE.

W. W. B. '12.

On the evening of June the twentieth there might have been seen a boat, being slowly propelled over the clear waters of Dorney Park Pond. Seated in it were a man and a woman. Thomas O'Booscher was his name while hers was Mary Jane. The moon was in her prime and the soft glow which she cast on the water, beautified things considerably, to say the least.

The occasion seemed a sad one. He had just received his diploma from M. College, while she had emitted victorious from the College for Women, located in the same town.

To-morrow, he intended to leave for his home in Helena, Montana, and, in all probability, this would be their last evening together. The import of this was discernible by both.

"So you're leaving to-morrow?" she said, half interrogatively, as she followed with her eyes the course of her hand in the water at the side of the boat.

"Yes," said he, "To-morrow. Really I can hardly realize that time flies as it does. It seems but as yesterday that M. claimed me as a freshman. You know I met you then, too."

"I know," without looking at him.

"Do you know," said he, watching her every expression, "that it pains me to leave this city? We've had so many very pleasant hours together."

"So we have," acquiesced she—"but listen—"

Both listened intently and the singing of some one in the distance was at that moment audible.

"Come home, come home,  
Come home, O come home with me  
now—"

were the words as Thomas O'Booscher and Mary Jane were able to make them out.

"That means me, Mary," O'Booscher said smiling somewhat sadly.

"Yes," she responded absently, gazing fixedly into the water.

"But, Mary, we're getting off the subject. You know, I'll dislike awfully to leave you. Our pleasant times end here."

"Not necessarily."

"Not necessarily?" A semblance of hope passed through him quickly. "Not necessarily?" he repeated.

"Why no. Just remember any time you come in the city you are at liberty to call on me."

"Thank you, you're awfully kind."

— — — — —  
Some minutes later he asked her a question. It was an important question. She deliberated long and carefully while he waited expectantly.

"Your answer?" all sorts of fears, hopes, joys and doubts constituted chaos in him. Again she was silent.

"Your answer," he repeated.

Another spell of silence there was and then he was able to see a slight movement of her lips. A sound emitted. It was "Yes!"

Unable to restrain himself, he stood up, bent over, and gathered honey from her lips with a zeal he had never known before.

He was happy, thoroughly happy; the



one word had been whispered and he was *truly* happy.

Does anyone begrudge his happiness?

— — — — —  
The twenty-first came. Two people

boarded the train for Helena, Montana. They were the possessors of affectionate hearts, Thomas O'Booscher and Mary Jane.

## OUR OWN DEAR LAND.

PAUL V. TAYLOR, '14.

O, where is the man that loves not this land,  
Its mountains and valleys, its cities and strands,  
Its streams and its orchards, its forests and glens,  
Its green fields and blossoms, its canons, its MEN?

Tis the land of the living, the land of the true,  
The country most sacred to "RED, WHITE AND BLUE".  
The country where freedom in every breath flows,  
And swell out the bosoms of both friends and foes;  
The land of the noble, the land of the just,  
The great land who's motto is "IN GOD WE TRUST."

How noble, how great are the sons she has raised:  
No title nor crown except o'er the grave.  
Her men they have fought, they have died on the field;  
They never to tyrants their country would yield.  
"We will stand for our country, we'll stand for our rights,  
A mighty republic we'll raise "with GOD'S might".  
"No slave shall she hold, no tyrants lash wield  
The thousands and millions must die on the field."  
That band of our Fathers who thus gave her birth,  
Are worthy of sons who will feel her true worth.

Her "worth", shall we know it and fell it on earth?  
O no 'tis a land far greater than "worth".  
In Heaven we'll see it and praise our dear GOD  
That he ever hath left us to tramp on its sod.  
Yet here upon earth we may see thru the mist  
And look into Future, and Future is Bliss.

We are the ones who must help this dear land:  
It is always the present who must lend a hand.  
GOD gave his promise and He will fulfil;  
But we must be helpers and do "His Good Will".  
This land tis the fairest and fair will remain,  
While GOD sends His sunshine, and ripens its grain.

Our GOD has His kingdom upon this fair land:  
Tis founded and built in the great heart of MAN.  
Where GOD has His kingdom; that country shall stand  
And make all its people one great, joyous BAND.

## THE TALE OF THE SPIRITS.

EMPIRE STATE CLUB, PER P. K. '12.

Imagine the spirits of several 1910 mortals returning to earth one hundred years hence, or in the year 2010. Let us follow them as they make observations upon the revolutions that will have taken place with electricity, land, water, rivers and cities. We shall recount the tale of the spirits as historical fact.

Coming from the regions invisible they beheld strange aerial objects which proved to be well regulated aircrafts. The spirits hurridly stepped onto the planes with the same curiosity of former days. Flying evidently seemed as ordinary a pastime as autoing is today. The question naturally arising was "What furnishes the power?" It didn't appear to be steam or gasoline for there was no vibration noticeable. Hurrying down into the bowels of the great ship they were brought face to face with the secrets of the mechanism. Several large wheels, apparently composed of aluminum with steel rims, were revolving at a high rate of speed. With their previous knowledge of gyroscopes they learned that these flying wheels were the power which gave the airship its stability, and made it possible for the ship to retain an upright position. They then hastened to a room where a small generator was revolving. There the whole secret was laid bare. Electricity furnished the power. Our posterity, the spirits observed, had discovered much about the great power of which we know so little. There was a system of slender poles or needles at different parts of the ship, arranged with magnets and numerous wires. The magnets with the poles

were able to gather the lines of force, sperate them and set the revolving electricity of the magnets into direct current, thus furnishing the motor power of the ship.

The spirits found out later that all the power used in the cities was taken directly from the atmosphere without the use of our present cumbersome engines and dynamos.

Suddenly another great aircraft came to view headed directly toward them. The spirits feared a terrific collision but the mortals did not appear concerned in the least. The ship deviated slightly and all was safe. And why not a collision? The spirits were shown a complicated series of wires in the bow of the ship. Our posterity were merely utilizing a law about which we already have some knowledge.

Knowing that two currents flowing in the same direction would repel each other, all makers of airships placed wires at the bow in such a way that an approaching ship would cause mutual repulsion. The repelling force was constant rendering collision impossible.

Leaving the airships the spirits sped to a great metropolis. In marked contrast to our own cities they beheld a city, not vomiting forth great clouds of smoke, but looking bright and clean—a veritable "spotless town." They surmised that new possibilities of electricity was the cause, of which the clean city was the result. And it was so, for they observed tall slender poles gathering in lines of force thru numerous glittering needles.

In the open country monorail trains



travelled at a terrific speed, the inventors having fully mastered the forces of the spinning gyroscopes with weighted rims. The trains ran thru tunnels in settled parts of the country making destruction of life well nigh impossible.

In the cities moving sidewalks had been substituted for our trolley cars. These travelled about four miles an hour so that a person walking on them could cover distance in little time. They still used subways which were ventilated in a manner so as to remove the tons of steel ground to dust in them every day.

Peace of mind and happiness were on all faces. A universal language had been adopted so that the inconveniences of foreign languages were eliminated. With education compulsory no able person was found whose mind was not reasonably well developed. The new economic system, which prevents appalling poverty, rendered compulsory education feasible, just and wise.

There were no dark streets at night, and free public amusements of respectable nature flourished as places of relaxation and recreation.

The wireless telephone of our day had been greatly improved. The spirits used

the 'phone and found the messages transmitted as clearly as if the speaker were in the same room as the listener. Because of this improvement the speaker was able to talk to everybody in the receiving room at once, providing this were the wish of the receiver. If he chose, he could restrict the tones to his own hearing.

In conclusion let me say that altho what you have just been reading may seem highly imaginative, such great changes are sure to transpire. Scientifically we are now in the age of "Infant Electricity," but the hidden wonders of this strange influence are bound to come to light 'ere long in the face of modern scientific discovery. Even we ourselves are witnessing phenomenal revolutions in science. Electrical supply is as inexhaustible as the air we breathe. We will use it.

The spirits recounted many other changes that had taken place in the social and religious world also, but their story was so long and the truths they told were so deep and wonderful that the fashion of them has quite slipped from my memory.

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"Let us endeavor to see things as they are."—*Johnson*.

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There is nothing noble in being superior to some other man. The true nobility is in being superior to your previous self.—*Sel*.

## THE CONSERVATION OF OUR NATURAL RESOURCES.

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GEORGE W. BIXLER.

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What constitutes the elements of our Natural Resources? What are the essentials of a nation which must be preserved against iniquitous use for the sake of individual pecuniary gains, instead of utilized for the sake of posterity? In the case of our Natural Resources, we have four essentials—iron, coal, lumber and water. These four necessities we naturally arrange in two groups,—iron and coal,—lumber and water, because of their relative association.

Scientists cannot reckon absolutely correct as to the supply of any resource, but are obliged to make conjectures and advance varying hypotheses of the probable consumption as well as the quantities at our command.

In regard to iron, they report we have sufficient to last two hundred years, but as this is reckoned to be the point of exhaustion we should have some regard to the stringency of the supply during our time. In mining iron, only the richest ore is taken out; the mine is then abandoned. After a short time it caves in, the remaining ore being practically lost because of the financial expenditure required to put the mine in condition. This causes a loss of about half the total amount of iron. And of the ore mined one ton of iron is lost to every four tons of manufactured products.

The manufacture of iron products necessitates the use of the great quantities of coal. Estimates are made that the supply will last only fifty years at the present progressive rate of consump-

tion. We can feel it the present day in the steadily increasing rise in the price of coal.

Some steps have been taken to utilize the available waste. The waste since the birth of the coal industry has been calculated to equal fifty billion tons. As in iron mining, only the richest veins of coal are mined, much remaining unmined when the vein is abandoned. This coal should be mined, even though it is of second value. Much coal could be saved by the more extensive use of our infant giant, water power. Water power is closely allied to coal as to functions because of the possible universal application of electricity made available by it.

We have hundreds of millions of horse power in the rivers of the United States; the chief thing is to utilize them. The Tennessee River alone has one million horse power, and expert engineers say, that with the aid of ten dams, the flow could be regulated so that instead of low water at one time and high damaging freshets at others, the river would have a uniform navigable depth of six feet the year round.

This one stream, and not one of the largest, develops one million horsepower, besides watering the plants and making agriculture possible! The great western irrigation dams are monuments to the greatest of all resources, water—both, for mechanics and agriculture.

From the great western dams, built for the irrigation and reclaiming of our land, our thoughts may travel and dwell on



the vast importance of the Mississippi River, the enormous amount of land it waters, and the immense amount of power it is capable of developing. But, just think, this great blessing robs us of our most fertile soil at the annual rate of four million tons. But does it rob us, or is it the compensating toll required because of our wholesale destruction of forest land? Without our forests, our streams become rushing uncontrollable torrents. And yet, forests are rapidly vanishing and losing prestige, as a protector to the soil, because of their virtue as so much kindling wood.

Scientists say we have lumber to last us thirty-three years at the present rate of growth and divesting of forests. We have noticed the approaching scarcity, by the higher prices demanded for lumber. These prices will continue to increase and thereby encourage the use of substitutes; but we must meet the demand where lumber is absolutely necessary regardless of cost. Therefore various species of quick growing trees have been tested and treated. This treated lumber

has outlived other better timber which was untreated.

This is some advance in the lumber problem but it is far from effectually solving it. With the other resources also steps have been taken to remedy the extravagant use, but we must consider that, in electrical incandescent lighting plants where electricity is generated by mechanical application of stream, only one-fifth of one per cent. of the potential energy in the coal is utilized and that in coal used for heating, only five per cent. of the latent heat is used.

Our resources have made us what we are as a nation and the question arises, what will we be if our national resources become exhausted? It behooves us to protect them from pernicious use and thereby disprove the statement that the United States is a short sighted nation in regard to the protection of its resources. By the more judicious care and use of all our national resources they can be drawn upon for a period of time heretofore considered incredible by scientific investigators.

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"He is a wise man that knows that his words should be suited to the occasion."—*Hitopadesa*.

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"Syllables govern the world."—*Coke*.



## PLATO, THE APOLOGY AND SOCRATES.

EDGAR O. REITZ, '12.

Plato was an Athenian philosopher, and possibly no one else has ever attained so eminent a position in philosophy. What Homer was to epic poetry, what Cicero and Demosthenes were to oratory, what Shakespere and Jonson were to drama-tism, Plato was to ancient philosophy. This master-mind was supreme in his speculations, noble in his aspirations, and lofty in his ideals. He always carried with himself a deep reverence from his fellow-citizens, and by many of his most ardent admirers he was indeed held as divine. We regret that the records of so deep-minded a man are not authentic in regard to his pedigree. History, we are glad to say, reveals to us the fact that he was born at Athens about 428 B. C. His mother's family had the proud distinction of having in its circle many of the most famous men of Athens. This family claimed that it was a direct descendant from Solon, one of the seven wise men of Greece. It was this Solon who first gave us the proverbial maxim, "Know thyself."

We come to know Plato and the productivity of his keen intellect only by reading some of his numerous works which he compiled largely on a philosophical basis. When we read several of his dialogues on Socrates we can not doubt the wonderful influence which Socrates must have exerted upon his disciple, Plato. These dialogues show us the vigor and depth of Plato's philosophy in thinking. When we consider that The Apology, Crito, and Phaedo were dedicated to the trial, imprisonment, and death of Socrates we can infer how pro-

minent a place Socrates held in the mind of Plato. It reminds us that "*vera amicitia sempiterna est.*"

The Apology represents Socrates on trial for his life. He coolly takes up his own defence, altho not accustomed to the language of the courts. He declares that he is now three score years and ten, and that this is the first occasion he ever had to appear before the court of justice. Plato was personally present at the trial and this is what enabled him to present the trial so successfully. We can feel assured that he used the same arguments and in practically the same order as his former teacher used them in the trial. If Socrates made his defense as logically as Plato reveals it to us in The Apology—and we believe that he did—then we can imagine what wisdom, what intuition, and what courage he must have possessed. What a wonderful and what a valuable training he must have received from his social environment! How wisely he had associated himself with the most distinguished men and women of his time! How clearly he understood human nature! How clearly he learned to understand himself by first understanding others! What a firm conviction he had to lay a broad scientific foundation for moral feeling!

Two serious charges were finally brought against Socrates. (1) That he did not believe in the Gods as recognized by the state. (2) That he was corrupting or poisoning the youth of Athens by his teachings.

The Apology tells us that in his de-



fence Socrates prefers to stand firm on his own virtue, integrity and innocence, positively disregarding the least fear of imaginary evil or death. He neither denies nor confesses the first accusation but proves in several instances that he conformed to the Gods and religious customs of his country. He firmly declared that he believed more in God than he feared any man. He held that the foolishness of God was higher, nobler, and better than the wisdom of man. He also told his accusers that he believed in the immortality of the soul. He called any one a wise man, who admitted his ignorance, and anyone a fool who thought he knew everything, whereas he truly knew nothing.

When Miletus cross-examined Socrates in the second charge the latter again took a firm stand. He proves in a logical manner that it would be absurd to suppose that he was corrupting the youth when he was teaching them to walk in the path of virtue, duty and life. Justice would therefore render both accusations false and thus allow him to go unpunished. In spite of this he profited nothing, and as a final culmination was con-

demned to die. The penalty was fixed by the judges and he was to die by drinking the poisonous hemlock. He now puts all his trust in God. He voices his sentiment and dying belief that it would be for the best to make no more defence. He declared that since he was so near to his death, he was in a better position than ever before to prophesy for the punishment of his wicked enemies and accusers. He said that Zeus knew the innocent and their persecutors and that he would inflict a greater punishment upon them than they thought they inflicted upon him. Socrates finally resigned himself to his fate, and declared that in going from his death he was simply passing from a worse to a better, a happier, and a more blessed life. Socrates drank the fatal hemlock and after conversing with a few of his friends stiffened and gasped his last breath. Thus passed away the strong, brave and heroic soul, placing his trust in a righteous God and a righteous Judge. In the words of Plato we have the following: "Thus died the man, who of all with whom we were acquainted was in death the noblest, and in life the wisest and most just."

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"The greatest virtue of speech is perspicuity."—*Quinctilius*.

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"Books generally do little else than give our errors names."—*Goethe*.

## THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

WALTER M. RENTSCHLER, '12.

"Bowed by the weight of centuries he  
leans

Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground  
The emptiness of ages in his face  
And on his back the burden of the world."

*These* lines are a part of Edwin Markham's famous poem "The Man with the Hoe". This composition which on its appearance aroused much discussion was intended by the author not merely as a picture of peasant life but, as the author himself has expressed it, as a "symbol of the toiler brutalized thru long ages of industrial oppression."

The source of Edwin Markham's inspiration to write this interesting poem was a picture bearing the same title "The Man with the Hoe." This painting, now notable throughout the world is a product of the fancy of Jean Francois Millet, one of the most famous of modern wielders of the brush.

The picture is, certainly, an impressive one. In the foreground there stands out prominently a man. He leans heavily upon the handle of a hoe, the end grasped firmly by both hands. The expression of his face, the entire attitude of the man is suggestive of weariness. But it is suggestive of more. A certain stolidness of countenance is indicative, as many think, of the dull torture in which stolid and half bestial creatures are held under the yoke of poverty and toil. His sunken eyes are turned toward the ground; his care-worn face, void of either expression or trace of emotion, and his bowed shoulders, suggestive of the overwhelming burden he is bearing, fills us with pity for him, and with scorn of those who oppress him.

The dark and gloomy background of this painting, the dreariness of the barren and desolate field in which he toils serve only to intensify the profound melancholy to which one is moved who contemplates this picture, which, as many think, is intended to tell the story of a life enslaved by toil. Surely Millet's power of picturing the sufferings and privations of the peasant is great and his interpretation of the peasant's lot altho it may be seemingly over-gloomy is nevertheless a true presentation, one essentially in accordance with the facts.

Yet this is but a one-sided view. There is even doubt as to whether this is the view of labor which in general was held by the illustrious artist. It is a question, too, whether even if we grant that Millet meant this, we should look upon toil, all of it or much of it, in the same way. For labor is not in all its aspects so gloomy, so degrading a thing.

Ever since Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden, God's decree, that man must work, has been in force. Because work was associated with Adam's sin, many have regarded labor as a curse. In a sense, perhaps, and for a time it was such. But the coming of Him who bruised the serpent's head has changed the curse to a blessing. Labor is now seen to be a blessed gift to man; it soothes the wounded hearts, it calms the raging passions of men. Work is needed for the moral uplift of man. Instead of mortal being always bound down by work, as some think to be the case, he may be raised by it, in all that goes to make the noblest manhood, grow-



ing in character and even in grace, if only his labor be honest and faithful, and not more severe than human strength can well endure.

Hugh Black, in his splendid book on "Work," says: "In work we are creating a habit which is sending a stream of healthful influence over the whole life, and is strengthening the complete character. We are bringing training and discipline to bear on our entire self." The habit of work acquired also aids in forming new habits, and in fighting against any bad habit which may have taken possession of us. To cultivate the habit of work and to accept toil as part of our duty is to safeguard our lives from many a mistake and even from many a sin.

Thru work we forget our surroundings, our present circumstances and privations and are raised to a nobler plane of life. The artist, living in a cold and comfortless garret, forgets his poverty, his sufferings and privations, when he is putting into his picture the ideas of his soul.

Every man must work in order to compete with his fellow-men in world progress. It is against the public good that anyone should be both a consumer and a non-producer simultaneously. In this present life of ours, man cannot afford to be idle; he must

"Be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait."

---

There is no moment without some duty.—*Cicero*.

---

"Learn the value of a man's words and expressions, and you know him."  
—*Lavater*.

---

To know how to suggest is the art of teaching.—*Amiel*.



## THE MUHLENBERG LITERARY.

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Last month's issue of the "Muhlenberg" was a marked improvement over the publication of former years. There is advance in almost every department.

Dr. Haas' Baccalaureate Sermon is worthy the attention of every man. Read it and profit by it! Surely this is an age when we should "strive for the truth that shall make men free."

Mr. Grant's article on "Student Self Government" contains much common sense in a few words. No upper classman by virtue of his position owns the college; as for the freshmen, such a thing were the more grossly incompatible.

"Incidents by the Wayside" from Mr. Reitz's pen, depicts in good language the life battles of a man.

Mr. Hartzell's oration "The Test of Democracy's Greatness in America" is particularly well thought out. What America needs is great men; men who have the absolute courage of their convictions.

The personal department has well widened its scope of usefulness. The editor is enlivening it with local jottings of all kinds. Note the jokes; they are pointed. Personalities are strictly eliminated.

The abolition of pen names discloses a desire to stand by conviction.

---

Greatly begin! Though thou have time for but a line, be that sublime. Not failure, but low aim is crime.—*Sel.*

---

Man's desires are boundless but his wants are few.—*Goethe.*





## ATHLETIC.

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### FOOT-BALL.

*Students, Alumni and Friends.* — Muhlenberg has launched her foot-ball season and she bids fair to a successful year of foot-ball. Her prospects are fine, she has lots of material to work with, has a good scrub, has a fine pair of coaches, is backed by a spirited student body; her backfield is the most wonderful she has ever had, and the whole team promises to be the best she has ever placed upon the gridiron. The squad which never numbers less than 28, and sometimes as high as 36, has been practicing every day since the 9th of September, and has had hard scrimmage ever since the 18th of September. On the 28th of September she played her first practice game.

The old material is up to last year's standard and above, while the new men are more than could have been expected and are making the old men hustle to keep their positions. Capt. Coleman has the same fire as last year, is in perfect physical condition, is developing into a good leader and has been playing the game as he never played it before. Brandt is again at centre with the same scrap in him as last year. Savacool and Snyder are again holding down guard, while Capt. Coleman and Krause are playing tackle. Krause who was a member of Northwestern's squad of last year, with Coleman make as good a pair of tackles as Muhlenberg has seen for years. The end positions are somewhat uncertain, lying between Shilling, Fink, Nenow, Cressman, Katz and Keim, all of whom put up a fine game at end. But the backfield is the glory of the team, a back-

field which promises to develop into the greatest line of backs that have ever played on our gridiron. Bixler at quarter, Skean at right half, Scott at left half and Brennan at full back certainly do make up a sturdy backfield. Bixler was good last year but lacked experience and judgment. This year he possesses both. Skean has been developing wonderfully both in team work and punting, and is improving every day. Brennan at full is great, has the experience, the grit, is Irish and with a few weeks of hard coaching is bound to develop into a fine full back. But Scott is the find of the year. He's fast, has the sand, has grit, nerve, weight, height, and everything else that goes to make up a foot-ball player. This lineup gives us a heavy, progressive line, a bunch of fast ends, and a wonderful backfield, that's fast, heavy, and a bunch that works together like clockwork. That's our "Varsity".

But the Varsity is only the product of the scrubs. Every night there is a bunch of from 15 to 20 men out scrubbing, some of whom look good for the Varsity. Of the Scrubs, Leisy and Wacker are out for centre; Kidd, Kline, Schock, and Fetherolf out for guard; Bieber, Flexer, Hummel, Esser and Storb are trying for tackle; Keim, Katz, Quinn, Cook, Taylor, Crouthomel, Bauman and Reitz are out for end or half back, and Groff is out for quarter. This forms a squad of about 28 men who are out every night.

On Sept. 28 Muhlenberg played her first practice game with the Carlisle Indian Varsity team. The team left Wednesday morning, and every student of the College was down at the switch

## THE MUHLENBERG

to see them off, singing songs and giving vent to some live college spirit. In the evening the same bunch was down at the depot to see them come in, then marched up Hamilton street, singing songs, dancing the snake dance and giving yells.

Of course, Muhlenberg lost, yet her loss was a double victory. First she gained a lot of invaluable experience with the new rules and with a team that knows how to use them, and secondly, being defeated by a team like the Indians by the score of 39-0 is a victory for a team in Muhlenberg's standing. Added to all this she had the fortune of returning with all her men in fine condition. The team certainly put up a good fight from start to finish, had the Indians guessing on several occasions, almost scored on them at one time, and in the fourth quarter took the ball from the Indians after holding them 10 yards on 3 down. The following is what Coach Warner said of the game "Muhlenberg College presented a well coached team of game players on Wednesday, and gave the Indians a hard practice game." Taking all in all it certainly was an invaluable experience and practice for our fellows. The Indians kept their Varsity team in from start to finish as did Muhlenberg. With the exception of Coleman who was removed on account of a pierced lip, Muhlenberg's endurance ability was well proved.

But the team is not the only factor in making 1910 a successful foot-ball season. The student body is back of the team in full force and is furnishing the spirit from the grandstand. Charlie Grant and his assistants are working regularly with the student body on yells and songs, and there's certainly going to

be something doing on the grand stand this year.

But then the question comes up, "Why have the squad been practicing so faithfully every night since the 9th of September? Why has the student body been so loyal this year in coming out for cheer practice, and why are the Coaches, Prof. Reese and even the faculty working so hard this year on our team? Students, Alumni and friends, we want a good team, we want a grand, glorious and successful foot-ball season, but, primarily, we want to beat F & M. That's why everybody is working so faithfully. We can do it this year, we got to do it and we're going to do it! What has F & M done this year? Williamson Trade School held them to a single touchdown, Rutger's held them to a stand still, they've lost their coach, they've lost some of last year's best men, and Richards got cold feet. We've got our old coach, we've got most of our old men back, and we've got some of the finest new material this year that's ever come to Muhlenberg. Watch the Muhlenberg eleven this year! But it were an injustice to the college to stop here. The team is doing their best, the scrubs are doing their best, the whole student body is back of the team doing its best, the coaches are doing their best, Prof. Reese is doing his best, the Faculty are doing their best, but—are all you Alumni doing your best? Do you intend supporting your team this fall? Have you bought your Season ticket? Have you made arrangements to see the home games and the F & M game without fail? These are questions for you Alumni to answer. You owe it to your Alma Mater, and this is the year she expects it of you. You are the ones that must help her out in her finances and



you are the ones to whom she looks for loyal support this year. Oct. 8 is the first game, so its time to start in. We shall be glad to welcome you back. Don't forget the Motto—"Do it for Muhlenberg!" and "We got to beat F & M!"

Muhlenberg 0 Williamson 0

Saturday, Oct. 8, was Muhlenberg's opening game. Never was a student body more surprised than was the student body of Muhlenberg College at the fine showing that the team put up. Before the game, a defeat of 17-0, was counted as a victory, and no one imagined that we would play around the Williamson boys the way we did. It was a fine game from start to finish, and had it not been for several fumbles which proved very costly to Muhlenberg, the Sunday papers would have looked better to our Alumni. Never during the entire game was Muhlenberg's goal threatened, while Muhlenberg played most of the game on Williamson's territory, one time reaching her 4 inch line on first down,—but a fumble spoiled the chance to score. Muhlenberg's defense was fine, and her work on offense was surprisingly good, especially the interference. Bixler was the star of the game, while Brennan and Nenow played surprisingly well. The work of these three players is due to Coach Bull. On end runs Bixler was great, gaining more ground than any other player.

Of the Williamson team Reisner put up the best game. His punting was good and steady, and his headwork saved them from being scored on in the last quarter, when he returned a punt on their goal line. It was a fine game from start to finish and Muhlenberg may truly be proud of her team this year.

Lineup:		
Muhlenberg	Positions	Williamson
Nenow	left end	Smith
Flexer	left tackle	Gumley
Savacool	left guard	Boyce
Brandt	centre	Yost
Snyder	right guard	Ellis
Krause	right tackle	Gilbert
Schilling	right end	Zearfass
Bixler	quarter	Reisner
Skean	left h. back	Girtner
Scott	right h. back	Meredith
Brennan	full back	Ferrick

Refree, Dietrich, Lafayette; Umpire, Ellicott, Lafayette, Field Judge, Smith, Muhlenberg; Linesmen, Fink, Muhlenberg; Nox, Williamson.

A few comparative scores will serve to show what Muhlenberg has been doing, and the standing of the teams who will play this fall:

Sept. 28—Muhlenberg 0; Carlisle Indians 39.	
Oct. 8—Bucknell 0; Carlisle Indians 39	
Oct. 8—Muhlenberg 0	Williamson 0
Oct. 1—F & M, 12	Williamson 6
Oct. 8—Haverford 5	Delaware 5
Oct. 29—Muhlenberg plays Delaware.	
Oct. 8—Ursinus 53	Temple 0
Nov. 12—Muhlenberg plays Temple.	
Sept. 24—Rutgers 0	F & M 0
Oct. 5—U. of P. 17	F & M 0

## SCHEDULE.

Oct. 8—Williamson Trade School.
Oct. 15—Lebanon Valley College.
Oct. 22—Open.
Oct. 29—Delaware State College at Newark, N. J.
Nov. 5—F & M at Allentown.
Nov. 12—Temple at Allentown.
Nov. 19—Wyoming Sem. at Kingston.
Nov. 24—Carlisle Indians.

## THE MUHLENBERG

## FRESH-SOPH FOOT-BALL GAME.

The Sophs won their second great victory over the Freshmen by defeating them in the annual Fresh-Soph foot-ball game, by the score of 5-0. On the Wednesday preceeding they defeated them in the annual bowl fight, and this defeat seems to have downed the Freshman spirit.

From the very start the Sophs had the Freshmen on the jump giving them the ball only once on downs. The Sophs kicked to the Freshman, who advanced the ball 10 yards and were forced to kick on third down. The Sophs rushed the ball down the field, Keim carrying it over for a touchdown. Groff missed the goal.

But after this the Sophs were kept busy, and although their goal was never threatened, the Freshmen gave them a good fight. The main fault of the Sophs was fumbling, and more than four times were they on the Freshman 10 yard line when somebody fumbled.

The new rules worked fine, and only a few penalties were imposed. Among the spectators present was Coach Bull. He enjoyed the game and said there was enough material between the two teams to make a good Varsity. Nenow, Taylor and Leisy starred for the Freshmen, while for the Sophs Krause, Keim, Butz, Reno and Groff did the telling work.

Line-up was as follows:

Sophs	Positions	Freshmen
Keim	right end	Storb
Cressman	left end	Taylor
Drehs	right tackle	Bucks
Deibert	left tackle	Crouthomel
Katz	right guard	Kidd
Esser	left guard	Seidel
Krause	r. h. back	Nenow
Butz	s. h. back	Mohr
Wacker	center	Fetherolf
Reno	full	Cook
Groff	quarter	Leisy

Referee, Dietrich; Time Keepers, Stuart and Butz; Field Judge, Smith; Head Linesman, Reiter; Time of Quarters, 7 minutes.

## AS MOTHER SEES IT.

A rush, a scramble,  
A tackle, a fall;  
Six wounded, three senseless,  
Four dead—that's football.



# PERSONALS.

Grant '11—The other day at dinner five fellows got right up and went out.

Butz '11—Why?

Grant '11—They had finished eating.

Krause '13—Grape-nuts are the best breakfast food.

Storb '14—I prefer straw (shredded wheat).

Krause '13—That's merely the difference between horse and man.

Grant '11—It's a shame to make light of electricity.

Salesman at Fair—Fine handkerchiefs, gentlemen, fifty cents each.

Grant '11—That's too much to blow in.

The fellows gave the team a rousing send-off on their departure for Carlisle.

Dr. W.—Is that clear now?

Student—Yes, doctor, clear as mud.

Butz '11—Well that covers the ground pretty well.

Dr. W.—Who was the ideal woman in the age of Charles the Great?

Bauman—Minnie-Ha-Ha.

Reitz '12—I saw Venus last night.

Bieber '11—Well, how is she?

Owing to the pressure of other activities, Chas. L. Grant '11 presented his formal resignation as business manager of "The Muhlenberg". It was accepted. Raymond R. Ammarell '11 is now manager.

Keim '13 has a new hat,—it came from London. Look it over; it will please Charlie.

"Rosy cheeks, the elder" actually cracked a joke. Printing it might dull the point of it.—*Ergo*.

Dr. H.—When you go to the Fair, gentlemen, keep away from the fair.

The Empire State Club is again holding regular meetings. Its object is to increase the New York State delegation of Muhlenberg. Watch it.

"Bishop Gussie" Bectold Ex '11, was about the dorms one night recently spinning yarns of the wild and wooly west.

We now have two "rosy cheeks." Frank Blatt '13 is Weber's brother in everything but name. Paul is "rosy the elder" while Frankie is "rosy the younger."

Wanted—An essay by a freshman on the general subject, The distribution of shoes.

Eberts '11—Grant has in him the milk of human kindness, but it is somewhat condensed.

For accepted reasons Wm. E. Brandt resigned as manager of the Glee Club. Arthur N. Butz then being elected manager, resigned as president, Paul B. Wolper being chosen as president.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.—*Emerson*.

## EXCHANGES.

The longer the editor delves into the growing pile of Exchanges, the more fully he comes to learn the truth of the trite saying that there are journals and there are journals.

A journal is good when its written matter is the embodiment of real substantial thot. It is bad when it is mere words, even tho its cuts and outward appearance are the best that skill affords. If limited finances restrict the desired elaboration of the "shell" of the publication, living expression of living things will well counteract apparent poverty. Let the homely genius of a Lincoln be revived again, a genius which counts worth while all and only what is true and vital.

One of our exchanges gives out the notice, "Don't hand in short stories; we can't use them." Perhaps this paper believes that a long array of pointless personals are more desirable space fillers. The uncultured are of the same kind.

Some papers are poor, we suppose, because their chief editors lack the gump-

tion to refuse publication of weak matter, edited by their personal friends. Get wise; first think of your institution and next of your friends, if you are editor. Stir up your student body. General announcements count for little. See the best literary men in your field personally.

The Thielensian is outwardly neat and inwardly substantial. It lacks the enlivening short story. We note in it a speech of our own worthy president. We are highly pleased to learn the bright prospects of our former collegian, Mr. Asher Shupp.

"Opinator" lacks the short story. "Wyoming of former Days" is an article delightfully interesting for the general reading public.

We see into the "Mirror"; it is good. Its cartooning is worthy of approbation.

We welcome also the following: The Junto, Young Lutheran's Companion, Carlisle Arrow, Ursinus Weekly, Res Academicae, College News, Bethany News and Old Penn Weekly.

Grammar knows how to lord it over kings.—*Moliere*.

Carelessness does more harm than want of knowledge.—*Franklin*.



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*Autumn Leaves.*

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! Let us meet him as we may,  
And turn with the light of the parlorfire his evil power away;  
And gather closer the circle round, When that fire light dances high,  
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding wing goes by!

*Whittier.*

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;  
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread;  
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,  
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

*Bryant.*

Shorter and shorter now the twilight clips  
The Days, as through the sunset gates they crowd.  
And Summer from her golden collar slips  
And strays through stubble-fields, and moans aloud,  
Save when by fits the warmer air deceives,  
And, stealing hopeful to some sheltered bower,  
She lies on pillows of the yellow leaves, And tries old tunes over for an hour.

*Alice Cary.*



### The Poets and the Children.

Children are given no ordinary place in our literature. Of all of God's creatures here below the children are the most beloved. He who has love and purity in his heart loves and sympathizes with them. The poets do not appreciate them more fully than we, but they are given the power of expressing their appreciation.

Children are as necessary to happiness as the birds and the flowers, and the poet tells us:

"They are idols of hearts and of households,

They are angels of God in disguise:  
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,

His glory still shines in their eyes:  
Those truants from home and from heaven,

They have made us more manly and mild.

And we know now how Jesus could liken

The kingdom of God to a child."

Longfellow is perhaps our greatest poet-lover of children and three little girls live forever in "The Children's Hour":

"Between the dark and the daylight

When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupation

That is known as the Children's Hour.  
From my study I see in the camplight,

Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grace Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair."

Longfellow is the household poet of America. His love for children never found expression in the humorous child dialect of Riley or Field, and few people know that the following bit of nonsense verse about children was written by Longfellow:

"There was a little girl,

And she had a little curl  
Right in the middle of her forehead  
When she was good

She was very, very good,

And when she was bad, she was horrid.

One day she went up stairs,

When her parents unawares,  
In the kitchen were occupied with meals,  
And she stood upon her head  
In her little trundle bed,

And then began hooraying with her heels.

Her mother heard the noise

And she thought it was the boys  
A-playing at a combat in the attic.

But when she climbed the stair,  
And found Jemina there

She took and she did spank her most emphatic."

Eugene Field appreciates the humorous side of child life perhaps better than any other poet. He enjoys their childish ambitions, understands and sympathizes with their longing. In the "Limitations of Youth," he voices the aspirations of every small boy.

"I'd like to be a cowboy and ride a fiery hoss

Way out into the big and boundless West;

I'd kill the bears and catamounts an' wolves I come across,

An' I'd pluck the bald-head eagle from his nest;

With my pistol at my side;

I would roam the prairie wide,  
An' to scalp the savage Injun in his wigwam would I ride—

If I darst; but I darsen't!

I'd like to go to Afriky an' hunt the lions there,

And the biggest ellyfunts you ever  
saw.  
I would track the fierce gorilla to his  
equitorial lair.  
And brave the cannybull that eats  
folks raw.  
I'd chase the pizen snakes  
And the 'pottimus that makes  
His nest down at the bottom of unfath-  
omable lakes—  
If I darst; but I darsen't!  
And if I darst, I'd lick my pa, for the  
times that he's licked me!  
I'd lick my brother an' my teacher too!  
I'd lick the fellers that call round on sis-  
ter after tea,  
An' I'd keep on lickin' folks till I got  
through.  
You bet! I'd run away  
From my lessons to my play  
An' I'd shoo the hens, an' tease the  
cat, an' kiss the girls all day  
If I darst; but I darsen't!"  
There is nothing more free and joy-  
ous than the small boy. He is as free  
from care and as happy as a lark.  
"There's something in a noble boy  
A brave, free hearted, careless one,  
With his unchecked, unbidden joy.  
His dread of books and love of fun—  
And in his clear and ready smile,  
Unshaded by a thought of guile,  
And unrepressed by sadness—  
Which brings me to my childhood  
back,  
As if I trod its very track,  
And felt its very gladness."  
A healthy boy enjoys nothing more  
than the liberty to wander at will in the  
fields and woods  
"Where the pools are bright and deep,  
Where the grey trout lies asleep  
Up the river and o'er the sea  
That's the way for Billy and me.  
Where the blackbird sings the latest

Where the hawthorn blooms the  
sweetest,  
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,  
That's the way for Billy and me.  
Where the mowers mow the cleanest  
Where the hay lies thick and greenest  
There to trace the homeward bee  
That's the way for Billy and me."  
What boy does not long to hear Fields'  
"Little Boy Blue" or Riley's "The Ole  
Swimmin' Hole" and "A Boy's Mother."  
The old man as he sees the boys at  
play remembers his boyhood days and  
almost envies them their light-hearted-  
ness.  
"We were boys together  
And never can forget  
The school house near the heather  
In childhood where we met.  
The humble home to memory dear  
Its sorrows and its joy  
Where woke the transient smile or tear,  
When you and I were boys.  
We're old men together  
The friends we loved of yore  
With leaves of Autumn weather,  
Are gone forever more.  
How blest to age the impulse given,  
The hope time ne'er destroys  
Which led our thoughts from earth to  
heaven  
When you and I were boys."  
As the unrestrained and joyous child-  
ren are a consolation to those whose  
years are numbered so will they be a  
help to higher things to all who learn  
to love child life. The old man watches  
the child and lives his young days over  
again, the busy man finds rest and re-  
laxation in a frolic with children, the  
woman upon whose shoulders the duties  
of the world fall finds companionship  
with her little ones; the painter finds in  
the child a subject that is higher than



man and little lower than the angels, the sculptor carves in marble the image of a little child which shall be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," and the poet,

lover of all God's creatures, finds in the freshness and innocence of child life deep inspiration.

HENRY B. SHELLY, '12.

### Luther League Hall.

The formal presentation and dedication of Luther League Hall, the most recent wing to the dormitory quadrangle, was effected on Wednesday afternoon, November ninth, in conjunction with the Sixteenth Annual Convention of the Allentown District Luther League. The presentation service was held in the College chapel where the Rev. Edward L. Horn, D.D.L.L.D., of Reading, delivered the principal address. The presentation was made by the Rev. Luther D. Lazarus of West Bethlehem, and the acceptance in behalf of the college by the Rev. J. A. W. Haas, D. D., president. The audience then proceeded in a body to Luther League Hall where brief and simple, yet impressive dedicatory services took place. A bronze tablet bearing the league insignia and inscribed "Luther League Hall, 1910" will grace the west wall.

In presenting the hall Rev. Lazarus stated that the project was set on foot in the Spring of 1903 at St. Mark's Church, South Bethlehem. He considered the hall a memorial, marking a new epoch in the history of the Luther League as a re-consecration to the church and her institutions. In accepting the memorial the president said, among other words of appreciation, that the gift is especially appropriate as the Luther

League has constantly stood for education. "Our church must take its place in the leading movements of the day. The more you sustain us the more we will endeavor to make a better Pennsylvania."

Dr. Horn's text was the 13th verse of the 45th Psalm—"The King's daughter is all beautiful within." Having recently returned from a trip abroad, the speaker outlined the splendid aesthetic features of the art employed in the architecture and internal decorations of Oxford University, and expressed a strong hope of similar architectural and intellectual accomplishments at Muhlenberg. As the Englishmen who toiled for the welfare of the great University are remembered to this day by stutuary, so in the future will Muhlenberg express her gratitude by appropriate memorials to those who today are planting and beautifying her.

The hall was donated by the Luther Leagues of Pennsylvania, assisted by several leagues of the New York Synod. The Committee who had the work in charge is as follows: Prof. Geo. T. Ettinger, Ph. D., chairman; Rev. L. D. Lazarus, secretary-treasurer; Rev. E. F. Keever, Prof. Ambrose A. Kunkle and Rev. C. F. Wm. Hoppe.

## *The Laymen's Missionary Movement.*

J. Ross Stevenson says "The goal of history is the redemption of the world. The consummation of all missionary endeavor will be when the knowledge of Jesus Christ has become universal. Hence, the aim of missions is to make Jesus Christ known to every creature, so that he may have an intelligent opportunity to accept him as his Savior."

Very recently the subject of Missions has been put before the public in a very fitting manner through the agency of the Laymen's Missionary Movement which is sweeping this wide country of ours. This movement should appeal to most of us and has deeply appealed to certain ones who were fortunate in attending the Convention held in the City of Reading during the last winter. Men's hearts were stirred as never before—let us hope that the spirit is still alive within those men. The spirit must grow and reap results—it is not sufficient to see the virtue in the movement and be aroused for but a night.

The object of the Laymen's Missionary movement was and is to promote more organized missionary efforts among the men of our Churches. In most congregations it is the women who are the active ones in this phase of the Church's work. They begin when still in the cradle through the Cradle Roll Branch—then comes the Girls' Mission Band, and finally the Women's Missionary Society. The ministers, too, are and ought to be earnestly engaged in furthering the general work of Missions. Now it is up to the men—the laymen—to show that there is also in their souls some of this grand missionary spirit. The young men in particular—those who are still

strong and courageous should take an interest in this movement. The ball has started rolling—let us keep it going.

Not so very long ago about 600 men sat down to partake of a "Missionary Dinner" way out in Minneapolis. The price of the banquet was one dollar a plate. Some may say "Well, there was six hundred dollars gone to waste. If they had gone without the banquet and had given the money to missions, what a grand thing it would have been!" But wait a moment—here is the interesting part. Before those six hundred men had turned away they had each promised to give no less than five dollars annually for missions. So that although six hundred dollars was spent on the "inner man", three thousand dollars were assured for Missions. That wasn't so bad after all. But there is a still better case related about one thousand men in Birmingham, Alabama, who met in a Presbyterian Church and pledged themselves to give four dollars each for Missions without a dinner. We give money freely and cheerfully for what we desire. Do we desire Christianity to live and grow?

Just pause for a moment and think of the Church and her work in this world of missions at home and abroad, and the many agencies for winning men from sin to God and Holiness. Few of us may be fitted for going as missionaries to a foreign land, but there are those who are fitted and willing. We can all help by contributing freely to the support and comfort of those noble ones. All the money we give to missions is doubly recorded—here on the Churches' records and also on the Heavenly Records of God's own Treas-



ury, and are paid out again in heavenly goods. It is true that the coin of this world, by being cast into God's Treasury in the right spirit, can receive the stamp of the mint of Heaven and be accepted in exchange for heavenly blessings. This is done not according to the earthly standard of value but according to the heavenly standard, where men's judgements of much and little, great and small, are all unknown.

This Missionary Movement may be compared to a little incident which occurs over and over again. We all may have noticed it, but the observer in seeing it occur lately was deeply impressed by its likeness to the present object of discussion. A gentleman was standing in the front of a railroad station. A lengthy express train with an immense engine had come to a standstill. Passengers alighted and others soon took their places. The conductor signaled for the engineer to start the train. In a moment the shrill whistle echoed up and down the valley—the huge wheels were set in motion but the train failed to move. We can judge the cause—the tracks were damp and the wheels although rotating could not catch a hold. It wasn't long, however, before the interested observer spied a handful of sand trickling through a tube into the

rail. Again the wheels started rotating, and little by little the huge wheels caught hold and in another movement the train was speeding on its way. That is just what is needed to launch this grand Laymen's Missionary Movement—a little sand—a little grit. It can be done—let the engineer do it—and it wouldn't hurt in this case if the passenger had some sand too.

In conclusion let us realize that the greatest need of the Church is *men*; men who have felt the call of God to do His work and are ready to do it; men who feel their mission and are ready to fill it; men ready to make sacrifice for truth, and to make it known to others; men who realize the debt they owe to the Church and are ready to pay it; men with deep conviction and who are as true to it as the needle to the pole; men anointed by the Spirit of God, ready to do and suffer, if need be, for their fellow-men. Finally, the Laymen's Movement suggests that three men in every congregation get the great work of Missions and Benevolence on their hearts and that they rest not until every man in that congregation has been personally and faithfully appealed to, to do the best he can for missions.

FRANCIS H. SMITH, '11.



Crisp October days are past;  
When woodland ways are loveliest,  
When nature with a lavish hand,  
Pours richest gifts o'er all the land.—

*Sel.*

*Early German Literature in Pennsylvania.*

In the first quarter of the seventeenth century numerous bands of Germans came over to this country to escape the persecution which they had to undergo for their religious beliefs. Among them were the Mennonites, the Dunkards, the Labadists and the Moravians; all these came from different parts of Germany. These Germans settled mostly in the Susquehanna, Lehigh and Schuylkill valleys in Pennsylvania and are the ancestors of those who are commonly called the "Pennsylvania Dutch," their dialect also bearing the same name. The rest of the Germans settled in New York in the Mohawk valley and in the Carolinas, but we are far more interested in the Germans who settled in Pennsylvania, as their ancestors have on the whole retained the same characteristics and customs that they possessed.

Engaged in the arduous task of hewing homes for themselves out of the wilderness, of breaking up the virgin soil, of establishing home industries to provide food, clothing, and shelter; building churches for worship and beside them schoolhouses for elementary education; compelled, moreover, every now and then to fight off the stealthy and murderous savage from their scattered settlements—how could these Germans, our pioneer ancestors, find leisure for writing books? Even their preachers, many of whom had been educated in foreign universities, were so much occupied in visiting their widely scattered charges and attending to their immediate duties as pastors, that they had no time left for literary efforts, except such as duty and necessity required. Notwithstanding all these checks and hindrances to literature, the early Germans of Penn-

sylvania produced a considerable amount of literature, showing their extreme activity and perseverance. Very naturally, however, we find the literature of Pennsylvania in those early days consisting mainly of letters, diaries, and pamphlets, sometimes descriptive of the new country and its people, but frequently also of a theological and controversial nature.

The valley of the Muehlbach, in Lancaster County, is designated as the cradle of German literature in America. Here Conrad Beissel and Michael Wohlfarth, merely two religious enthusiasts, erratic and peculiar, often visionary schemers, were the first to introduce German printing into America. The printing press was used by them in promulgating the views and doctrines of the congregation. Their early works, divided into three groups—controversial, mystical, and poetical—composed and translated in the Conestoga Valley, were truly Pennsylvania products. The Sauers, father and son, also started a press in Germantown and were the first to print in German characters. Nearly all the many books and pamphlets issued by the Sauers were of a religious character, thus plainly showing the leading feature in the mental make-up of the German settlers.

The first book written by Beissel was "Das Buechlein von Sabbath" (Book on the Sabbath). It was printed in 1728 in Roman type and caused a great sensation among the rural Germans. The style of the book was colloquial and it consisted of a spiritual dialogue between a father and a son. Its aim was to explain the true Sabbath, how and when it should be observed. However curious it may seem to us at present, it seems



to have been successful in its mission in both tongues (the book having been translated into English by Michael Wohlfarth.) As a matter of fact it was so effective that the congregation publicly adopted the Sabbath as the day for divine services. The editions of this book are very scarce, so rare that they are not enumerated in any catalogue or list of American imprints. At this time there was also published a pamphlet, both in German and English, by Michael Wohlfarth, having for its theme the "Lord's Seventh Day". This caused much discussion.

However, Beissel and Wohlfarth were not the only writers in the field of German literature. Another pioneer in the field was the Rev. George Michael Weiss, a Reformed minister, who in 1729 published a pamphlet against the Separatists. The style is also colloquial and the book is one of the rarest of American imprints, a single specimen only being known. It is a duodecimo and contains four pages of introduction and twenty-nine pages of text. The introduction is in the form of poem, which, however, does not possess a very high poetical merit but contains some harsh passages. It shows a fine Christian spirit, emphasizing our dependence on God and obedience to his word. The closing stanza runs thus:

"For if you wish, O man, to find,  
The Lord most merciful and kind,  
And on that awful judgement day  
To meet the Judge without dismay,  
Then to the words of God give ear,  
And follow them while you are here,  
Regard them as of highest worth  
Place them above all things on earth."

As a result of the acquaintance between Beissel and Benjamin Franklin

came the publication of the duodecimo volume of thirty-two pages. It was printed in 1730 in the German language and is of a theosophical character. The introduction to this book consists of two scripture texts and the first part of the book itself contains ninety-nine "mystical and very secret" sentences. These sentences are simply moral proverbs, orthodox in the fullest sense of the term, and are followed by sixty-two original poetical compositions, sixty-one ranging in length from two to twenty-four lines, while the last consists of twelve lines. Then follow sixteen rules for self-examination, closing with the couplet:

"To be dead to the world translates the  
soul unto God,

And brings celestial air, releasing from  
distress and death."

The next book, also printed by Franklin, was a hymn-book, written by Beissel and his associates during their sojourn in the Muehlbach Valley. This book consists of sixty-two hymns, in which mystic revelation revels in rhythmic measure and free use is made of the vocabulary of sensual love to depict religious ecstasy. Beissel, the author of thirty-one of these poems, published in 1730 a "Book on Matrimony," written in the interests of celibacy and printed by Franklin, in which matrimony is declared to be the penitentiary of sensual man, and abominations committed therein under the appearance of right are fully exposed.

Other early German writers were John Peter Muehler, "Brother Jabez," who translated the history of the persecutions of the Anabaptists from the Hollandish tongue into the High German and who afterwards translated the Declaration of Independence into seven languages;

David Rittenhouse, the famous astronomer and clockmaker, who contributed a score or more of articles on optics, magnetism, electricity, mathematics and astronomy; Henry Ernest Muhlenberg, the theologian botanist, who wrote but two small books: a catalog of North American plants and a treatise on North American sedges and grasses; and finally, most important of all, Francis Daniel Pastorius.

Pastorius was born in Sommerhausen, Franconia, Germany, Sept. 26, 1651, and died in Germantown, Pa., Sept. 27, 1719. He was the son of a judge of Windsheim, educated in the classical and modern languages, and all the science of his age, and had entered upon the practice of law, when, having joined the sect of the Pietists, he entered upon a plan with some of his co-religionists to emigrate to Pennsylvania and settle there. This plan was abandoned, but Pastorius was engaged by his associates, who in 1680 organized as the Frankfort land company, and by some merchants of Crefeld, who had secured 15,000 acres of land to conduct a colony of German and Dutch Mennonites and Quakers to Pennsylvania. He arrived on June 20, 1683, and on Oct. 24 began to lay out Germantown. Until his death he was a man of influence among the colonists, and held several honorable positions, being at one time a member of the Assembly.

However, we are far more interested in what he accomplished for literature and education. For many years he taught in Germantown and Philadelphia, and many of the deeds and letters required by the German settlers were written by him. Here also he published a primer in 1698. The earliest scientific work produced not in Pennsylvania only, but in America, is said to be the "Four Treatises" written by Father Pastorius, who could write fluently in seven or eight languages. He also published a pamphlet, consisting in part of letters to his father, and containing a description of the commonwealth and its government and advice to immigrants. Several volumes were left by him in manuscript, containing philosophical reflections, poems, and notes on theological, medical, and legal subjects. When we turn to the poets and hymn-writers the versatile Pastorius again heads the list. His verses may hardly deserve to be called poems, but they show the many-sided talent of the man.

It is thus clearly proved that the Pennsylvania-German, even while conquering the wilderness, founding towns and industries to make a living for himself and his own, found time to do some writing in his own language. We can, therefore, be proud of what our ancestors accomplished in literature in colonial America.

WALTER M. RENTSCHLER, '12.



The grain is garnered in,  
The apples ripe are stored,  
The yellow pumpkins gleam among  
The farmer's treasured hoard.—*Sel.*



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## Editorials.

### Thanksgiving.

At such a time as this, enriched with the manifold blessings of life, we, as a nation, and as individuals, have just reason for returning thanks to the Giver of all things. Despite all the efforts of our hands we are as nothing apart from the Divine. In Him we live and move and have our being. To call thanksgiving a duty is to bargain with heavenly things. It is not a duty, it is a *privilege*, bestowed by One who of all men best knew how to return gratitude for the kindnesses and mercies of the Father.

Expression of appreciation between men renders life's burdens less burdensome and supplies new energy to a weary

one, but whether or not man remembers to lift his voice in praise and thanksgiving to heaven, the plan of the great Benefactor cannot be thwarted by us, nor will the King become weary. At this season of the year we recall the words of the poet, Gray, where he says: Sweet is the breath of vernal shower, The bees collected treasures sweet, Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet

The still small voice of gratitude.

With the approach of Thanksgiving Day the note of the barnyard fowl is not unmixed with melancholy.

### *Friendly Rivalry.*

Those who have not been favored with an opportunity of attending a national or State delegation convention might well have gratified any desire to witness the keen rivalry attendant upon such occasions, had they been present at Muhlenberg prior to the time of receiving the new students as members of the two sister literary societies. It would not be creating hyperbole to say that closer rivalry is something scarcely imaginable. Both the Euterpeans and the Sophronians entered into the campaign with a lively desire to carry back to camp the greater number of scalps. This ingathering season of competition is eagerly anticipated yearly and serves as a valuable precursor to the less friendly and more formidable competitions in life's struggle.

### *Frankean Society.*

A copious supply of real stirring inspiration was the gift of the Frankean Society to those who attended Friday evening, October fourteenth, when Arthur N. Butz, '11, the speaker, chose as the basis of his remarks, "What Northfield has done for me." After graphically outlining the main features of the great annual Students' Missionary Conference, he gave heart to heart impressions on what such a conference is able to do for a man's life, particularly in the matter of choosing life work. The leading impression which his quiet talk left with us is the wonderful place man is permitted to occupy in the gradual working out of the great plan of God for His creatures. Mr. Butz pointed out the increasing multiplication of mission study classes in American colleges and universities.

The society took its first active step

of the season in voting to support a native Christian teacher in the Lutheran Foreign Missionary Field, India. The teacher assigned to us is Kandavalli Christian of the Bhimawaram District.

The Griesemersville Mission Sunday School, begun in the fall of nineteen hundred and seven by members of our Mission Band, is increasing in membership again now that the heat of Summer is past. Each year has found about half a dozen students who have proved faithful in the service of the mission. Mr. Raymond Schmidt, a resident of the village, has given much time and thought in planning for its welfare, bearing all the responsibility alone during the summer months in the absence of the students. More students are wanted to enter into the work. From nine to ten o'clock each Sunday morning valuable experience may be acquired in the work of the school. Ever since its organization the mission has held its services in the Griesmersville district school house, which has been kindly loaned by the directors. The little ones are now eagerly looking forward to the coming of the Christmas festivities.

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The suggestion of Professor Reese that during the nights of the football season the fellows carry themselves about the dormitories with as little noise as possible so as not unduly to disturb the slumber of the football men, might well obtain for all time. Quietness marks the man of real culture. If it were essential to the maintenance of health to tramp heavily when using the stairs or corridors, or to habitually indulge in nerve racking melodies and the like, no remedy could reasonably be suggested. Have respect for the nerves of the other fellow.



### *An Ancient Cry.*

Those who sit idly by and contribute nothing to the improvement of the monthly are judging their own neglect if they find objections to material that is printed from time to time. It is short stories, light articles, humorous matter and verse—both serious and comic—that we want especially, and its chief criterion should be readability. It is easy to fill our pages with articles on the destiny of the celestial spheres or dry mechanically written class essays, but light matter is another problem. Our cup of gratitude will overflow if the student body awakens to the privilege it has in having a paper to which they may contribute. Any paper is dead just in so far as its contents is the expression of the staff alone. Glance over this issue, son of Muhlenberg, and see whether it is the work of the general student body or of the staff. Shall the staff be ridiculed and not you?

### *Standing Alone.*

In a poem, "The Need of the Hour," by Edwin Markham in an October number of "The American Issue," the poet sets forth the greatest need of the hour not only in politics but in American life in general, where he says, "We need the faith to go a path untrod, The power to be alone and vote with God."

It is a restatement of the life creed of the great Lincoln in which he is determined to be true if not outwardly successful. It reveals the high type of citizenship which is willing to stand alone courageously on conviction in the face of a world of opposition. America's future is secure in proportion as such integrity

is interwoven with the vital fiber of her people. The present stir in our national and state political circles reveals a tendency toward a worthier conception of citizenship.

### *Loyalty.*

A college man is no stronger than its weakest member. The caliber of the words which the student employs in referring to her determines in large measure the standard of a college in any community. It were wiser for a man to hold his peace than to fill up space in gossip with disparaging apologies of his institution. It may be that such a one is being honored by his institution, not he honoring it. Be loyal!

### *Inter-Society Debate.*

The annual Inter-Literary Society Debate will be held in January. Euterpea submitted the following question to Sophronea: Resolved, that the present tendency toward a highly centralized system of federal government in the United States should be encouraged. Sophronia chose the affirmative. The Euterpea team: Philip S. Baringer '11 (leader), Raymond R. Ammarell '11, Frederick C. Wunder '11, Paul C. Weber '11 (alternate). Sophronia team: John E. Hartzell '11 (leader), Robert G. Kleckner '12, Walter W. Brossman '12, James F. Henninger '12 (alternate).

The sterling loyalty and courageous optimism of Professor Reese is rapidly finding lodging in the life of the student body. When this fidelity shall more largely have dominated the last member of our alumni, a more auspicious note will have been sounded for the realiza-

tion of our hopes in "Greater Muhlenberg." Many of our Alumni are as loyal to Alma Mater as seems possible. The institution extends to them its sincere thanks. The word is not for them, but for those who are dreaming when they might be boosting and doing. The faculty and the board of trustees need your assistance. Will you lend a hand?

From his easy chair the editor has an unobstructed view of a large area of well cultivated farm land. The last of the corn is being drawn away to the cribs. The Hallow E'en goblins have been here and are gone. The frost fairies have been with us long enough now to pinch our ears and noses with their accustomed familiarity. Cold and gray, the dismal aspect of nature betokens the coming of the snow.

Our alumni column will be as complete as the alumni choose to have it. It is not likely that we shall be able to gather all the news pertaining to our graduates. If you are in possession of any graduate personals, note and send them to the Alumni Editor of *The Muhlenberg*. We shall be thankful for your assistance.

The pestivorous dormitory fly has by this time sounded its last buzz in the diptera musical concerts of 1910. Some thinking people reasonably question trans-oceanic aviation, but no thotful person could rationally question the unhealthful possibilities of fly aviation.

There has been strong competition among those trying for places in the college glee club. Practice preparatory to the Winter and Spring concerts will commence shortly.

With a defeat of 40 to 6 upon their shoulders the Lebanon Valley College football squad strolled off the campus giving vent to care-free melodies. We admire a buoyant spirit wherever found!

How about the Autumnal cross country jaunt? The piling up of the snow will soon remove the possibility.

Of course you have paid your Muhlenberg subscription by this time. Unless the editor is misadvised, the printer too has his fee.

The trimming of the oaks adds a new beauty to the college grove.

Prof. Reese's advice, gently urging the fellows to teach the football songs to mademoiselles when calling, seems to have borne at least some fruit.

Now that the Athletics have clipped the fur from the Cubs, football has again resumed its place in collegiate discussion.

### Happy Realization.

Luther League Hall, the hope of several years, is now laid on solid foundations, a part of our college property since its presentation to the college, November ninth, by the Luther Leagues of Pennsylvania and vicinity. It has come at a most opportune time. The "old" dormitories which are more than comfortably occupied, will be relieved of their "undesirable crowders-in" by the end of the month, when it is expected the new hall will be ready for occupancy. It is not without significance that 'lasting loyalty' are words whose initial letters correspond with the initial letters of Luther League.



### The Rostrum.

The first in the series of four Fall Lectures was given October thirteenth by Professor Charles S. Doolittle, Sc. D., director of the Flower Astronomical Observatory of the University of Pennsylvania, his topic being "Comets". The subject was illustrated by many slides, and was discussed from a scientific rather than from a "superstitious" standpoint. The audience which more than taxed the seating capacity of the chapel was well repaid for attending.

The Wednesday morning chapel address of October nineteenth was delivered by the Rev. A. Steimle, of St. John's Lutheran Church, his subject being based on Acts 1:1. The speaker expressed his particular interest in St. Luke, the physician, because he had been a college man. He developed the point that "the former treatise," the gospel of St. Luke—and likewise the other three gospels—did not contain the complete history of Christ's mission to the world, but merely recorded the *beginning* of His work, the end of which would be the redemption of the world. The proper conception of Christianity therefore must be a growing one in which the principal note is the clarion call to missionary enterprise. Rev. Steimle's words are always interesting and beneficial.

The second of the Fall Lectures was given October 20, by Mr. Homer Folks, secretary of the New York State Charities Aid Association, his topic being "The Failure of Government in America." The speaker considered the government a 'failure' in the same sense that he would consider a bankrupt a

failure who pays but 95 per cent of his debts. He dwelt principally upon the relation between social problems and the government, saying that he thot the root of the trouble lay 'in diffusion of responsibility between local, state and national authorities, and in the absence of any machinery for securing harmonious, concerted action between these three ranges of officials and authorities in matters transcending the limits of a particular locality or state.' The failure of national legislation to cope effectively with the questions of Child labor, Employers' liability, the social evil, divorce, and education, were pointed out. 'The discouraging thing is not merely the absence of progress, but the absence of agencies for securing progress; absence of agencies even for circulating information as to legislation already enacted or under consideration.' The speaker deemed it 'clearly inevitable that we must gradually devise some new means of securing effective control, nationwide.'

Coming direct from the field of action itself, Mr. Folks spoke with intelligence and force.

The Wednesday morning chapel address of October twenty-sixth was given by Rev. Albert T. W. Steinhäuser, of St. Michael's Lutheran Church, of this city. With St. Simon and St. Jude's Day but two days distant, the speaker chose to center his remarks about those two New Testament characters. Judging these men from modern standards of worth they would be considered as "nobodies". And yet, tho they were obscure men, with few or no gifts, and glide across the sacred page like sha-

dows, Christ still found them worthy to be numbered with the twelve, for He looks on the heart. While it may not be better to be a Simon than a Simon Peter, it is better to be a Jude than a Judas Iscariot. Tho not favored to shine as bright lights in any galaxy of human genius, we all, nevertheless, have our places. God stations us where our small gifts can be used. In quiet unaffected modesty they followed Him in humility and steadfastness. We, like they, are to rejoice not that the spirits are subject unto us, but rather that our names are written in heaven. Rev. Steinhäuser is a keen, logical reasoner and never fails to bring us the best fruit of this thought.

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Thursday evening, October twenty-seventh, Professor Edward S. Cheyney Ph. D., of the history department of the University of Pennsylvania, delivered the third of the lectures in the fall course, taking as his subject "The Originality of the English People." The lecture gave full proof to wide reading. "The English people have been credited with originality, yet practically all the ideas so credited to them have originated in other countries, but England has developed them." This idea was demonstrated by investigation into practically every line of activity. He showed how the trades, banking, the arts and many other institutions and customs which we think are characteristic of the English have really been secured from the continent. From quotations from early writers he showed how the English have been the subject of jest as to their clothing and choice of styles, taking them from many sources. "This characteristic of being different from other nations has been attributed by some to the

fact that a great channel of water separates England from the continent, and so writers have considered this barrier as the cause of peculiarities. With England it has not been the means of separation but of communication by which great ideas have come into the country. The jury system came from the continent and was originated by the Romans. On the continent it did not develop but died out while in England it flourished until it became one of the great characteristics of English life. Chaucer went to Italy to study, and after he had read the Italian romances he came back to England and wrote good English stories in good English verse. He transformed the foreign ideas into English ideas. Thus the tales of Shakespeare were Italian but were given English spirit for the English stage. Cabot, the Italian, opened the way for English explorers followed by Frobisher, Davis, Raleigh, Hawkins, and Franklin, so that soon the English were the great explorers. Portugal, Spain and France began the colonizing work but England in the long run became the residuary legatee of all."

The Englishman's originality consists in making thoroughly English whatever comes to him, and raising it to a standard of perfection far beyond what the foreigner could ever conceive of. The lecture was witness to careful scholarship, and keen insight into the forces that made for the development of English institutions.

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"I am the truth" (St. John 14:6) are the words around which the Rev. Charles M. Jacobs, of Christ Lutheran Church, of this city, centered the chapel address of Wednesday morning, November second. Christ meant that He was the truth about God. Truth is diversified



and complex. It is not the acquisition of single facts but their assimilation into unity which unity finds its perfection in God. The philosopher, Spencer, taught that the One Absolute could not be known, but truth is so evident thru the whole course of history and nature that in these days we believe that the truth of God is in the realm of the knowable.

The truth of God is positive and is found in Christ. The working hypothesis of truth is different for each man and each must seek his own. The truth in the personal Christ stands in living relation to the personalities of His creatures.

The holiness and love of God is the truth of which Christ speaks. It has to do not only with God but also with humanity whose perfection is in Jesus. Christ is the key to the riddle of life as to why men exist. When the fact of the truth in Christ gets hold of our lives with all our emotions and passions, then are we moving toward the highest truth given to humanity. Since such living is the highest occupation, the propagation of that truth is the highest aim. We are to be consecrated vessels of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Professor Jacobs is always a welcomed visitor at college and he never comes without a strong message to the fellows.

Rev. Jeremiah J. Schindel, '96, president of the Alumni Association, delivered the mid-week chapel address of November ninth. His subject was "Lying". It is something man can do, but God cannot do because it runs counter to His nature. The speaker pointed out the astounding prevalence of the lie in present day living—in politics, the

church, and in economic circles, and urged a high sense of honor and sincerely upon the college man. Rev. Schindel has been with us several times during the past year and no longer needs an introduction.

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November tenth, President Haas gave a talk on "Impressions of the South", through which he has travelled recently. The speaker was impressed with the remarkable progress that has been made there since the Civil War, and especially during the last ten years. The era of southern shiftlessness is fast coming to a close and the inflowing of northern capital is revolutionizing the South industrially, although the North is still far ahead in point of prosperity.

The industrial unity is fast producing the social unity between the descendants of the blue and the gray. There is evident a larger sense of liberality particularly in the work of the church. In the face of our greater prosperity we have reasons for being ashamed. In many towns education is not compulsory, the attitude of the South seeming to be that to educate the negro is to give him too much power. The result is that also many whites are subjects of illiteracy. The old aristocratic conservatism of Charleston, with its exclusive social circles, luxury, and past traditions, is now beginning to break up apace. Although this conservatism was narrow, it nevertheless fostered a spirit of politeness, refinement, and obligation to others, of which we northerners know so little. Child labor is very prevalent.

There must come about a larger sense of brotherhood, which does not however eliminate the consideration of race differences.

## Literary.

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When Jonathan Swift's Gulliver returned to England from his travels through the Lilliputian Land of Pygmies where he frequently, though unintentionally, trampled upon the tiny inhabitants, he found it no easy matter to avoid stepping upon the Englishmen he met, and often warned them out of his way, so accustomed had he become to Lilliputian standards. But fictitious Gulliver has not been the only one to adopt the measure of the little folks. Are not some—yea most—of our students measuring "*The Muhlenberg*" and their duty do it, in terms of the diminutive? In spite of the fact that our minds may be living in Lilliput, the demands of the situation are of normal life size. These pages mirror in a measure the college itself. What are you placing before the mirror?

In "Songs of the People" Mr. Shelly gives a brief but interesting review of the folk songs of several nations. It is this type of composition that we most seek for it savors of originality and personal interest. It is hoped that we shall from now on be so well favored with articles of this freer and lighter vein that it will not be necessary to utilize material that is as dry and unreadable as the class essay.

"Hearts Affectionate" is a rather

humorous story. It seems to have been written in haste and the English at places is ragged.

We are pleased to note the interest of the new men in the paper. Mr. Taylor's poem, "Our Own Dear Land," could be improved in certain respects, but we commend the effort.

"The Tale of the Spirits" by Mr. Keever is an endeavor to picture the rapid progress chiefly in the world of electricity during the next century. Original thought is present.

One of the deploring facts of American life is our wastefulness of our natural resources. "The Conservation of Our Natural Resources" by Mr. Bixler is a timely article. The composition, however, merely touches upon the surface of this important subject.

Mr. Reitz has given us a carefully written discussion of "Plato, The Apology, and Crito."

"The Man with the Hoe" from the pen of Mr. W. Rentschler, emphasizes the necessity of work. It is the law both of the natural and the spiritual world that if we cease working we retrograde.

The contributions to last month's "Muhlenberg" were pretty fair, but — well fellows you can do better.

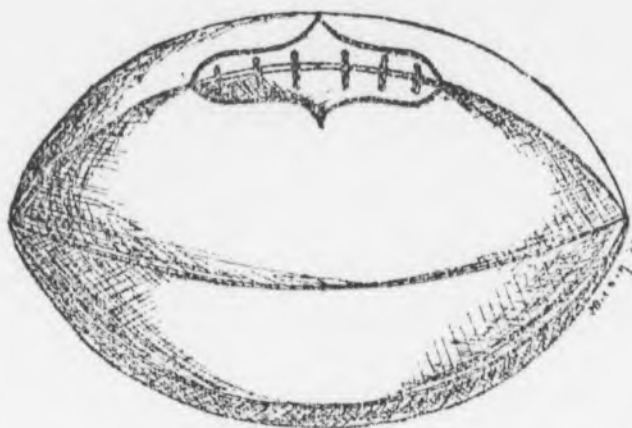
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Grant '11—The Irish came in the eighteenth century and settled in New York.

Scheehl '13—They're all on the police force now.



FOOT



BALL

Muhlenberg has reached the half way mark of her foot-ball season. Of the seven scheduled games, she has played four, and is now on the home stretch with 3 more left to play. Of the four games played she has won two, tied once and has put up such an excellent showing that she bids fair to win the three remaining games. Without a doubt, Muhlenberg this year produced the greatest team of her history. Foot-ball at Muhlenberg is growing fast and has made big leaps in the least four years. Not only has her success as a team been on the steady advance, but her student body, her faculty, her alumni, and even the town people, have grown proportionally. Never has the student body stuck so close to their team and inspired them with songs and cheers as they have this year, and never before have the faculty as a whole joined the students in a mass meeting to excite in them a high water mark of true college foot-ball spirit as they have this year. The alumni and town people also are catching the spirit. The attendance at games this year has been greater than any preceeding years, and the attendance at her "Big Game" was the greatest aggregation of fans and sympathizers that has ever crowded her grand stand and side lines. Foot-ball is growing financially and it is no longer a foregone conclusion that the season

will close with a deficit. And what if we did loose the big Franklin and Marshall game? And by the way a 12-0 score against a team that has held Penn down to 17-0, is by no means a disgrace. Muhlenberg has perhaps been unlucky in hitting F. & M. just at a time when she has a phenomenally strong team. Truly she has now defeated Muhlenberg three times in succession, but it is a long road that has no turns. Sour grapes? Far from it! We'll play the sport now. But when will that turn come? Why not next year as we are confident it will? This year Muhlenberg played two freshman ends, a freshman and sophomore tackle, two junior guards and a senior centre. Her backfield is a junior full back, a freshman halfback and lower classmen quarterback. Right half back and subs. This shows a veteran squad of about 30 and means a veteran line that is heavy and progressive, and a speedy backfield for next year. Of her entire squad this year or 35 men, but 4 are seniors. This a scrub among whom there are men who this year already have given the Varsity men a neck race for Varsity positions. This veteran squad of 30 plus the additional men of next year's freshman class will make a sturdy squad to work with. Will F. & M. grow this fast? Instead of growing, she will loose 5 of

her best players by graduation this year. So look ahead and perhaps next year we will find a turn in the road. We were beaten fairly. We bear our defeat as real sports.

LEBANON VALLEY 6,

MUHLENBERG 40.

After holding the strong Williamson trade school to a 0-0 tie, Muhlenberg gained confidence in her team. The following Saturday, Oct. 15, she met Lebanon Valley on Muhlenberg Field. The rub resulted in an overwhelming victory for Muhlenberg and merely resolved itself into a question as to how many points Muhlenberg would pile up. Bixler kept up his great work displayed in the two former games by making big gains at quarterback runs, punting and forward passes. The game was very open, both sides using the forward pass repeatedly, in which Muhlenberg proved the superior. After piling up 35 points in the first half, Coach Bull substituted 5 Scrub men in the second half and the teams proved more evenly matched. Of the six chances, Bixler kicked 5 goals. Of the locals, Bixler, Brennan, Skean and Quinn starred, while for the Lebanon Valley team Beaner and Wittmeyer, who was later removed on account of injuries, did the best work.

Muhlenberg		Lebanon Valley
Nenow	left end	Hayes
Flexer (Kline)	left tackle	
		Kreider-Charltons
Savacool	left guard	Kennedy
Brandt	centre	Marshall
Snyder	right guard	Beaner
Krause	right tackle	Hensel
Shilling (Leisy)	right end	
		Heitzler (Wittmeyer)
Bixler (Groff)	quarter	Denni
Skean	left half	
		Wittmeyer-Frost-Hayes

Brennan (Quinn) right half      Loser  
Coleman      full back      Lehman  
Referee, Deitrich; Umpire Ellicott.  
Field judge, Smith; Linesman, Haines.  
Touchdowns, Bixler (2), Quinn,  
Skean, Coleman, Wittmeyer. Time of  
Quarters, 12 minutes.

DELAWARE 0—MUHLENBERG 11

On Saturday, Oct. 29, Muhlenberg traveled down to Newark, Delaware, to play the Delaware College team. Great rivalry seemed to exist between the two teams; on the part of Delaware because we beat them last Spring in track, and on the part of Muhlenberg, because Delaware had tied Haverford and Haverford tied Franklin & Marshall. On the Friday night before, Delaware had a smoker to arouse spirit, and so when Muhlenberg reached Newark, they found a bunch of college men, confident of a victory. But Muhlenberg proved herself equal to the occasion. She played a consistent game, keeping the ball in Delaware's territory most of the time. Her line held like concrete, throwing the Delaware men back time after time for losses. Neither team succeeded in working the forward pass successfully, Muhlenberg not attempting it at all, and Delaware losing on every trial. It was in the third quarter, on Muhlenberg's 20 yard line, with 3rd down and 8 to go that Bixler starred, by boosting the ball 85 yards and throwing Delaware back to her 5 yard line. Delaware kicked out, and on the next play Bixler kicked a drop. The chief cause of Delaware's loss was due to their inability to handle punts, while our men were quick in getting down the field, particularly Leisy, who repeatedly nailed his man on the spot. Muhlenberg used the "on side" kick to advantage, gaining most of her ground on this play. The game was



## THE MUHLENBERG

clean from start to finish, and the Delaware men are to be commended for the way they treated our team. Bixler and Leisy starred, Bixler in kicking two drop kicks with a heavy wind blowing, and Leisy in all around good work. The officials were: Dietrich, S, Referee; Shaw, Ohio, umpire; Willis, field judge; Fink, M, linesman; timekeeper, Smith, D.

FRANKLIN & MARSHALL 12

MUHLENBERG 0

Previous to this, our biggest game, the usual cheer and snake dance practices were held. The spirit anticipating the contest reached its culmination at the Smoker on Friday evening, November fourth, the night before the game. Professors, alumni, and friends, were present to enliven the affair. Addresses were made by Dr. Howard S. Seip, '85, Attorney Robert L. Stuart, Registrar O. F. Bernheim, '92, Rev. J. Chas. Rausch, '90, Prof. Wm. Reese, Prof. Bailey and John A. McCollum, Jr. The game was well advertised, especially fantastically in the Hallow E'en parade when a tally-ho surmounted by the team sent lusty cheers from its midst. All week the weather had been disagreeable but Saturday dawned fair and crisp. The Pioneer Band and A. C. W. in tally-hos were there to grace the occasion. Between the halves the college snake dance was effectively run off producing a pretty effect from the grand stand. The Muhlenberg team appeared at 2.15. At 2.30 the game started. For the first quarter Muhlenberg had F. & M. guessing every way and completely outplayed them. We succeeded in reaching her 1 yard line on first down, but—F. & M. held us. In the second quarter F. & M. started up strong and before that quarter was over she had scored a touchdown and

kicked the goal. In the third quarter she repeated the trick, but that ended the scoring. She won because she had superior interference; it was perfect. But Muhlenberg put up a game fight, and the student body on the grandstand was with her to the very finish, singing and yelling for all that was in them. Bixler and Scott starred for Muhlenberg, while Jaeger, Breidenbaugh and Saylor did the telling work for F. & M.

The line-up:

Muhlenberg		F. & M.
Nenow (Cressman)	left end	G. Hartman
Savacool	left tackle	Saylor
Flexer	left guard	Schantz
Brandt	centre	Pontius
Snyder	right guard	Glessner (Colebaugh)
Krause	right tackle	R. Hartman
Leisy	right end	Schaffner
Bixler	quarter back	Breidenbaugh
Brennan (Coleman)		
	left half back	Sykes
Scott	right half back	Jaeger
Shilling	full back	Weller

Touchdown: Breidenbaugh and Jaeger. Goals from field, Breidenbaugh 2. Field judge, Howell, Princeton. Time of quarters, 15 minutes. Umpire, Davidson W. of P. Refree, Lamberton, U. of P.

### TRACK.

Track manager Wunder has arranged the following out-of-town meets, the exact dates of which will be announced later. The home meets are now being arranged.

Penn. Relays at Philadelphia, Pa., April 29.

Delaware College at Newark, Del.

F. & M. College at Lancaster, Pa.

Juniata College at Huntingdon, Pa.

Harrisburg Meet at Harrisburg, Pa.

## Personals.

Dr. W.—Your foot-ball games are like the Spanish Bull Fights.

Senior—You probably call them Bull Fights because we fight for Coach Bull.

Freshman—How's your pipe?

Sophomore—Fine, it draws like an artist.

A couple of students were not satisfied with the Indian defeat—they tried a feat with a wooden Indian.

Klingler '13—Why did the chicken cross the road?

Brandt '11—No foul talk, please.

One morning Brossman gathered a bunch of fellows in his room to view what he thought was a skunk. A scientific student among the spectators informed the 'weaker brother' that it was merely one of the grey squirrels from the College Grove.

Ralph Schatz '08 was elected Vice President of his class at the University of Pennsylvania.

Referee (Lebanon Valley-Muhlenberg Game)—Are you playing half-back, Coleman?

Coleman—No, I'm full.

Weber '11—Dr., this subject is so deep we can only skim over the top.

Dr. Haas attended the Inauguration of the new President of Gettysburg College. He also honored the city of Charleston, S. C., with his presence over Sunday, October 30th.

Junior—Let's give a dance, fellows.

Senior—Why not make it a Barn Dance—that would be cheaper.

Junior—Yes, and a great deal more stable.

Eberts '11—Dr., why didn't we get that man Boyle at College this year, then we would have Cook, Fry and Boyle in the Freshman Class.

Junior to Beer '13—Get out of my way. I have a tendency to blow heads off of things like you.



Brandt—Yes, he smokes a cigarette now and then on the side.

Grant—Oh, saving his incisors, eh?

Fresh—Are your parents well to do?

Soph.—No, hard to do.

'12—I'm upright and square.

'11—You're no man, you're a piano.

Leisy '14 (picking up the widow in a card game)—Nice work, Mr. Widow.



## Our Alumni.

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'74. The office of Dr. Edgar Dubbs Shimer, District Superintendent of Public Schools in New York City now is at Flushing, Long Island.

'76. Since personal notes last appeared in the columns of "The Muhlenberg," Hon. Frank E. Meily, of Lebanon, Pa., has been called to the eternal home. Frank Edward Meily, the son of Charles H. and Sarah Steckbeck Meily, was born in Lebanon, Pa. He received his preparatory training in the schools of his native city and was graduated from the Lebanon High School in 1873. He entered Muhlenberg College in the fall of 1873 and was graduated in June 1876, with first honor and the valedictory. While in college he was a member of the Euterpean Literary Society and Epsilon Deuteron Chapter of the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity.

He studied law in his native city and was admitted to the Bar of Lebanon County in 1879. Immediately after his admission he opened an office in Lebanon and by close application to the practice of his profession he established a lucrative practice. In 1890 he was elected City Solicitor of Lebanon for a term of three years. Still later he was appointed by the Governor of Pennsylvania to fill a vacancy caused by the death of one of the judges of Lebanon County. This honorable position he filled with dignity and ability and, upon his retirement from the Bench he resumed his legal practice in the city of Lebanon.

Judge Meily was a man of many excellent qualities. Modest, yet, retiring in disposition, he, however, was genial, as good friend and a lovable man. His

many friends mourn the loss of a companion that, as far as years are concerned, might have lived many more to give the world the benefit of his talents and his experience.

'76. Rev. S. E. Ochsenford, D. D., having been elected pastor of St. John's Lutheran Congregation, Bath, Pa., has moved to that place and entered upon his duties. We wish him many happy and successful years in the active ministry.

'79. Hon. Frank M. Trexler, LL.D., President Judge of the Courts of Lehigh County, has been re-elected President of the Young Men's Christian Association of Allentown, Pa.

'80. Dr. George T. Ettinger, Dean of the Faculty, is the President of the Allentown Forum, an organization of gentlemen formed to discuss important and practical questions of the day. He also contributes to the "Morning Call," each week, several columns under the heading of "Life and Letters."

'82. Since going West, William R. Grim, Esq., has prospered greatly and is now the President of the Texarkana National Bank, Texarkana, Texas.

'82. We have just received a copy of a beautiful book from the press of the well-known Philadelphia Publishing house of the J. B. Lippincott Co., entitled "Under the Open Sky—Being a Year With Nature" from the pen of Samuel Christian Schmucker, Ph. D., Professor of Biology in the West Chester Normal School. The text is in the conversational style of the Doctor, which has made his lectures before teachers' institutes and Chautauqua Assemblies so

very attractive and popular and the illustrations which add so much to the beauty and the interest of the volume are from the pencil of Mrs. Schmucker. We congratulate both author and artist and heartily recommend this volume as a most desirable gift-book for the Holiday season. The contents and the mechanical make-up of the book are very attractive.

'83. The forthcoming volume of "The Proceedings of the Pennsylvania-German Society" will contain an extended history of the Lutheran Church of which Rev. J. J. Kline, Ph. D., Pottstown, Pa., is the pastor, written by Dr. Kline.

'84. At the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Augustana Synod of the Lutheran Church, Augustana College, Rock Island, Ill., conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon Rev. Wm. D. C. Keiter, the Secretary of the Board of Trustees of Muhlenberg College.

'84. Rev. J. O. Leibensperger, pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran Church, South Bethlehem, Pa., has returned from an extended European trip made during the past Summer.

'84. Prof. C. Ernest Wagner, Professor of the English Language and Literature in Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, made his usual European trip during the Summer vacation.

'85. We are very happy to be able to report that Rev. Frank F. Fry, of Rochester, N. Y., has recovered from a serious operation and is able again to attend to his duties as pastor of a large congregation.

'85. Francis G. Lewis, Esq., a prominent lawyer of Allentown, Pa., is President of the Board of Control of the Public Schools of that city.

'86. At the recent district convention of the Luther League of the Allentown District, Rev. Edwin F. Keever, of Utica, N. Y., delivered an interesting and stirring address.



Gone hath the Spring, with all its flowers,  
And gone the Summer's pomp and show;  
And Autumn in his leafless bowers,  
Is waiting for the winter's snow.

*Whittier.*



## Exchanges.

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A fairly good line of exchanges greeted the Editor's scrutiny this month.

The "Delaware College Review" is an attractive journal both within and without. A few pen sketches, however, would add to the general tone. The editors of the "local" department reveal somewhat spirited activity.

The "Canary and Blue" is warned to spare copying our editorials verbatim. The "College News" and "Locals" departments are worthy of commendation.

Hello, "Pennant", never correct other papers for faults which stand glaring in your own.

The material arrangement of "The Midland" is excellent. The article in which *will* is the keynote should serve as an example for all readers. The exchange list might well be added.

The cover of the "Argus" is simple but neat and attractive. Simplicity is the mother of the best art. "In the Time of Terror" is a very vivid description and merits praise.

In the "College Breezes" the sentiment of an article, "Our Nation's Need," should be taken to heart as an inspiration for uncorrupted patriotism. The hand of an artist could brighten the paper.

The journal of Susquehanna University is a credit to its staff. We extend our sympathy to those of her students who regret the abolition of her football.

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations and superfluous sentimentalities, avoid platitudinous ponderosity.—*Ex.*

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(Alone on the porch) She—My hands are so cold.

He—Well put them up your sleeve.—*Ex.*

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If money talks

As we've heard tell,

To us it always says:

"Farewell."—*Ex.*

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The list of the past month: The Normal School Herald, College News, The Red and Black, College Breezes, Canary and Blue, The Pennant, The College Student, The Mercury, The Red and Black, The M. A. S., Sweet Charity, The Perkiomenite, The Hall Boy, The Midland, The College Folio, The Mirror, The Search Light, Shamokin High School, Delaware College, The Susquehanna, The Spectator, Old Penn Weekly, Mercersburg Academy, Res Academicæ, The Lutheran, The Ursinus Weekly, The Lincolnian, The Carlisle Arrow, The Junto, The Comenian, The Young Lutheran Companion, The Monthly, The Argus, The Narrator, The Purple and White, Albright Bulletin, The Buff and Blue, The Coyote, The High School Echo, The Arbor of Toronto U.

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The Eye is the win-dough of the oculist.—*Ex.*

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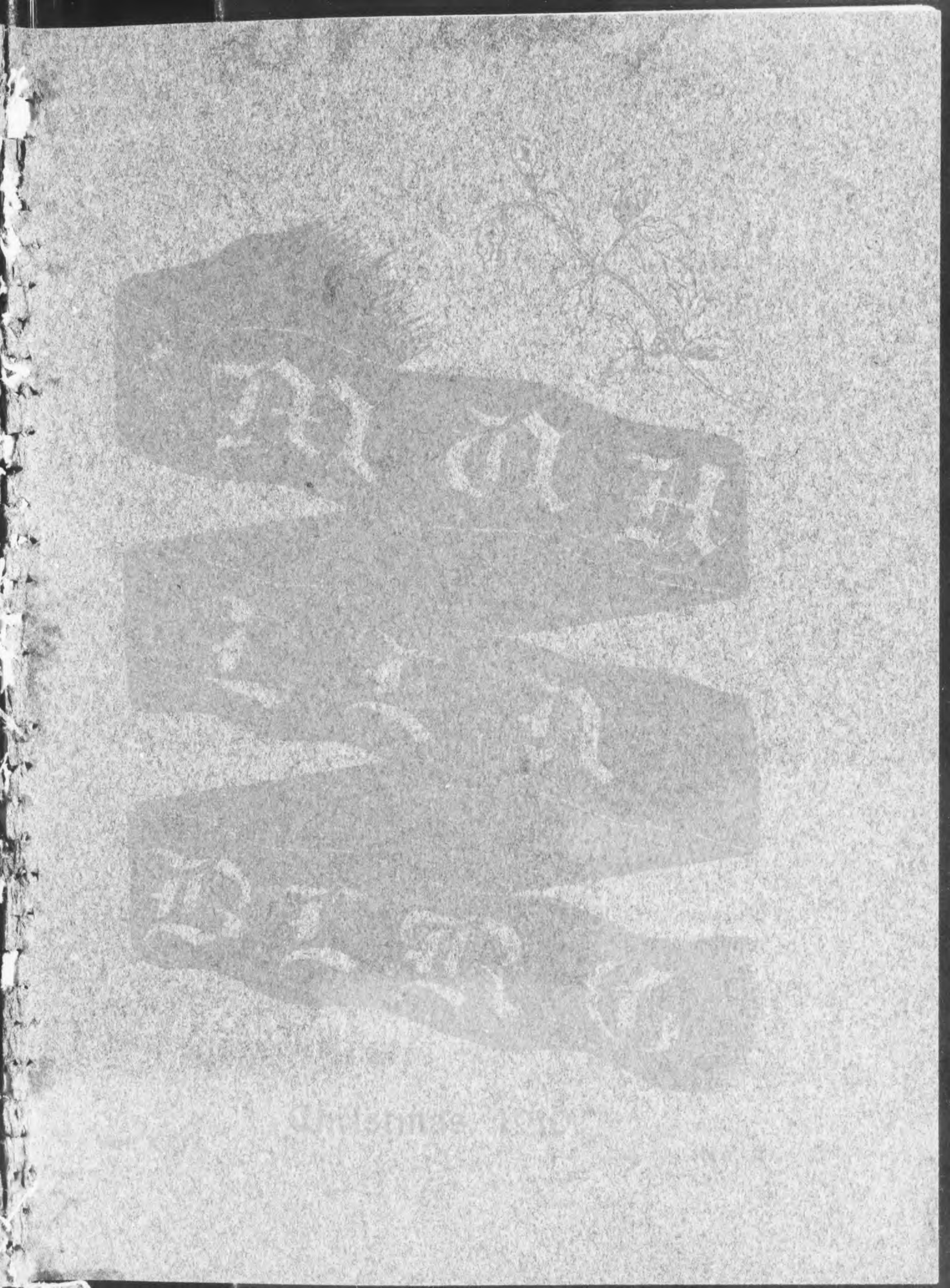
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# THE MUHLENBERG

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## THE MUHLENBERG

## A Christmas Sonnet.

You ask what means this ringing of the bells?  
What means this burst of joy on earth today?  
What message children's happy faces tell?  
Why peace and love the whole wide world doth sway?

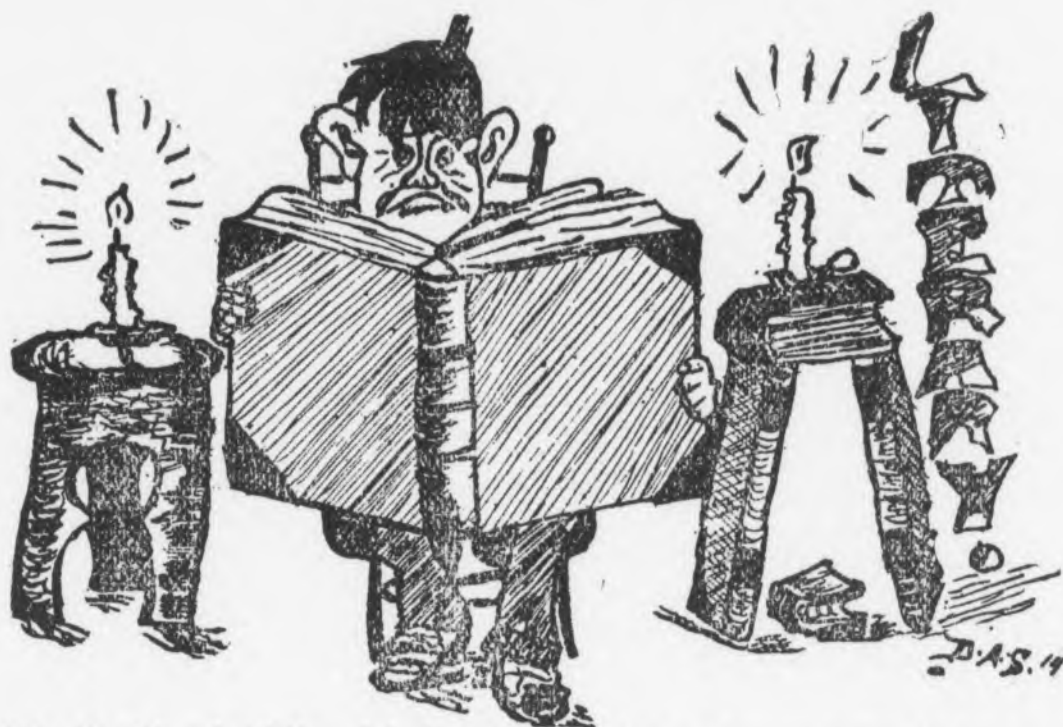
Knowest thou not that on this day the blessing—  
By angel choirs *Peace on earth* was sung,  
*Good will to men* we heard the choirs singing;  
While loud *Hosannas* sang from every tongue?

Come! add your notes unto these heavenly strains,  
Let His praises far and wide be told,  
Let peace and love this day come through your veins,  
And gladsome thoughts again your spirit mould.

For far away in Bethlehem on this morn  
Our Saviour, Christ, our Lord and King, was born.

W. L. KATZ, '13.





The Editorial Staff of "The Muhlenberg" has this year put forth especial efforts to raise the literary standards of the paper. On account of the various other college activities serious difficulties were encountered; so in order to make "The Muhlenberg" a primary issue, the Staff has offered a prize of ten dollars for the best short story, and five dollars to the second best competitor. All members of the student body are eligible to this contest, and much enthusiasm should be shown in this effort to improve the college monthly. The literary ability of a college student is best displayed in a short story; as a man's own individuality is largely the prime factor.

Therefore we earnestly urge every member of the student body to avail himself of the opportunity.

The essay *The Poets and the Children* by Mr. Shelly is carefully and logically constructed. All points are vividly illustrated by live examples, showing us the writer's appreciation, the esthetic and a deep sense for all that is beautiful in art and literature.

*The Laymen's Missionary Movement* is indeed a timely article and should appeal to all earnest and devout Christians. We would suggest that all the fellows make a more comprehensive study of this most vital movement. The article itself is worthy of much commendation and reflects great credit upon the writer.

The writer of *Early German Literature in Pennsylvania* is a frequent contributor to our paper. His articles usually are of historical nature. In all of them he gives a clear and accurate account of the subject he treats. Here he deals with a subject in which most of us are intensely interested on account of our German ancestry. The writer has a tendency to arrive at generalities from a few specific instances, which at times is a wrong assumption. He implies in his article that the Pennsylvania German has a literature of his own, which is distinctively characteristic of the Pennsylvania German and which will stand the tests of literature. This assumption is probably unwarranted from the examples he cites.

*The Christmas Carol.*

It was the evening of October 5, 1907. Fenwood Brown was angry. He said he didn't care; nor did he. What if he came back with an arm or a leg broken? He wasn't afraid of a gang of such fellows. He would go back to work in the morning, and if they thought they would "bully" him, he would teach them a lesson. Then he pocketed his revolver.

Fenwood was twenty-four, and the only son of James Brown, a machinist of Birmingham, England. Mr. Brown was a rough man, but his son was almost violent. Ever since he was twelve years old he had worked in the foundry, and during these fourteen years his life had been one of bitter struggle. He was decidedly pessimistic, sullen, and furious on occasion. When he was set over a section of forty-five men he seemed to take delight in treating them as brutally as possible. On the afternoon of this same day a man had slipped and fallen on Brown's toes. Brown savagely kicked him in the back. The man told Brown not to appear in the morning, or he would be unable to leave without assistance.

Next morning Brown with scowling countenance entered the foundry. He walked through his section of the shop, but saw no one. Then, as if to revenge himself on the men, he picked up a large club and demolished three of the machines, and was about to attack the fourth when he was struck down from behind.

For a month he lay in bed at the point of death, now rallying and again sinking. Then he began slowly but steadily to mend, and six weeks later was out of bed. Meanwhile his parents

had talked long and seriously about his future. Everybody hated him, so there was surely no hope of his enjoying life in these parts; so finally they decided to send him to America. He had an uncle living in Pittsburg, and there he would have better chances of making his way in the world. They thought that if he would go out into the world, he would lose most or all of his roughness. It seemed that they were to be disappointed.

Fenwood's leave-taking of his fiancée was very touching. She was a pretty young lady of twenty-one, and taught school not far from the foundry. A thorough Christian, she put all her efforts into works of love, trying to help oppressors especially, "for they," she said, "need Christ more than the objects of their cruelty." The first time she saw Brown he was threatening some of his subordinates. They met. She was sure there was a better side to his nature; and now as he was about to cross the ocean she was pleading with him, that he should turn over a new leaf. After many piteous appeals, he said he would do his best.

When he reached Pittsburg he obtained work in a steel plant. He rose to be foreman, and finally superintendent; but to the men under him he was as cruel as ever. Whenever he approached, they trembled.

One day in December he went to McKees Rocks in his automobile. He went alone; he wouldn't be bothered with a fool of a chauffeur, for most likely he would find it necessary to beat him. While he was there he stayed with rich friends, but did not forget that he was



obliged to be back in Pittsburg on Christmas Day.

On the evening of the twenty-fourth he started back for Pittsburg. In his haste he did not notice that he had but a little gasoline, so when he had traveled about half the distance his machine stopped, and would go no farther. He raged and fumed, but that did no good. There was a little church close by; he would go and see if any braying fool there could help him out.

As he approached he heard a child singing. It was Christmas Eve, and the little girl was singing a Christmas Carol. He put his face close to the window and listened. Suddenly her face assumed a troubled expression. Again and again she repeated "Oh sinner, behold thy Savior!", but could go no further, for she had forgotten the rest. Her distress seemed to touch him. She started to weep. As she slowly left the chancel, she took her hands from her face in order to see where she was going.

At that moment her eyes and Brown's met.

He seemed unable to bear her glance, and turned abruptly away. Those little eyes, wet with tears, spoke to him as no one had ever before. There was a mighty upheaval within him. His thoughts were confusion, but through all this he fancied he heard a voice calling to him from far beyond the ocean. Now he felt that he was leading a wrong life; he *was* a wretched sinner. Here he could stay no longer; he must leave this place, and also his former self, behind him. He must go! Whither he knew not, but he must go!

— — — — —  
He went. Eight days later he was in Birmingham, England. On the ninth day he was married. His father said, "I have waited all your life for this change in you." His wife said, "You are Christ's, and mine."

HUGO, '13.



"How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts,  
The blessings of His heaven.  
No ear may hear His coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
The dear Christ enters in."

—*Phillips Brooks.*

## Christmas Eve on the Farm.

It was at twilight on the day before Christmas, when Robert, a youth of twenty, who had always lived in the city, reached the home of Mr. Spencer, a farmer who had promised to teach him all he could about superstitious customs connected with Christmas.

Robert had not long been in his new home before Mr. Spencer appeared carrying a small sack filled with pebbles and a pitcher full of cider, and said: "Robert will you go with me to the orchard to attend to my fruit trees."

"I'd be delighted to assist you," replied Robert, and they proceeded to the orchard. Here they placed a pebble on every tree, and poured about the roots of some a small quantity of cider.

"What good does all this do?" asked Robert.

"I am not certain that any good is derived from it, but it is an old custom at Yule-tide to place pebbles on the fruit trees or to pour about the roots a little of your favorite Christmas drink, in the belief that it will make them particularly fruitful next fall," replied Mr. Spencer.

They then walked back towards the house. "Where are the children?" asked Robert immediately after entering the kitchen.

"They have gone to bed," replied Mrs. Spencer. "It is the custom, if you wish harmony to reign among all the members of the family, for the mother on Christmas Eve to place the shoes of her children in their proper places.

After she had gone to bed Mr. Spencer said, "You see Robert, we try to observe some of these old customs. We always eat corn with our Christmas din-

ner, a practice which insures a good crop next year. Mrs. Spencer delights in raising geese, and she says that she has more luck in raising them if she greases well the heads of her geese."

"There is an old custom, which my grandfather brought from Belgium," said Robert. "If you are afraid the price of wheat will rise beyond your reach during the ensuing year, bake all the bread you may need at Christmas and it will keep fresh and good for twelve months; at least so they say in Belgium; I think it has never been tried in America."

"I have never heard of that before," said Mr. Spencer laughingly, "and I think I'll never try it."

"Where is Rover, the big black dog you used to have?" asked Robert after a short silence.

"I keep him in a stable in the barn on Christmas Eve, for you must never let your dog howl on the night before Christmas," answered Mr. Spencer, as he stirred the fire, and he continued by saying, "Don't let the fire go out on Christmas Eve; don't let yourself run out of oil; and never lend anything on the day before Christmas. Articles intended for Christmas presents should never be washed and ironed. Oh, dear no! That would take all the luck out of them. Never quarrel on Christmas Day; don't be the first to come home from the church services, for the consequence would be too terrible to publish. Don't pick nuts and apples from the ground, because, if you do, they will bring sores all over your body. By all means sneeze on Christmas Day, the



oftener the better; a fake sneeze is better than none."

"I can do the sneezing," said Robert, "for I have a box of snuff with me. This will do to make us sneeze every evening for a whole week."

"Let's try it," said Mr. Spencer.

"Here it is," replied Robert, as he handed him the snuff. "Put a little on your hand, then hold it to your nose and inhale a good long breath."

"This is beginning to work already," said Mr. Spencer as he handed back the snuff, and soon the sneezing began. Robert also took a little snuff. It made them sneeze till they cried.

"Ah!" said Mr. Spencer, "I want a little of that to-morrow. Robert, now you are living in single blessedness, but if you desire a "change" within the coming year be sure to get at least one kiss under the mistletoe bough."

"That's good advice," said Robert as the clock began to strike twelve. Mr. Spencer threw the front and back doors of his house wide open to let the bad spirits go out, and the good spirits come in. After allowing a reasonable time for this change to take place he closed them good and tight.

"Now," said Mr. Spencer, "we are ready to go to bed."

"Yes," said Robert, "I have learned a great deal about the observance of Christmas customs on the farm."

"On Christmas morning," said Mr. Spencer as he accompanied him to his room for the night, "be sure to wish somebody Merry Christmas before you put your shoes and stockings on. Good night."

"Good night," said Robert as Mr. Spencer closed the door.

CHAS. F. SEIDEL, '14



## Winter Nights.

The sharp cold days have come again  
And the winds blow crisp and chill  
The Moons they change; they wax and  
wane

Changesless I am—I miss her still.

I sit before the warm fireplace  
Alone and sad within my chair  
But gone is one: I miss her face  
And the fitful firelight on her hair.

The tiny feet which come and go  
Stretched outward to the glare  
Of heat! Ah God! I miss them so  
It seems they really must be there.

But mostly do I miss at night  
The gentle pressure of her hand;  
The beauty of her soul so white;  
Her purity so great, so grand.

Still the fire flames on and warms the  
room  
And the winds without blow chill  
But she is silent in the solemn tomb  
And so I mourn and miss her still.

## How Jones Came Home.

It was the night of the masquerade of the Order of the Golden Eagles, and coming down through back alleys and streets, a man sneaked from tree to tree, from shadow to shadow. Who was he? Why, it was Jones coming home from the ball!

For this occasion Jones had donned the costume of a burglar, and now on his return, he was trying to avoid the police and other pedestrians. He came at last to the garden gate. He stopped to get his breath and find his key—but alas! there was no key in this costume. He had forgotten to take it with him. Not wishing to awaken his wife, and knowing that he could get in after a fashion, he stalked around to the back of the house to do a “stunt” in keeping with his costume.

As he stepped around the corner he was met point blank with the barrel of a revolver thrust into his face. A real burglar! What was he to do? Being a shrewd man, Jones was ever ready with

a plan. He addressed his opponent thus: “Why, you here too? Let’s do the job together. I’ve been studying this house for some time.” The burglar agreed and they gained an entrance through the cellar.

While they were booting the sideboard of the silverware, Mrs. Jones made her appearance in the door with a savage revolver, but she was so nervous that on seeing them she dropped the firearm and swooned. Instantly Mr. Burglar was standing over her. The opportunity for which Mr. Jones had been waiting had arrived. Quickly striking his opponent with his “billy” he knocked him senseless. The police were summoned and the victim was lodged in the prison.

Now Jones had a chance to explain to his wife how he happened to be burglarizing his own house, after which he went to bed vowing that he would never go masquerading again—at least after that fashion.

TOMMY '13.



Autumn's sighing,  
Moaning, dying;  
Clouds are flying  
On their steeds;  
While their shadows  
O'er the meadows  
Walk like widows  
Deck'd in weeds.

—I. B. Reed.



# THE MUHLENBERG

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No. 4

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*"And now once more comes Christmas. Lift up yourselves to the great meaning of the day, and dare to think of your humanity as something so sublimely precious that it is worthy of being made an offering to God.*

*Count it a privilege to make that offering as complete as possible, keeping nothing back, and then go out to the pleasures and duties of your life, having been truly born anew into his divinity as he was born into our humanity on Christmas Day."*

PHILLIPS BROOKS.



# EDITORIAL

## Christ Come.

What a flood of joy thrills us at such a time as this. Christ come! Our frail humanity raised to His divinity by His condescending love! How replete with meaning for every son of man! Did you ever stop in contemplation of a Christless world—one into which He had *not* come? Let us try to picture such a world. Where would the unfortunate of our race be under such circumstances? There should be no dispensaries, no hospitals, no orphanages, in fact, no institutions of mercy such as we know them today. Should we turn to our bibles, we should find that its last chapter would be Malachi 4. There should therefore be no fifteenth chapter of Luke, or no fourteenth of the beloved apostle. In secular literature, we should find page upon page robbed of choice gems, with nothing left but broken and blank pages. Our rich treasure of Christian art with its "I am the Good Shepherd," would be all unknown, and undreamed of by even the most imaginative of artists. To the dying sinner crying for help no comfort could be given. At the grave we should listen to no such hopeful words as, "O grave! Where is thy victory?" Nothing but these cold lifeless syllables, "Earth

to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

But now thanks be to God, whose Son *has* come, and who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Taken all in all, Christmas is the gladdest, brightest, merriest season in the whole year. It creates sympathy between man and man, and many who are hard and miserly enough at other times, catch the infection of generosity at this blessed season of divine love. No moment in the complete round of the months should raise our voices to fuller strains of praise and gratitude than this.

Christmas joy has this happy peculiarity about it, that the more it is scattered to others, the more of it there is left to bless the giver. This is therefore a season when we should deem it an especial *privilege*—not a duty—to consider the needs of the poor, the orphans, and all those less fortunate than ourselves. Surely we can open some dark place to the influx of the blessed Christmas radiance. Impressed with our own singular blessedness at this season, there must issue from our hearts a prayer petitioning the divine blessing and pity upon those one thousand million living souls who never have had a chance of



hearing the consolation of this old gospel. This astounding fact of the countless multitude of unsaved creatures for whom Christ died, must also vitally enter into the formation of our life plans, if we would be of greatest blessing to our fellow men. If the story of Bethlehem's Gift has really come into our lives as a living force, we shall seek to

hasten the day when 'the whole wide world will give back the song which then the angels sang,' and with Tennyson we shall lift our voices to Heaven and say,

'O father, touch the East, and light  
The light that shone when Hope was  
born.'

## Editor's Reflections.

Thanksgiving has past but Christmas is yet to come.

*The Muhlenberg* wishes a most merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all its readers.

On the afternoon of November third the vanguard of Winter passed over these parts, quietly scattering o'er the earth a white mantle of its stainless gift. After leaving us the message that its master, the Storm King, would arrive not many days hence, it hastened thither on its errand.

How fast time slips away! It seems but yesterday that we boarded our trains for Allentown to begin the fall semester. Again Christmas is upon us. It is almost a full year now since the Storm King piled those huge heaps of feathery crystals about these parts completely tying up traffic.

At this season of the year when the atmosphere is laden with peace thoughts, the struggle for world peace presses in upon our meditations. We long to see the day when 'they all—the nations—shall be one', in mutual sympathy and concord, and when they 'shall learn war no more forever'.

Speaking of socialism at Muhlenberg one thing is dead sure—it is being answered. Whether our socialistic brethren are convinced is not evident. They either will have to 'go some' or simply ignore the plain truth. The contest at worst was interesting. Notice we say *was*! The word STOP has been sounded, and all is calm.

The educators of the land are at present discussing the pernicious prevalence of slang in our colleges and high schools. It may not be irrelevant to our needs to urge an appreciation of this thought in our own college sphere.

Joy to the world; the Lord is come!  
Let earth receive her King.  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature ring.

—Watts.

*Stray News.*

The College Calendar for 1911 is out and is real "classy". The Calendar is an ideal Xmas gift. There isn't a girl who would not be proud to own one. Fellows, get busy!

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The Glee Club is consistently rounding into shape. Some new and catchy songs have been added to the program. The 'raw material' with which the director is working this season is the most promising for several years back.

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The nine volume Edinburgh Report on Foreign Missions has arrived and is now on the shelves of the Frankean Society awaiting your scrutiny. It is the most complete account of world missions ever compiled. If you desire accurate knowledge of the phenomenal revolutionizing forces now at work in the far and near east, and how the political and social unrest, together with the casting off of the old religious faiths, have a direct bearing upon the spread of Christianity, consult the report.

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On Friday evening, December sixteenth, the Griesmersville mission—in whose welfare our students take an active interest—rendered its Christmas program in the presence of a large audience. The hall was prettily decorated, and the children entered into their part with a will. A steady growth in membership is noticeable.

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Owing to the "inopportune" illness of our *Alumni* editor, no notes appear this issue.

We would inform all readers of *The Muhlenberg* that they are invited to contribute to the paper. If you have anything of interest to our readers mail it to our editor who will be pleased to give it due consideration. We desire to widen the scope of usefulness of the monthly, and particularly do we wish to make it alive to our alumni and friends. A word from you may help in effecting our plans.

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The Frankean Society in which most of the students are actively interested voted to support two native teachers in the Bhimawaram district among the Telegus of India, instead of one as was printed in the November issue.

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*The Muhlenberg* staff for the coming semester has been elected by the Euterpean and Sophronian Literary Societies. Editor-in-chief, William E. Brandt '11; Assistant Editor, Ernest J. Reiter '12; Literary, Walter M. Rentschler '12; Personal, Henry J. Brobst '12; Athletic, Francis H. Smith '11; Exchange, John E. Hartzell '11; Alumni, (open); Business Manager, Walter W. Brossman '12; Assistant Manager, Luther F. Waidelich '12.

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Professor J. M. Coleman, sent out by the Social Committee of the Old Scotch Presbyterian Church, delivered four excellent lectures here on Social Ethics for which we hope to find space in the January issue.

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Mr. John A. McCollum, Jr., has again been elected by the Dramatic Association as director for the ensuing year.



*Short Story Contest.*

To establish a higher standard of quality in the literary pages of *The Muhlenberg*, the staff has opened a short story contest to the students. Two stout gold prizes are offered. It is hoped that several dozen good pieces of fiction will result. The compositions must be original and of any length. Stories that can be published in one issue, that is, covering from one to five pages, are preferable, but longer productions will not, however, be discredited. Write as many stories as you choose and submit them to the

editor not later than January sixteenth, nineteen hundred and eleven. They must be legibly written on one side of paper. The Christmas vacation now upon us should afford ample opportunity for the creation of some clever tales.

We shall be glad to hear from you whether you have been prompted by gold, literary distinction, or by a mere desire to improve the movement of your pen. The contest is on. Who will excell? Thereby hangs a tale.

*The Rostrum.**Martin Luther.*

The Rev. J. B. Remensnyder, D. D., L.L.D., of New York City, delivered a very learned lecture on "Martin Luther" during the second week of November. Luther's heroic stand at Worms is the grandest moment in the history of the modern world. It presents a scene of a nation against a man—and the man remained unconquered. He is the greatest personality since the days of the apostles. In him all the currents of the Reformation became flesh and blood. While he lived his commanding personality kept all Europe in peace; when he died war set in. The wide versatility of the reformer was pointed out. He was a constructive builder, not a revolutionary flame. Great as he was his humanity still revealed faults. Lessing said he should have worshipped Luther, had he had no faults. He was as gentle and

fatherly in his home sphere, as he was aroused and alert when directing the great forces that made for spiritual and national freedom.

*The Labor Question.*

President Dr. Haas addressed the students Wednesday morning, November thirtieth, on the labor question, saying that it was one of life's problems that cannot rightly be solved in the sphere in which it belongs apart from the implication of its theory with spiritual truth. The modern conception of labor is bound up too much with its mere physical aspect. We judge too much from material considerations. This is the great fault in Socialism; it makes man a part of a great machine and leaves no place for his mind. It creates a new slavery. In its initial manifestation there is a lack of God, for its conception of

labor contradicts the spiritual power of God as the Creator of the world. The proper conception of labor is the spiritual one which urges that whether we win or lose it is a part of God's plan to make us better. What God made was good because He was in His labor. Socialism is right in its criticism but wrong in its reconstructive policies. The highest conception of labor can come about only with the wider dissemination and living of the principles of Jesus Christ.

### Natural Phenomena Explained.

Professor Wm. H. Reese, M.S., Ph.B., of our faculty, interested a large audience on Thursday evening, November the seventeenth, when he explained common natural phenomena from the viewpoint of electrical discharge. In his usual lucid manner of explanation, he clarified the minds of his listeners as to the secrets of the lightening rod, lightening, the aurora borealis, the development of comet tails, solar prominences, and sun spots. The lecture closed with an explanation of the cathode ray leading to the Xray and radium.

Almost every idea presented was well illustrated either by practical demonstration with scientific apparatus, or by lantern slides. The planetary movements and eclipses were graphically illustrated on the screen by the use of sectional revolving slides.

Those who hear Professor Reese lecture once do not require special headlines to attract them the second time.

### Prison Reform.

Thursday evening, December first, the student body was given a rare treat at

the hands of the Frankean Society. Under its auspices the Rev. Prof. Jeremiah F. Ohl, '71, who is a member of the Pennsylvania, the American, and the International Prison Reform Societies, addressed the students on "The Prison Reform Movement." A book on "Prison Reform" from the Professor's pen, will soon be placed before the public.

The lecture opened with a brief account of the labors of John Howard and Elizabeth Fry in England, which led to the modern continental prison reform movements; and of Theodor Fliedner and John Henry Wickern, in Germany, the latter's chief work being the institution of cottage reformatory system in 1833 at Horn near Hamburg. In Europe death used to be the penalty for upwards of two hundred offences, most of which were necessarily of a petty nature. It was only in 1861 that England abolished capital punishment except for manslaughter and treason.

The first prison society in the world was founded in Philadelphia February 2, 1776, now known as the Pennsylvania Prison Society. Benjamin Franklin signed the original constitution.

The motive which prompted the formation of such societies was the foul and disease ridden conditions of the prisons and the unchristian methods employed to effect punishment. The reformers saw that moral defects could not be cured by making prisoners miserable. The old idea was that you send a man to prison to punish him, whereas the new motive is that you punish him by sending him to prison.

The Pennsylvania Prison Society effects its reform movements through an acting committee of forty-five members, fifteen of whom are chosen yearly. They



have the visitation privileges of official visitors to state prisons. The society not only does much by way of advocating needed legislation but comes in personal contact with the lives of the prisoners in the cells. The state county jails show the least progress—they are often dens of vice. Youths arrested on first offence are often thrown in with hardened criminals, where vile habits, filthy expectorating, and unhealthful conversation and plottings, make the youth a worse criminal than he would have become had he never been incarcerated. Reform ought more logically to begin with the county jail and work up.

Other states followed Pennsylvania in the formation of societies, most conspicuous among them in point of progress being New York, Ohio, Massachusetts and Minnesota.

The most recent benefit which the local state society rendered was its successful advocacy of a bill, which became law June 31, 1910, and is known as the Tuscan law for probation, and indeterminate sentence and parole. Probation is a substitute for imprisonment granted to first offenders whose offence is not of the nature of murder, kidnapping, arson and the like. It effects its purpose of quiet punishment without bringing undue stain upon the family, and permits the offender to continue as a producer, thus relieving many hardships, especially in cases where the offender is the chief bread winner of a household. It originated in Massachusetts. The indeterminate sentence is one which states the maximum and minimum term of imprisonment for any offence, the minimum not to exceed one-fourth the maximum term. This law works on the principle that a prison is rather a place for moral improvement than for vindictive punish-

ment. If after the expiration of the minimum, the prisoner seems to have become morally sound, he is released on parole. He secures parole only in cases where employment has been found. While on parole he is carefully watched by parole officers, and is required to submit a monthly report as to his behavior. If he commits offence or runs away before the expiration of his parole he is returned to prison to serve the whole maximum term. The indeterminate sentence and parole, and probation law are now in force in thirty states and with marked success. At the International Prison Reform Congress assembled recently at Washington, the nations for the first time committed themselves to this law. Japan, Hayti, China and New Zealand were among the counties represented, showing that even the non-christian nations are awake to the healthful principle in the law. France has had probation for twenty years with good results.

The reform movement is doing much for the betterment of prison life not only in the effecting of more sanitary and comfortable quarters, but for the mental life of the inmate. They are no longer kept alone in a cell night and day for years. A man can't live alone with his thoughts and remain sane. The congregate or Auburn system is now generally in vogue. At night the prisoners are alone or in small groups. During the day they work in gangs at the various trades. Difficulty lies in labor union opposition to prison wares placed on the market. New York State overcomes this difficulty by making it compulsory for all state institutions to purchase their supplies from the prison trade shops.

Since a prison is an institution for moral uplift and not for vindictive punishment — although not a few of our

Pennsylvania judges still have the old vindictive idea—many of the states are seeking to introduce a larger assortment of useful industries, school facilities, libraries, and a fuller presentation of divine truth. In the eastern penitentiary at Philadelphia, the prisoners have organized a brass band and an orchestra. The time is not far distant when it will be required of wardens, overseers and prison employees, that they be men of sound christian character. Not till then will prison reform approach its ideal. There ought to be separate prisons for the criminally insane. The speaker said that with rare exceptions every prisoner has some spark of manliness in him. Prison reform seeks to so touch that spark that a good citizen will be the result.

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### *The Kingly Life.*

"The needs of the present" was the theme on which the Rev. Mr. Benjamin of a local Methodist church addressed the students on December seventh. The greatest need is that of the kingly life, which consists not in outward trappings, in what one possesseth, but in what one is—character. Such living necessarily has a new standard of values, and humbly and willingly recognizes the inter dependence of men to men.

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### *The Christian and Socialism.*

Tuesday morning, December thirteenth, President Haas gave his second anti-socialistic lecture to the fellows. The president sees the growing tide of this propaganda not only in the college but in the whole world. In this talk he threw himself unequivocally into the tide of his argument which he headed:

Why a christian cannot consistently be a socialist.

Not everything under the caption christian if christian. This is true of socialism. The various types of socialism were enumerated—evolutionary, revolutionary, christian. It is an economic theory and hypothesis set up against the power of the state. Its followers consider it their religion when it is far from sure even as a theory. First, it is not consistent for a Christian to be a socialist, because socialism doesn't prove all things and hold to that which is good. It reads only one side of the question. It is decidedly bigoted. It doesn't read Karl Marx carefully. The socialist is critical where he ought to be credulous, and credulous where he ought to be critical. He doubts fundamental christian principles.

Second, because the socialist is a partisan; he stands for a definite party and goes with it whether it is right or wrong. He hates capital more than sin. He loves even the vices of the laborer. Jesus never despised men because they were rich. The socialists think He was wrong. They discredit the sincerity of rich men's philanthropy, therefore lacking in a sense of justice to all men which is necessarily opposed to the spirit of Jesus Christ.

Third, because you cannot have Marx as your hero and Jesus Christ also. There is no community of ideas between them.

Fourth, because socialism ignores the rights of man and the state. In the first place there is the evolutionary socialist, who believes in an ever increasing backward movement of the individual as his principles advance. There is no place in man's history for revelation. We believe the soul to be superior to the total-



ity of the world. The evolutionary crushes the soul beneath his advancing theories. Then there is the revolutionary type whose program doesn't count upon waiting, but looks for a tremendous upheaval and welcomes that day. This type, though not really anarchistic, is a stream of destruction.

Fifth, because socialism has no place for sin. If the material welfare is looked after all is well. If your social condition makes you free than you are free indeed. Christ says if the Son makes you free than are you free indeed. It seeks to overthrow capital but not sin.

Sixth, because socialism does not regard the kingdom of God and the Church as essential features. The kingdom from above must come to men, whose peace works not from without in, but from within out. When the Church says that it is the pillar and foundation of life it denies it.

Seventh, because it misrepresents Jesus Christ. They consider Christ an evolutionist. When the economic consideration to be a divider of goods came to him, he said he was no divider of goods. A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth. My kingdom is not of this world. When Christ said as Luke records it, "Blessed are the poor," he never meant materially poor apart from soul need. Matthew gives us the full thought when he says "Blessed are the poor in spirit." In Isaiah we read the passage from which Christ seems to quote: "Blessed are the poor and of contrite heart," which reveals the proper interpretation of poor.

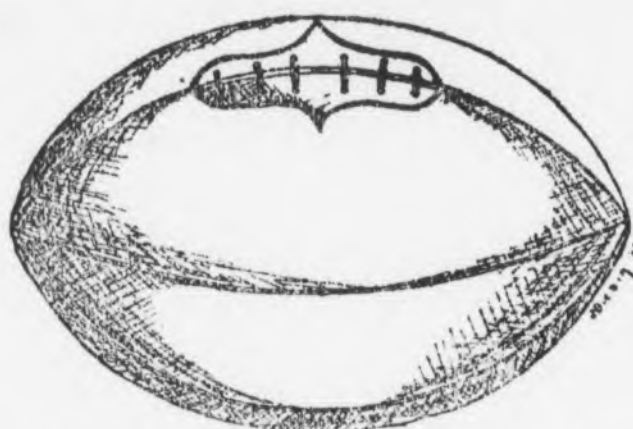
The great folly of the socialists, no matter what the phase of their persuasion is, is that they pin their faith to one sided pamphlets and fiery headlines. No matter what our stand we ought at least to take in the whole situation and be consistent.



Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;  
East, west, north, and south the long quarrel cease:  
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,  
Sing of glory to God and of good will to men!

—Whittier.

## FOOT



## BALL

Muhlenberg 11 Wyoming Seminary 18

Perhaps the only blot of the entire season of foot-ball at Muhlenberg was the defeat we suffered at the hands of Wyoming Seminary. Of course it was merely a matter of hard luck; a case where a superior team plays its poorest, and an inferior team its best game of the season. Quite a number of our best men were laid up from the F. & M. game, which helped to weaken our team. Wyoming got all three of their touchdowns in the first-half, two in the first quarter and one in the second. In the third quarter, Muhlenberg came back. After tying up Wyoming's line, skirting her ends, and successfully working several forward passes, she succeeded in landing two touchdowns, one by Bixler and one by Brennan. But here the scoring stopped. In the fourth quarter Muhlenberg came out strong again, and although they kept the ball in Wyoming's territory, she was unable to score. The game ended up with the score 18-11 in favor of Wyoming.

The score:

WYOMING		MUHLENBERG
Meixell	left end	Nenow
(Diamond, Vaughn, Evans)		
Fox	left tackle	Flexer
(Nealley, Hill, Capt.)		
Brodhead	left guard	Savacool
D. Miller	centre	Brandt

(Stegmaier)

Teske	right guard	Snyder
Wendling	right tackle	Katz
Vaughn	right end	Leisey

(Paukstiss)

Frantz	quarter-back	Bixler (Capt.)
Dubois	left half back	Skean
B. Miller	right half back	Schilling

(Cox)

Cross	full back	Brennan
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Touchdowns—Cross, 3; Bixler, Brennan. Goals from touchdowns—Bixler, Paukstiss. Cross 2. Referee—Seeley, of Dickinson. Umpire—Dietrich, of Lafayette. Field judge—Paukstiss, of U. P. Linesmen—Dick, Wyoming; Miller, Muhlenberg. 15-minute quarters.

Muhlenberg 11

Indians 6

The foot-ball season at Muhlenberg ended in great style. Thanksgiving Day was an ideal day for football, the best of the season; the attendance was great, exceeding that of the F. & M. game; most of the fellows remained for the game, giving us a good cheering squad; and last of all, the Varsity put up one of the greatest games of the season, consequently we won. It certainly was a great wind-up of a Foot-ball Season.

The game started off with Charles of the Indians kicking to Bixler, and the ball was started rolling. Muhlenberg scored first, when in the first quarter,



## THE MUHLENBERG

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after repeated line bucks, Brennan crossed the line for a touchdown. Bixler missed the goal, leaving the score at the end of the first quarter 5—0 in favor of Muhlenberg. It was the second play of the second quarter, with the ball in Muhlenberg's possession, that Williams of the Indians, recovered one of our fumbles, and ran a distance of 90 yards for a touchdown. It was a fluke, but flukes count, and as a result, the score at the end of the first half was 6—5, in favor of the Indians, Charles kicking the goal.

In the third quarter Muhlenberg came back again, and after repeated line bucks and a successful forward pass, Bixler crossed the line for another touchdown. He kicked the goal, ending the third quarter with the score of 11—6 in favor of Muhlenberg. But in the fourth quarter the Indians came back stronger than ever. End runs, line plunges, everything their own way. Time and again they tore through the line, till they were on Muhlenberg's 10 yard line. By some act of fortune they decided to try a field goal, which was a reasonable experiment with but two more minutes play. Brandt broke through at centre, blocked the ball, which finally landed in possession of Muhlenberg. This relieved the team of the anxiety of an almost inevitable touchdown and after a few gains time was called and the game ended with the score of 11—6 in favor of Muhlenberg.

The line-up:

### MUHLENBERG

Nenew	left end
Flexer	left tackle
Kidd	left guard
Brandt	centre
Snyder	right guard
Krauss	right tackle
Schilling	right end

### INDIANS

Learge
She Bear
Williams
Smith
White
Hodge
Betterneck

Bixler	quarter-back	Charles
Scott	left half-back	Crane
Skean	right half-back	Degrass
Brennan	full back	Johnny John

Touchdowns, Brennan, Williams and Bixler. Goals from touchdowns, Charles, Bixler. Substitutions, Coleman for Brennan, Phillips for She Bear, Cornelius for Betterneck, Miller for Degrass. Referee, Dietrich, Lafayette. Umpire, Ellicott, Lafayette. Field judge, Fink, Cornell. Head linesman, Bossard, U. P. Time of quarters, 12 minutes.

### Resume of the Season.

Another Foot Ball season at Muhlenberg has passed into history, and a successful season it has been. During the season she has played six scheduled games and one practice game. In her six scheduled games she was scored on for a sum of 42 points, while she succeeded in scoring a sum of 73 points against her opponents. The attendance at her games was great, a larger average attendance than any preceeding year. The season opened with a big crowd at the Williamson game; it more than doubled itself at the F. & M. game and reached a high water mark at the Indian game, by more than duplicating the attendance at the F. & M. game, overflowing grandstand and side lines. The spirit during the season has showed a great improvement in the spirit of the alumni, faculty, townspeople, as well as the student body. Never before have her supporters stood so close by her as they have this past season, particularly the student body. They were always with the team, both off the gridiron and on it. The cheering at the games was better than ever, due particularly to Prof. Reese and Charley Grant. The alumni have also

## THE MUHLENBERG

showed their colors by coming to the games and contributing financial aid. The faculty have reformed and have showed their appreciation by attending the games, incidently instilling new spirit into the fellows, and even going so far as to cut classes to attend cheer practice. The townspeople have grown in proportion; they are attending the games, they support the college by showing a new attitude toward her, and even the business men have fallen into line, as was seen by the Cardinal and Grey and Blue and White window decorations in all the leading stores on the big F. & M. day. Thus looking back over the season we can truly say it was a success, particularly for the fact that it bound closer the ties between student body, alumni, faculty and townspeople. It is an honor to the Alma Mater. Everything is growing, and considering that Athletics at Muhlenberg are but five years old, she has truly made phenomenal strides. Truly for a third time she has lost her big game. But let history be history. We cannot change it. But look ahead. The road must turn, and don't forget, next year is our year.

Again we say the season has been a success, and we'll make succeeding seasons more successful by remedying the flaws of the past seasons. Is there any reason why Muhlenberg could not improve the appearance of her athletic teams on the gridiron or on the track? This we can easily remedy, "*Muhlenberg should equip her Athletics Teams with Blankets.*" There is nothing which detracts more from the respectful appearance of a college foot-ball team than to see members of the "Varsity", on the gridiron, in uniform, walk up and down the field, bedecked in an old raincoat or overcoat, to say nothing of sweaters ranging in

color from white to black, through every color of the rainbow, and there is nothing which adds more to the dignity and to the "fine" appearance of a college athletic team, than to see its members equipped with college blankets. Imagine our track team this Spring, when she goes to Harrisburg, Juniata, Philadelphia, Franklin and Marshall, and Delaware, equipped with Cardinal and Grey blankets instead of aurora borealis shades! Would it not add to the appearance of our team and boost our athletic association and thus help our college wonderfully? It would. Why can't Muhlenberg do it? or more precisely why can't our student body do it? They can. This past season 75 per cent. of our student body raised \$75 for a band, which added no material value to our school, our season, or anything else, it raised \$85 for missions which was a mighty fine thing, yet they could do it, the two societies are spending another \$100 on receptions, which also amounts to practically nothing. Why not accomplish something of material value, to the institution at large, toward athletics, and to ourselves. We are now in the midst of the Xmas season, a time when we all remember our relatives, friends, and others. Why should we forget our Alma Mater? Why can't our student body of 130 raise \$100 to get blankets, and present them as a gift to the Athletic Association, as a gift to our institution? Why can't every fellow lay aside \$1.00 over the holidays, and contribute it to this needful cause. We can do it. Will we? Why won't we? The ball has already started rolling, and as a sign of his appreciation toward such a project. Prof. Reese has voluntarily headed the list with a donation of \$5.00. Let every one of us come back after New Year



with at least 75c. as a remembrance to our institution.

As the Foot Ball season has just closed, it may be interesting to know that the average weight of our first squad of twenty men was about 158 pounds; that three players measured over 6 feet 1 inch in height; that touchdowns were made by Bixler (5), Brennan (4), Coleman, Skean and Quinn; goals from touchdowns by Bixler (7); drop kicks by Bixler (2).

#### Basket-Ball.

Directly after the Foot-ball season, comes the inter-class basket ball series, and the air around the campus is already pretty well saturated with the spirit. During chapel period, at noon and after four o'clock, there is always something going on in the basket-ball cage, and although the fever this year has not been as high as other years, yet it looks as though there would be a series. As usual there will be a cup offered to the team having the highest percentage and the series will start immediately after the holidays. Instead of a 4 game series this year, it will be a three game series, in order that it will not conflict with early track practice. We should have a series of this kind for several reasons. (1) It keeps things lively around college. (2) It tends to produce class spirit—particularly Freshman class and (3) and most important, it is a fine preparatory course for all track men, in developing wind, duration, and general physical upbuilding and thus helps the track men wonderfully. We would say that all men, but particularly freshmen, intending to come out for track should take advantage of this opportunity as it will be invaluable to inexperienced track men.

#### Track.

At Muhlenberg, in intercollegiate athletics, Track follows foot-ball. This Spring Muhlenberg will have a track team, and the way things look now we're going to have a crackerjack team at that. We are going to take places in the Harrisburg meet, we are going to take a first place in the Penn Relays, we are going to defeat Delaware again, we are going to bring a banner back from Juniata, and we must beat Franklin and Marshall. We can do all this if we will, and we will!

Naturally the first question is 'Who will coach Track?' Muhlenberg can indeed be extremely fortunate in having a track coach of the caliber of Coach Smith, a man who has turned out some wonderful teams at Lehigh in the eight years he coached them, and who last year at Muhlenberg developed a great team out of seemingly hopeless green material. Coach Smith is a recognized great track coach.

The next natural question is "What material have we to work with?" The answer to this question is equally promising, since by graduation we lost but one track man. Of last year's track team we have Toebke, Bixler, Shelly, Wacker, Quinn, Scheehl, and Grant for the dashes, we have Skean, Snyder, Savacool, Drehs and Katz for the weights, we have Wunder for the hurdles, we have Kever for the pole vault, we have Bixler, Shelly, David, Holben, for the broad and high jump and we have Reiter and Janke for the distances. In addition to these men of last year, we will again have this Spring Francis H. Smith of the 1908 team, who can be depended on for the hurdles, for the quarter and for 10 ft. 5 in. in the pole

vault. This certainly is a great nucleus around which to build a team. But in addition to the men of last year, there is a promising lot of new material which is bound to make good under proper training.

The next question is "When will we start our track season?" The track season will start immediately after the Christmas holidays. Why so early? The secret of every successful track season is all included in the word "*Training*," and that's about all track is—training, and the sooner you start training, the better will be your physical condition, when out door work starts. Although not entirely compulsory, no fellow intending to come out for track should smoke after New Year, he should abstain from all liquors, and have a regular hour for retiring. A fellow in coming out for track must make some personal sacrifices, but he must deprive himself of only those luxuries, which are in truth detrimental to his health. Directly after the holidays, the first call for men will be made, and it is the desire of the captain, as well as the manager and coach, that as many men report as possible.

For those men who desire coming out for the weights, hurdles, dashes, pole vaults, high and broad jump, a preparatory course in the gym, under Coach Smith, for the purpose of getting in

form, is almost necessary since the time of out door work will be too short.

A few words as to training rules. In years past, training rules have been violated almost at will, but this year during the season proper they must positively be adhered to, and the captain thinks that the sooner he expresses his views on this question the better it will be for the team. Track and training go hand in hand. Of course the rules will not be strictly enforced during the first three months, but since most of our meets will take place in May, it is positively necessary and compulsory, that the entire team be in strict training through the latter part of April and all through May. The captain and coach will this year not hesitate in the last to debar a man from an event who has broken training!

The manager has arranged an excellent schedule for the track team. Among the trips is one to Harrisburg, one to Delaware, one to Philadelphia, one to Lancaster and one to Hudington. This means about 850 miles of traveling for the honest track man. The first meet will be the Penn Relays on the 29th of April, and the last meet at Delaware on May 30.

Remember, the first call for track men will be made right after the holidays. Report at the first call, so arrangements can be made for procuring additional track paraphernalia.





## Personals.

Dr. H.—“The socialistic propaganda at Muhlenberg must stop!”

According to the constitution of the Students' Association, the freshmen are now wearing “men's” head dress, but will resume the proper emerald bedecked “grape skins” April first of next year.

Editor—Have any of you fellows jokes for *The Muhlenberg*?

Singley '14—Yes, put me down; I'm a big joke.

Dr. W.—I should rather be a believer than a Turk.

Student—Especially during the preparation of the Christmas dinner.

Reitz '12—Brossman would make a fine soldier.

Thomas O'Boosher '13—Why?

Reitz—Because he is always “Reddy.”

Dr. H.—Have you no power not to love?

Brandt '11—Well, doctor, I'm afraid not.

Keener '12—You miss half your life in not knowing how to dance.

Jensen '14—And you miss half your sleep in knowing how.

According to the annual custom the freshman class presented Professor Wackernagel, D. D., with a Thanksgiving Turkey.

The ‘big fellow’ has flown to other parts.

At noon November twenty-third Walter W. Brossmon of Womelsdorf shaved his two-weeks-growth-election-wager beard. You look better now, Rotboimchen!

When Dr. H—concluded his learned lecture against socialism, why didn't Grant lead the cheer in behalf of the above mentioned gentleman? Why?

The Philadelphia delegation organized the past month with a membership of six. The club will achieve its first big ‘stunt’ February twelfth next, when it will bring our glee and musical clubs before Quaker City music lovers.

It was very encouraging to see so many old ‘grads’ back on the day of the Franklin and Marshall game. Muhlenberg spirit is increasing rapidly.

Brennen's followers at the Wyoming game gave the Muhlenberg Team their undivided support. The friends of the ‘big man’ were right there when it came to yelling.

A large and enthusiastic crowd of spectators witnessed the Thanksgiving Day Game on Muhlenberg Field, when Muhlenberg very fittingly closed her season with a victory over the ‘red-skins.’ The Carlisle Indian School Team has many admirers around this section.

New College Yell!!!  
Ray! Ray! Ray!  
Cardinal and Gray—  
“No Tresspassing,”  
Hennie L—!

## THE MUHLENBERG

Kuder, ex '11 was appointed as an alternate to the Military Academy at West Point.

The efforts on the part of Messrs. Brossman, Klingler and Moore to win the village of Wescoesville to the cause of Berry were not in vain. The returns on Election Day showed that Berry took the village by one vote over against Tener. Success to our young politicians.

Weber '11—The Socialistic Party is certainly advancing; they now have two men in the Assembly and three men at Muhlenberg.

The Ministers' Sons at College have organized with nineteen charter members.

Sophomore—Prof., Beer is causing a disturbance.

Prof. R.—No, it is not Beer.

Sophomore—Pardon me, Prof., but Beer has caused most of the disturbances in this world.

Kline, Katz, Bowsher, Brandt and a few other fellows are growing 'down'—not up.

Frederick C. Wunder '11, and Henry A. Wacker '13, represented the Frank-ean Society at the Student Missionary Conference of the Eastern Union of Student Volunteer Bands, held at Houston Hall, of the University of Pennsylvania, December third and fourth.

Attorney Robert L. Stuart, secretary of the college athletic association, gave the fellows a talk on "Athletics" recently.

Quinn—Come on fellows, let's bunch together and have a picture taken of the quartette.

Sophomore—That would be a *quintette* with you in it.

Senior—No, a sextette, for we are all of one sex.

Freshman—Well, you give me a bag of peanuts and I'll show you a *quartette*.

The officials elected to serve at the election of student directors to the Muhlenberg Athletic Association were: Judge of election, Arthur N. Butz, '11; tellers, Paul B. Weber '11 and John H. Bieber '11. The students elected to serve as directors are Henry B. Shelly '12, and Ernest J. Reiter '12. The other student directors are Warren L. Eberts '11 and Frederick C. Wunder '11.

The College Glee Club is at work for the coming season. Some very interesting trips have been arranged. The following men have been selected by Dr. C. A. Marks to compose the club:

FIRST TENORS—Eberts '11, Waidelich '12, Snyder '12, Groff '13, Miller '11, Wertz '12.

SECOND TENORS—Katz '13, Frederick, H. '12, Fry '14, Deibert, A. S. '14, Stump '12.

FIRST BASS—Butz '11, Kline '11, Kleckner '12, Brandt '11, Richards '13.

SECOND BASS—Wolper '11, Brobst '12, Storb '14, Krause, P. '13, Seegers '13. Pianist, Weber '11.

That short story contest!  
Who will be the winners?  
Why not *you*?

Dicose is improving!



## Exchange.

---

The exchange table is laden with good things this month. Snappy and spicy are perhaps vulgar words to the cultured ear but they seem to express the nature of the material before our scrutiny.

We wish all our exchanges a Merry Christmas, and a prosperous and happy New Year!

The Weekly College News of Lebanon Valley College is a first class paper of its kind. Its material is not of the nature of many weeklies—mere filler in; it says something.

The M and S contains a few articles worthy of comment, but the editorials hardly seem to be worthy of the name.

The Coyote again finds a welcome place on our file. The paper is generally neat. Its sketches are fine.

---

"Came in last night and fell against the piano."

"Hurt yourself?"

"No, struck the soft petal."

---

The material in "The Roanoke Collegian" is worthy of one's reading. Besides it is neat. To praise one part above another is not my purpose nor would it be a simple matter.

The sketches of "Comus" are excellent.

The short stories of "Soros" are cleverly composed and interesting.

The "Midland" again shows its usual good form.

"The Carlisle Arrow" is a bright leaflet and always brings with it several legends of Indian days that are both instructive and delightful to read. There is a difference between reading legend-

ary tales published by a white man in New York City and those edited by folks who should best know. "The Arrow" happily reveals the difference.

---

Little Willie—What is a safety match, Papa?

Mr. Henpeck (looking carefully to see if his wife is within hearing)—A safety match, son, is when a bald headed man marries an armless woman.

The November list:

The Normal School Herald, College News, The Red and Black, College Breezes, Canary & Blue, The Pennant, The College Student, The Mercury, The Red & Black, The M. A. S., Sweet Charity, The Perkiomenite, The Hall Boy, The Midland, The College Folio, The Mirror, The Search Light, Shamokin H. S. Journal, The Delaware College Review, The Susquehanna, The Spectator, Old Penn Weekly, Mercersburg Academy, The Res Academicae, The Lutheran, The Ursinus Weekly, The Lincolnian, The Carlisle Arrow, The Junto, The Comenian, The Young Lutheran's Companion, The Monthly, The Argus, The Narrator, The Purple & White, The Buff & Blue, The Coyote, The High School Echo, The Arbor of Toronto U., The Lutheran Normal School Mirror, The Hemnica, The Register, The Budget, The Parrot, The Review, The High School Herald, The Fornum Tatler, The Comus, The Soros, The Thieleusian; The Swarthmore Prep. School Quarterly, The Bethany Messenger, The Roanoke Collegian, The Juniata College Bulletin.

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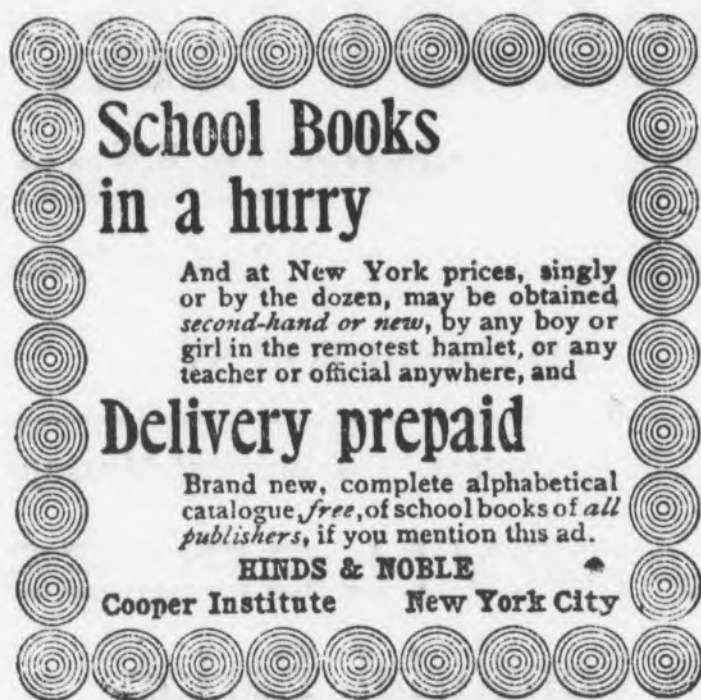
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*A New Years' Resolution.*

*Better My Life.*

---

*Be kind.*

*Endeavor to do my duty.*

*Think before speaking.*

*Try to do some good in the world.*

*Emulate the good deeds of others.*

*Respect my superiors.*

*Mind my own business.*

*Yield to the will of God.*

*Live while I do live.*

*Improve every moment of my life.*

*Find some good in everybody.*

*Envy no man.*

F. H. S. '11.



With the next number of "The Muhlenberg" a new staff will have charge. The retiring staff wishes that the new staff may in many ways have better support from the student body than the present staff has had. 'Tis true that from some of the fellows we received considerable material; but to the others "The Muhlenberg" seems to be a secondary matter. The ground gained in previous years is not meant to be a place for rest, but a new level from which to rise. We can make the paper a success if it is supported by the entire student body. What the new staff needs is more material and better material. When a call is made for short stories, give the editors stories that are worthy of publication, and not a meaningless collection of words and phrases. When the edit-

ors ask for essays, give them the best you can give, and not an old essay, that has been criticised by the English professor; read in society, and presented at a few other occasions. But to make a long story short, *do your best for "The Muhlenberg."*

---

During the past few months quite a few stories were published in the paper. We can commend the spirit; but not always the stories.

In conclusion we hope that the next staff may not encounter as many difficulties in securing material as the retiring staff encountered. Fellows remember that the paper reflects either credit or discredit upon the college! Let's make it a credit to the college!



## The Unit of Hope.

The present age is so remarkable an example of industrial progress that men in their desire for gain are unmindful of the fact that society is composed of a number of institutions which have been developing for years. Men tell us that religion in some form or other can be found everywhere. To us the Christian religion is an important institution in society but its success is largely dependent upon a unit which has existed for many years.

Centuries ago people did not live in groups, and eked out only a scanty livelihood. It was soon seen that unity would be an advantage in hunting, fishing, and fighting and whenever this unity was preserved long enough certain inherited traditions were handed down from one generation to the other and in this way civilization began. Association resulted in a similarity of ideas and habits, kinship ties were established, and the family became a permanent institution.

Many years elapsed before the family attained to great prestige and it advanced directly as the intellectual growth. It is our intention to study the modern family as a fundamental unit of society but no modern institution can be separated from its past traditions and customs, so that the modern family can best be interpreted by a study of its mediaeval character.

Marriage laws had to be introduced which have gradually changed from polyandry and polygamy. The mediaeval marriage like that of the modern European, was founded largely for gain while congeniality played no important part. The husband assumed an author-

itative position and allowed the wife very little liberty. Today we rejoice to say that the home is a democracy but as a certain writer says it often resembles anarchy. Detest authority as we may it certainly had the effect of holding the family together. Today woman is not deprived of her liberty and is allowed personal choice which spirit is transmitted to the children whose motto is "Do as you please as long as you do not evidently harm others." It is owing to changed conditions, therefore, that the family if it is the unit of hope must be studied in a new light. But before attempting such a duty let us look for a few moments at the responsibility of the family.

Possibly the importance of the family as a social unit is recognized more today than at any other time. We are interested in it because in its hands is the power to mar or make the child. It is in the family that the child gets its first impressions of religion, morality, and citizenship. If its code of ethics is sound and the Bible and catechism are studied we get a firm foundation on which to build. The prejudices of the home become those of the child and man. The highest ideals of the country ought to be fostered for the future of our country will only be made secure by having properly trained citizens. In our family relations we are brought into a face-to-face relation with one another and we learn to respect the rights of others. Again Christianity as a social system is based upon the family, its ideals are directly traceable to the domestic circle of a Judean carpenter. I trust, therefore, that to us the family as a social unit is

of the greatest importance and that unless its purity is preserved no great results can be expected. Upon its purity depends the purity of other orders but neglect it and society will be corrupt at its spring. I believe that we can see the importance of the family in a new light and will be in a position to regard it as the highest type of institution that our race has evolved.

I am sorry to say that I believe the American tendency is all but conducive to the preservation of the family, in its purity. These conditions have been brought about very largely by a change in economic conditions and especially by the freer position of the American woman. The pendulum is swinging from the mediaeval conception of the family to the opposite side, the modern tendency, and no one can tell where it will end. The time was when marriage was considered the best means of subsistence for a woman; today conditions have changed and she very often marries for a convenience. But this has had its good and evil results. While the mediaeval marriage was made largely for interests the American marriage is made for congeniality and advancement. On the other hand this independent spirit has caused a decrease in the birth rate among the comfortable class but an increase in the divorce rate. People now prefer luxury and ambition to large families. The poor peasant farmer of England considers a large family an economic necessity but the nobleman considers it a continuous expense. As people acquire comfort they become aware that more children mean a greater sacrifice which they refuse to make. Today it is no longer considered an honor to rear a large family since woman, who is now accustomed to choose her life demands

a reason why she shall undergo hardships. Lyman Abbott tells us that he does not altogether approve of this condition when woman rushes into every kind of employment. He would not close the door to her but he thinks that she ought not to be a bread winner but a minister to the higher life of faith, hope and love. Let us now consider a few more of the distracting forces that are working against the American family.

Men will tell us that woman is an indispensable factor to our industrial life. This we must probably concede at the present time but a study of conditions may, in the future, help to check the evil.

The factory takes the girl away from her home life and casts her into an atmosphere which is not conducive to good morality. The girl who is practically reared in the factory cannot expect to be able to rear a true family. We are told that the family bridges the gap between one generation and the other; therefore, if the children of one family are abnormal those tendencies will be transmitted from generation to generation. It is a lamentable fact, but nevertheless cannot be denied, that thousands of homes are forcing into society ignorant, untrained, selfish, vicious—in a word—unsocial individuals. This is not only a result of factory life but it too often caused by daughters born to great wealth who are pampered and spoiled and unfit to take charge of a household; or, again, sons may lack the proper training to fit them to stand at the head of a family.

Moreover crowded conditions in the home have a demoralizing influence in separating the family. We see that children leave home because it offers none of the attractiveness which the



home ought to supply. Here children are ill-housed, crowded into cramped quarters, failing to maintain a suitable temperature, the conditions are unsanitary, all of which are a menace to society as a whole. These conditions force children to the streets and men to the saloons where they receive their first instructions in vice and crime because they get into touch with the vilest elements.

A certain writer has said "the hope of our future civilization lies in the development, in equal freedom, of both the masculine and feminine elements in life." We can readily subscribe to this if by equal freedom we mean that development which will not take away a woman's womanliness. Today there is a growing tendency, which must be checked, to disregard the masculine elements and substitute the feminine elements. We agree heartily with the idea of educating woman and giving her a broader sphere. But the results of higher education are very evident. The American female college does not hold forth the home as an ideal for the girl but disregards it with the result that the highly educated young lady never aspires to matrimony because she can never realize her ideal in the selection of a husband. Again there is a growing tendency for woman to demand the right of suffrage. I believe that there are comparatively few women in America who desire the ballot; but, nevertheless, the seed has been sown. I ask you whether this movement will raise the standard of the family. Politics is very corrupt today but would woman's entrance purify it? The time that a woman ought to spend at home with her family she will spend in the campaign and the future citizens must seek their early training elsewhere. We must keep the masculine element which

is more rational and stable in control of the government, keeping in order the emotionality more prominent in woman.

As a final distracting force let us consider the divorce problem. The highest type of matrimony is that of co-operative companionship in which man and woman agree to live together for life, in love, sympathy and helpfulness. Today many a woman marries because her parents desire it, marriage is her career, because she desires to be a mistress of a household. A man wants a household and children and is not indifferent to a dowry. Such a spirit of freedom has a wholesome effect upon the well-ordered because there is a desire to maintain the family but upon the ill-ordered it does more harm than good, which the increase in the divorce rate shows. The injury to society where divorce is the final outcome cannot be overestimated. Children are neglected before the divorce is granted and afterward there is no one to care for them. This separates them and does not prepare them for that higher and nobler life. If in the future our country must depend upon such citizenship what will be the outcome? Divorce may at times be expedient but it must always be compared to the mutilation of the family by death. It is a disease of society at its primary root and the family is of such importance that anything suggesting a contingency to break it up must be called a symptom of disease.

It is easier to see the faults of an institution than to provide a remedy. Reforms are largely experimental but must be given a fair trial. I trust that we can see a need for reform for we are told that the heart of reform is in the control of the conditions which act upon the family. We are desirous of establishing the former prestige of the

American family. One of the first duties is to raise the moral standard of the home so that the young people may be better fitted for life and made to feel that society depends upon them as individuals. The highest type of literature must be introduced and the dime novel cast away. Many of the modern defects are due to maternal ignorance. The training of children is traditional and instinctive instead of practical. Therefore educate the future mother and many difficulties will be solved.

Again create a desire for the beautiful and let the home inspire that feeling so that the children will remain under the parental roof. There must also be a better adjustment of our marriage and divorce laws. We certainly do not like the idea of divorce and still there are cases of necessity. If the marriage laws would be stricter there would be a little more hesitation upon the part of those who desire to enter into the marriage relation. What this country needs is a more uniform system of laws, so that it will not be possible to solemnize a marriage or to obtain a divorce decree by crossing the border line. If the love between father and mother is lacking what can we expect?

The Roman family declined in its later years because of a lack of purity and a loss of permanency in the marriage relation. Let the household be the seed bed of a spiritual affection, a high-

er, more subtle, and generous feeling which holds us together. We need unity within the home so that there will be acquired no habits of improvidence and extravagance for they lead to penury, want, and sometimes to dependence. All social growth depends upon the purity, strength and liberty of the family. The nation whose life is deeply rooted in the household is the most comprehensive, peaceful, and permanent. The remarks of Mr. W. E. Gladstone made more than twenty years ago are still very appropriate. He believes that the future of America is of greater importance to Christendom than that of any other country; the future will largely depend upon the incidents of marriage and we must choose a definite course. "The solidity and health of our social body depend upon the soundness of its unit. That unit is the family; and the hinge of the family is to be found in the great institution of marriage."

Institutions have been founded to supplement the home but the family relationship cannot be supplemented. It is our duty, therefore, as Christian American citizens to protect the family, to work for its advancement, and in particular to guard against every influence which tends to diminish its social service. Its tendencies and aspirations are enlarged but its duties dare never be abrogated or its obligations cancelled.

RAYMOND R. AMMARELL, 'II.

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Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

*Tennyson.*



## THE MUHLENBERG

## The Hall of Jokannan.

(Inspired (?) by the decline of Speaker Cannon.)

Lo, where the western sun reddens the pool,  
Sombre and cool,  
Spreading palm-leaves welcome our band  
Far o'er the sand.  
Here do we pitch our tents,  
Habiliments  
Far unbecoming a man like Jokannan  
Predestined to rule.

Howbeit I murmur not, old age draweth near,  
Drooping and sere,  
The children of Israel shoot out the lip,  
Applauding the quip.  
How I did scourge them long with an iron rod,  
Sanctioned by God,  
Now do they smite me with scorpions of brimstone  
The recompense dear.

How did it so come to pass that Jokannan,  
First-born of Ammon,  
High Judge of Israel fell from his seat  
Down to defeat?  
'Tis easily told and the story is old,  
Centuries old,  
Envy, corruption, sedition, rebellion,  
Devotion to Mammon.

I had a mighty Hammer of Power,  
 (See how they cower.)  
 The bravest of Judah, Zebulon, Simeon, Levi,  
 Gad and Naphtali,  
 Quailed at its every move, dared not to speak,  
 Unwillingly meek.  
 I ruled the Israelite Congress upheld by my favorites  
 All bought of my dower.

How did I fall? Ah, I do not quite know  
Whose was the blow  
That deposed me. I thought I was right,  
Such was my might,

## 13

WILLIAM E. BRANDT, '11.



## An Incident of An Emigration.

The great stampeds of people toward the West following the marvelous discoveries of gold in California is a matter of history. The hardships of those taking the sea route and the perils of the overland route are the subjects of many a story, contributing to the romance of our country and telling much of the indomitable spirits which dared anything.

Following the period of gold discoveries the 'Golden West' still remained a land of many a dream, the land of promise, and fulfillment of every desire. Even in the last years of the last century emigration by means of hugh covered 'prairie schooners', as they were called, was very common. Scarcely a day passed during which one or more of these curious vehicles would not be seen far off across the rolling country, a thing of dread to little children, by means of which mothers enforced obedience, and a cause of some apprehension on the part of the farmer, for often the 'campers' as they were called by the country folks were none too nice in their idea of honesty.

In the Spring of the year 1898 a family of emigrants were pressing westward. They had come from an eastern State to the valley of the Ohio River, following this westward they crossed the mighty 'Father of Waters,' and equipping a 'prairie' schooner they took up their journey across Missouri into the fertile plains of eastern Kansas. The entire party consisted of only three, a husband, his wife, and their little girl of about four years. Their outfit composed all their wordly goods, and scanty

indeed were they; a team of horses whose bones almost protuded through their hides, a large wagon containing a few of the most necessary household articles, and covered with its great canvas top; and several inferior looking cattle. With such an equipment they were seeking a goal indefinite even to themselves.

But all the party was not destined to reach that goal. During a day's journey the little girl became sick. Stopping at a farmhouse, the emigrants were hospitably entertained by the farmer. Homely remedies were administered to the little sufferer, but in vain. With the going down of the sun the little life passed out. The pursuit of their journey made an immediate burial necessary so the kind host summoned his nearest neighbor early the next morning and together they proceeded to dig a little grave at the spot set aside by the people of that section as a burying place. Their actions could be seen at several farmhouses scattered about the country so soon more assistance came to aid them.

When the grave was completed, the workers returned to their homes only to reassemble again as soon as possible with their wives to attend the simple service of burial. A retired minister living not far from the cemetery performed the ceremony. After a last long look the parents of the little one turned away and the grave was refilled.

Out on the rolling prairie far from all kindred, friends, or even acquaintances rests a little fairhaired girl. No stone marked her rest-

ing place, only a little mound over  
which the wild rose and honeysuckle  
bloom in summer, and the wild winds  
whirls and whistle in winter, where

striped gophers burrow and sly coyotes  
howl during the long nights, a mute re-  
minder of the tragedies of the West.  
'ANON.'

---

### *Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?*

I cannot find my Michael, have you seen him?  
'Tis but a few short minutes since we parted.  
I've searched about a thousand miles to find him,  
But still his merry face and fiery hair elude me.  
O tall policeman, holding in your massive gauntlet  
The common weal and destinies of nations,  
Oh, tell me, have you seen my Michael Kelly?  
Yes, Kelly, What, you have! Where can I find him?  
At home! There must be some mistake, for shurely,  
'Tis but this morning that in old New York we landed.  
Our home is toward the upper end of Belfast.  
Yes, very likely, 'twas another Kelly,  
Shure, Mike had once at home an older brother  
Who went away, 'twas said, across the ocean.  
Here come a crowd of men all dressed in green things,  
For shure, it is St. Patrick's Day, and maybe,  
He's in that crowd, he always liked a party.  
I'll call him.

Hey, you, Kelly, where'd you get to?  
Come here!

Begorra, here they all come!  
Oh save me, big policeman, here come fifty  
Big, redheaded harps, all named Kelly.  
Save me, then help me find my dear old Michael Kelly.

*Senior Leisure.*



Browning's "Tray" in Iambic Pentameter.

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To quench his thirst of soul for hero lore,  
 I penned this tale that you have heard before.  
 A beggar child one radiant summer's day  
 Sat close upon the edge of London's quay.  
 As o'er its toy the childish heart did gloat  
 It's happy glee burst forth in bird like notes,  
 When suddenly—(and this must mar the scene)—  
 The child slipped headlong down into the stream.  
 Alas! 'Dismay! Help you the standersby!  
 And not a man did more than stir an eye.  
 Bystanders reason, think of home and wives  
 And children too, 'ere they should risk their lives  
 But look! Clean o'er the balustrade has bounced  
 A mere instinctive dog; how well he pounced  
 Plump on the prize that lay before his eyes:  
 The deed stunned standersby with mute surprise.  
 Then one spoke forth, 'See, up he comes again  
 With child in mouth, clutched tight by dress's hem.'  
 'Alive and safe tho out of mind and wet,  
 Brought from a depth of ten feet—twelve I bet.  
 'What! off again another child to save?  
 Good dog! Yet strange to see him thus behave,  
 'For surely we no other fall did mark;  
 Its instinct in the animal to start.  
 'Good dog! but he's been gone too long from sight,  
 Strong current! Not strange if he has lost his life.  
 'But see! Again he comes, and in his mouth this time  
 He holds—what may the thing be—well, that's prime!  
 'Now did you ever! Surely reason reigns  
 In none but man alone, for all Tray's pains  
 'Did nothing more of wisdom's self divine  
 Than to have fished the child's doll from the slime!  
 And so amid the merry laughter gay,  
 Proudly trotted off my hero—old dog Tray!

F. C. W. '11.

## Local New Year Wants.

At the opening of each new year, after the old year accounts have been cleared up, we sometimes hear the expression—"What we have and what we want." It is needless to go into detail of what we have; everyone knows that. It is the "Wants" that always dominate over "What we have" as someone expresses it in this couplet:

"Never are men's desires at rest,  
The more he has, the more he is in quest."

This is the direct opposition to the poet who says:

"Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."

We wonder if this man was a Diogenes or some other simple hermit. In our own up-to-date time man wants much, some want the earth, the sea, and all that therein is, before they say it is enough.

But here are a few Wants for whose satisfaction during the new year not a few folks about the college campus are longing.

Wanted, a still larger step toward Greater Muhlenberg.

Wanted, your cooperation to effect this.

Wanted, separate buildings for chapel, library, science, physical training, etc.

Wanted, friends of the college to realize the importance and need of these buildings, and to bestow funds for their erection.

Wanted, a still more enthusiastic local support of Muhlenberg Athletics.

Wanted, a better college paper; which must presuppose your awakening to its importance.

Wanted, a manlier respect for professors, whether in class or outside.

Wanted, a deeper reverence for the meaning of the words, Alma Mater.

Wanted, all students who can do so, to attend Classical Club, and Frankean Society.

Wanted, more extensive press notice of Muhlenberg doings.

Wanted, greater respect for college property.

Wanted, more consideration, and less adverse criticism.

Wanted, a continuance of general student interest in the evangelization of the world.

Wanted, greater regard for the personality of every fellow student.

Wanted, students to live more within their financial allowances.

Wanted, everybody to thing up something good and do it.

Wanted, you to do to others as you would be done by.

Wanted, a fuller appreciation of what it means to live.

Wanted, every alumnus to subscribe for the college paper, and contribute news to it.

Wanted, every alumnus to make an appearance during commencement week.

Wanted, due reverence in divine service at morning chapel.

Wanted, the courage of conviction at all times.

Wanted, a happy new year for all at Muhlenberg.

Wanted, a happy new year for all outside of Muhlenberg.

Wanted, you to know that all these things are of more importance to us than the North Pole.

If there is anything else we want, let us strive to get it honestly.



# THE MUHLENBERG

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## A Coming Sensation.

Aristocles, son of Ariston, known to others than the elect (those who elected Philosophy III) as Plato, the great Greek of antiquity, traveled extensively in his palmy days, and the records of his travels are quite interesting. Unlike old Daddy Herodotus, he did not sop up all the legends, tales and rumors that came his way and jot them down for the edification of posterity. His methods of seeking after truth were quite different. He sought after the soul of things and examined a man rather for what he knew than for what he had heard.

In this attitude, his attention was directed for a few fleeting moments to the

Egyptian educational system and he points out its attractive features, recommending it to everybody as the best thing in Pedagogics that had ever been wafted his way. To the best of our knowledge, none ever adopted it.

For centuries this idea was dormant, slumbering peacefully amid the contestations, quibbles and controversies of the ponderous Dialogues. In 1910 Halley's comet visited this portion of the great Scheme of Things and prepared the World for another great advance of human thought. Everybody was filled with forebodings of some prodigious development in the schemes of intellectual activity.

It has come. Right here in America, and even more approximate than that, in Lehigh County, nay, nearer still, and then some, right here in the classic halls of Muhlenberg College, within the four pink granolithic walls with Indiana limestone trimmings, the prodigy has come to pass. Yea, verily, it is here and it is truly a great thing that a member of the Muhlenberg College Faculty should have been the author of the progressive stride. Our learned Doctor, of course, cannot lay claim to the authorship of the idea, but after all, what is the practical value, which is the only real value, of an idea, if its consequences are not experienced.

His plan is to introduce the Egyptian school system into modern education. The Egyptians made education attractive by illustrating abstract propositions, theorems and facts with concrete objects and processes of exemplification.

For example, The class in arithmetic will please step forward. Five or six blushing Egyptian maidens and swarthy Egyptian laddies trip to the foreground (Orange lights and soft music.)

"Iras has three figs." She has, the teacher has just given them to her.

"She eats one, how many has she left?"

Business of slowly eating a fig. The correct answer is forthcoming.

"Cambyes has two humming-tops. he gives one to—" Exit Cambyes upper left. And so on until the sun-dial indicates the end of the session.

It is the Doctor's plan to introduce this system at Muhlenberg. Just imagine the great possibilities. No more cramming of musty collateral reading, no more delving into the dry-bones of history, no more jumble of interminably superuous lines, angles and parallel-

opipeds. All joy, bliss, one continuous round of pleasurable edification.

A few illustrations of the way it would work out are appended.

Professor of Mathematics: "Mr. Q, if R', (holding up a square pie for inspection,) how many times could it be contained in a bottomless abyss?"

Q. experiments and, wiping his mouth, gives the correct answer, "An infinite number of times."

Prof. "Let Mr. R. be a variable. Now, if R. runs on indefinitely, and if he never reaches the end of his endurance, why do the cars run up 6th St."

Numerous volunteers offer to go down to 6th St. to find out.

When living characters are required to illustrate the thought the various officials of the College could be impressed into service.

Professor in History, "On the whole, the triumphal entry of Caesar into Rome was some class."

Enter magnificent pageant, headed by Squire in a chariot, drawn by the Vigilance Committee of Sophronia, with Billy Bryan, the Cleaning Committee and the engineer tied to the wheel as captives.

A chemistry student might be asked to tabulate the resultant effects of the many varieties of alcoholic stimulants on the gastric juice. The popularity of the Psychology Courses would increase to such an extent that a special course might be installed in the Exeprimental Psychology of Love.

So we could multiply examples, more and more delightful, but it is not our purpose to detract from the joys of realization by any over-excitement of anticipation. So we will close, and relapsing into our favorite language, say "*Esto Euthus.*" (Signed) A SENIOR.





# EDITORIAL

## *The Church's Call to College Men.*

In that latest and most comprehensive book on foreign missions, 'The Decisive Hour of Christian Missions' by John R. Mott, the author deeply laments the present supine indifference of Christendom toward the heathen world. But not only in the field of the foreign missions, but also in the work of the Church at home, religious leaders find just reason for regret. During recent years it has become alarmingly evident that the strongest young men are far more easily led to follow in the glare of mammon's train than in the field where the crying need is greatest and where providence seems to have best fitted them. The comparative meagerness of the minister's salary, and the change from the commanding influence that the ministers had in the early part of this century to that which they now occupy, has influenced men who in early days would have taken to the ministry, to pursue other callings. At the present time the office does not carry with it either the sacredness or the influence that once attached to it.

But as President Taft said in a recent address before the Northern University

of Ohio, a reaction in this matter can be looked for. With the more popular dissemination of the lawman's missionary propaganda, with the steadily rising tide of student interest in world evangelization, and with the dawning upon Christendom of a larger sympathy and appreciation of the actual conditions of social, political and religious unrest in every corner of the globe, there must be a powerful reaction. In his address the President remarked that 'after the wild rush for wealth that has characterized previous generations shall have ceased, the opportunities for great usefulness offered by the practice of the profession of the clergyman will furnish a temptation to the strongest of the young college men to assume their cloth.' The work of the Church today is so inseparably wrapped up with the large movements and problems of this wonderful age of unrest and mobility of opinions, that nothing short of the strongest college men are needed. The work of the ministry is no silk gloved or effeminate undertaking; it is a man's job, in which statement we would have 'man' to mean the most able product of our educational institutions.

The nations of the orient are casting off the hollow religious creeds of yesterday. They are now thrown together in the caldron of possibility, which hangs between yesterday and tomorrow. The east of yesterday is gone. The east at present is waiting for a new tomorrow. Neither Confusianism, nor Hinduism, nor Shintoism, nor Mohammedanism, but the religion of Christ alone, can make that tomorrow what divine love would have it. While the conditions of the needs of the occident are far different from those of the orient, it is still true that 'every creature groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.' In the face of the present need of a larger working base the church is asking the old question, 'Whom shall I send?' She is waiting the conviction-born answer of the strongest young manhood of our colleges—'Send me.'

### Basket Ball Returns.

The Interclass basket ball series is effecting several worthy results. It is reviving the intense but friendly class rivalry which ran at such high pitch throughout last year's series; training the judgment of the players; giving them the valuable acquisition of poise under great excitement; shattering possible monotony in student life; and, not incidentally, building up physically the squad of candidates for the spring track team.

Anyone of these results is sufficient to afford the present series a rightful claim to its place in interclass history. The inestimable value of competition, whether physical or mental, in any phase of college or intercollegiate life, cannot be well comprehended until the student finds himself in the great stream of the world's competition.

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### Editor's Reflections.

Happy New Year!

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Holidays, like some steaks, are rare and well seasoned.

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Before proceeding farther in the new year, let us be determined to keep sweet tempered, remembering that:

'Suppose the world don't please you,  
Nor the way some people do;  
Do you think the whole creation  
Will be altered just for you?'

---

With the approach of the mid-year examinations, we are almost sure to forget all the good lectures we ever heard on the value of such tests.

During the holidays we met with not a few sons of Israel who wished not only us but even their fellows-in-the-faith a Merry Christmas. Can it be that the Jews are turning to the light of Christianity or is it merely a lack of appreciation of the meaning of words!

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The thought paramount in our minds as we turn over the new leaf is How long will it remained unsoiled.

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The tender newborn year had little to fear in the face of the gentle spring-like zephyrs of the early part of January.

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Basket ball is bawling again!



*Stray News.**Six Years Ago.*

January third, six years ago, marked the actual birth of Greater Muhlenberg. It was then that Muhlenberg College left behind her the time worn and dilapidated structures at the corner of Fourth and Walnut streets and "opened house" on College Heights. The wonderful progress that has been made since that day we take as an auspicious portent of the realization of still greater plans in the near future. In point of picturesque rural landscape, a more desirable location could not have been found in this section of the State, for here on all sides are forever,

"The hills,  
Rock ribbed and ancient as the sun  
The vales stretching in pensive quietness  
between  
The venerable woods and complaining  
brooks,  
That makes the meadows green."

In answer to the question, 'What lies over the hills,' a voice replies, 'More hills and valleys, rivers, towns, and men.'

The business managers are in need of ready coin. If your present issue is still unpaid, tend to that now, before it escapes your attention. We shall appreciate it.

Do your trading with our advertisers.

The Basket Ball series is 'on'. A great deal of spirit was manifested at the opening game between the two lower classes.

*Receptions to New Members.*

Thursday evening, December fifteenth, the Euterpea Literary Society tendered its annual reception to her new members. The occasion always proves a red letter day in the society's social calendar. As usual the gentlemen were attended by Allentown's fairest. Prizes were carried away by Misses Bessie Schurman, Miriam Ritter, Emily Reichert, Mabel Kistler, Miriam Lawfer, Reba Loux, Messrs. Quintin Stauffer and Edgar Reitz. An orchestra furnished music. Elaborate decorations and program were arranged by the Committee: Messrs. Grant, Katz, Waidelich, Bieber and Klingler.

Sophronia's Reception to new members occurred on Tuesday evening, December thirteenth in the society hall. It took the form of a dance, in which the town's gayest flitted about merrily with the students. Decorations were tasty. Committee: Kline, Miller A., Hummel, and Brossman.

*Appreciation.*

From a list of words of appreciation from our readers we print the following lines, coming from a Canadian subscriber:

The present staff lays aside its pen with this issue. We wish for the new staff a large measure of success in advancing the standard of the paper beyond what the past or ourselves have been able to raise it.

I wish to congratulate the student body on the progress it is making in editing *The Muhlenberg*. The paper is more newsy than heretofore, and the students are contributing excellent articles. I am pleased to know of the increased interest in athletics by faculty, students, alumni, and citizens of Allentown, as well as to hear of the growing development of college spirit. I have been getting *The Muhlenberg* since I left college in 1891, and it is a very welcome monthly visitor. It keeps me in touch with my dear old Alma Mater, her worthy president, her able faculty, her growing body of students.

How many of our Alumni can count themselves with those who have been regular subscribers of *The Muhlenberg* since graduation! This flock is a little one.

#### Wedded.

On January seventeenth Professor Calvin C. Alexander, of our English Department, was married to Miss Lillie C. McMakin, of New York City. The happy couple are residing at 462 Walnut Street, this city. We join in wishing for them the fullness of the joys of wedded life. The serenade by the students is scheduled for Saturday evening, the twenty-first of this month.

#### Messiah.

On January seventeenth under the able direction of Professor C. A. Marks, Mus. Doc., of our faculty, *The Messiah* of Handel, was rendered before a large house at the Lyric Theatre. The following appeared in *The Allentown Democrat* the next morning: Professor Marks may well feel proud of his accomplished body of singers who thru years of judicious training have reached

a commendable standard of perfection. Devoted to the art Professor Marks has ever endeavored zealously to bring Allentown to the forefront of musical centres. How well has he reached is writ in large letters that he who runs may read. As professor of musical history and aesthetics at Muhlenberg College, the department entrusted to his care remains in the hands of one absolutely endowed with the requisites of successful and fruit bearing tutelage.

#### Glee Club.

If any of our readers or friends who belong to church or other organizations wish to favor us, they can well satisfy that desire, and simultaneously receive our sincere word of appreciation, by making mention of the college glee club to such organizations. The management still has a few open dates for additional concerts. The progress the club is making in preparation for its Spring concert trips portends a musical program of high excellence. For information write to Mr. Arthur N. Butz, manager of Glee Club, Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pennsylvania.

The schedule thus far completed is as follows:

Feb. 1—Quakertown, Feb. 3—Tamaqua; Feb. 8—Sellersville; Feb. 9—Lansdale; Feb. 10—Philadelphia; Feb. 17—Mahanoy City; Feb. 23—Reading; Feb. 24—Lancaster; Feb. 25—Ephrata; Feb. 27—Easton; Feb. 28—Catasauqua.

The management is arranging a week's trip for the Easter vacation which, in all probability, will include such places as Kingston, Albany, Buffalo, Rochester, N. Y., and Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

The Allentown concert will be given some time during the fourth week of April.



## THE MUHLENBERG

## Athletics.

For a change, Basket Ball is now commanding the most prominent position in College Athletic Notes. As usual, Muhlenberg is this year not participating in intercollegiate basket ball activities, but she is at present in the very midst of a most interesting series of Interclass Basket-ball. Two games of the series have already been played, and by the time this issue goes to print, several more games of the series will have been played. In former years, only the four regular classes have been represented by teams, but this year she has gone one better, by having her Special Students also represented by a team. Altogether there will be played 20 games, each team playing each other team twice. The first game was played January 11, and the season will wind up with the last game on March 29. This will be a whole month before the Penn. relays, so that the schedule this season, will not interfere with track as it did last year. As a reward to the team attaining the highest percentage in all games played, some unknown friend of the college has offered a handsome loving cup, a prize really worth striving after. Not only does this series promise to be exceedingly interesting to all concerned, but incidentally it will prove of exceeding great value to all men who intend coming out for track. There is perhaps nothing which develops wind and endurance more than does a strenuous season of basket-ball. It is therefor urged of all men, who intend doing anything in track this spring to take advantage of this opportunity, to come out for basket-ball—and thus procure an invaluable preparatory track training—and don't forget,

fellows, that after all its the intercollegiate events that count.

Up to the present time, two games of the interclass Basket-ball series have been played. A Fresh vs. Soph game and a Senior vs. Special game. Both games were very interesting, the former on account of the usual class rivalry, and the latter on account of its numerous spectacular plays and misplays. The scores of the two games are as follows:

## FRESH 9—SOPH 16.

Forwards—Storb and Leisy, Keim and Reno.

Guards—Cook and Fetherolf, David and Esser.

Centre—Flexer, F. Butz.

Field Goals—Storb 2, Keim 2, David 1, Butz 3.

Foul Goals—Cook 5, Keim 4.

Officials—Shelly '12, Butz '11.

## SENIORS 27—SPECIALS 7.

Forwards—Eberts and Kline, Fogel (Geisinger) and Ritter.

Guards—Butz and Brandt, Shilling and Orr.

Centre—Wunder (Smith), Scott.

Field Goals—Ritter 1, Shelling 1, Eberts 2, Kline 2, Smith 1, Brandt 2, Wunder 4.

Foul Goals—Fogel 1, Scott 2, Eberts 4, Butz 1.

Officials—Butz '13, Fink '12.

The officials for the series are: Butz '11, Shelly '12, Fink '12, Butz '13, Smith '11, Reno '13, Eberts '11.

## TRACK.

Every issue of *The Muhlenberg* finds track a little more advanced, a little more prosperous, a little more inviting, and a

little more worth while coming out for. Besides the numerous trips the team is going to take this Spring, as for instance to Philadelphia, Lancaster, Harrisburg, Hundingdon and Newark, Delaware, the manager has lately signed up a contract with Gettysburg College for a meet on our own grounds. Truly the track season will be a great collegiate undertaking for the college this Spring. Never before in the history of this institution, has she taken steps as these. Imagine fellows, trips with a total mileage of over 900 miles, together with getting teams from various institutions here. It's a big proposition, but we can do it. In former years the track man could hardly be blamed for not coming out because he had nothing to work for, but this year he's got to do it, not only for his own good, but for the good of the college. We buck up against big schools, but we dare not be defeated. We should come through the season with a clean sheet, we should bring home 3 banners, 4 gold watches, various metals, and keep one banner from leaving our college. On our trips we will take at least 15 men along,—why not be one of those men? Track is merely training, you know. Directly after mid-year's a call will be made for candidates, and it is the wish of both captain and coach that as large a number report as possible, since a large squad is a primary requisite. Be sure to report at once, so the management can order sufficient paraphernalia.

A few words as to training. This year, contrary to former years, training rules will be strictly enforced, and strict training will be a primary requisite for eligibility to the college track team. There's no reason why every man should not train. It is *the* secret of a successful track team. Therefore if you wish

to train, the time's about due to cut out smoking, etc. etc. The sooner we begin the better it will be for us when out door work starts. The complete track schedule is as follows:

Penn. Relays—April 29—There.

Gettysburg—May 6—Here.

Franklin & Marshall—(?)—There.

Juniata—May 20—There.

Harrisburg Intercollegiates—May 27—There.

Delaware—May 30—There.

Interclass Meet—(?)—Here.

### BLANKETS.

Should Muhlenberg equip her Athletic teams with blankets? This is a question which we hope will soon be "non est". She certainly should, and prospects look as though her 1911 track team would be the first wearers of these blankets. It has been already intimated that the student body should procure these blankets for several reasons favorably received. In soliciting bids the following results were obtained. The best bid was as follows: Eighteen \$8.50 all wool blankets, 80 in. x 84 in. cardinal body, with 12 in. grey border all around, 6 lbs. in weight, made of second best material—\$80.00. Leather case to wrap blankets in when on a trip—\$15. Total \$95.00.

Can we raise \$95? Certainly! We can do without a band next year, and give those \$75.00 for blankets. After midyear, a canvass will be made, so get into financial condition to meet the demand, and you'll never be sorry for it. Prof. Reese, as you know, has started the ball a-rolling with \$5 subscription. Imagine our track team this Spring making fine big trips to representative colleges and big intercollegiate track meets, equipped with blankets! Imagine her



foot-ball team, on its trips! It's not impossible, it's within reach, it may mean a little sacrifice but it certainly will be worth while. Therefore when the time comes, be ready to put down a nice little contribution.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, the following men were awarded the Foot Ball M.—Coleman, Brandt, Snyder, Krauss, Nenow, Savacool, Kline, Skean, Shilling, Scott, Bixler, Brennan and Flexer. We could write a full page of well merited praise for each of these men as well as for the scrubs,

but we cannot improve upon previous comment.

On Tuesday afternoon, January 10, at a meeting of the M men, Savacool was elected captain of next year's team.

Foot Ball at this time of the year is naturally more or less of a dead issue. The schedule is not yet ready for publication, but the manager is working hard on it. But it may be interesting to the majority of us to have a few statistics of all the men participating in any of the games.

	Height	Weight	Years	Year of Course	Position
Coleman .....	5 ft. 6 in.	155	3	Junior	Fullback
Brandt .....	5 ft. 9½ in.	162	2	Senior	Center
Snyder .....	5 ft. 10 in.	182	3	Junior	R. Guard
Krauss .....	5 ft. 11½ in.	175	1	Junior	R. Tackle
Flexer .....	6 ft. 3 in.	192	1	Fresh	L. Tackle
Nenow .....	5 ft. 7 in.	155	1	Fresh	L. End
Savacool .....	5 ft. 11½ in.	168	2	Junior	L. Guard
Skean .....	5 ft. 11½ in.	181	2	Fresh	L. Half back
Katz .....	5 ft. 6½ in.	160	1	Soph	Tackle
Kline .....	5 ft. 11 in.	166	5	Senior	Tackle and Guard
Cressman .....	5 ft. 7 in.	143	2	Soph	End
Keim .....	5 ft. 5½ in.	135	2	Fresh	End
Shilling .....	5 ft. 10½ in.	165	1	Fresh	Full Half back
Scott .....	6 ft. ½ in.	167	1	Fresh	R. Half back
Groff .....	5 ft. 6½ in.	145	2	Soph	Quarter Back
Bixler .....	5 ft. 9½ in.	150	2	Soph	Quarter Back
Brennan .....	6 ft. 3½ in.	173	1	Fresh	Fullback
Quinn .....	5 ft. 8 in.	139	2	Sp. Soph.	Half Back & End
Leisy .....	5 ft. 10 in.	160	1	Fresh	End

## Personals.

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The Society Receptions which were held last month were decided successes. More social events at College would not be out of place.

---

Unfortunately some 'spoons' were missing after one of the Receptions. A few stray ones were recovered in the Greek Room.

---

The Senior Class in German presented Dr. Wackernagel with a box of cigars at the last recitation of the old year. The dear old Doctor also believes that it is better to "smoke now than hereafter."

---

Kline '11—Dr., they call me 'Herr Kline' down town because I have fuzz on my lip.

---

Our suffering friends who have had cases respectively of 'colic' and 'gout' have been quite forgotten in the advent of the Inter-Class Basket Ball Series.

---

Dr. H.—Is the girl you love self or not self?

Grant—Self.

Dr. H.—Correct.

---

Prof. B—Let P and P' be stations.

Sophomore—Yes, I catch the train of thought.

---

The College Store will soon be the largest Department Store in this vicinity. "57" varieties of biscuits not including 'rat-biscuits' and 'dog-biscuits' are on the Bill-of-Fare since the Holidays.

---

On the morning of December 19th the Junior Class in History presented Prof. Ross with a nobby College Seal Watch Fob. The gift was quite 'timely.'

---

Brandt '11—There sounds a voice like orange peels.

---

One of the Specials at College has "Music in his 'sole'."

---

Why is "Kid" Miller like the Yale Football Team of 1910?"

Because it "came back."

---

Romig, ex '11, now of Franklin and Marshall College; Tanaka '10, now of Brown University, and Saunders, ex '12, now of State College, were visitors at College before the Holidays.

---

Prof. M. asked Prof. F. at Classical Club Meeting whether he had ever been in a cheap Dance Hall or Saloon and heard an orchestra play "Ein feste Burg." Silence!

---

Skean—Gee, fellows, you should have seen "Bill" Scott this morning—he had a collar on. (Never mind, Bill, A. Harrison has a jail-bird sweater).

---

Smith '11, Hummel '12, Butz '13 and Leisey '14 were elected managers of their respective Class Basket Ball Teams.

---

We can't innumerate all the clever jokes which the fellows cracked during the Christmas vacation, but some were good ones.



Jacob S. Savacool '12, of Sellersville, Pa., has been elected Captain of the 1911 Foot-Ball Team.

Senior—"If February doesn't March, April May."

Another Senior—That's a very August statement for January.

Grant '11—Dr., here's a man says that the Aeneid must have been written by a woman, because it starts out "The Arms and the Man."

Wunder '11—That certainly is all-embracing.

Gustavus A. Bectold, Ex '11 of Mt. Airy Seminary, gave a most inspiring account of the work of the Lutheran Church in the North West 'Zone of Power', before the Frankean Society during the past month.

Grant '11—Dr., my book must have been operated on—the appendix is missing.

Rentschler '11—The salary of ballet girls is very meager; besides they have to raise a kick for every cent they get.

Bauman '11 (after the class has read some German in unison)—That's worse than the Tower of Babel.

Senior—Isn't it queer that candles wax small.

There were some flames at the fire the other night.

Were they sparking?

Coming—the Senior Ausflug.

Going—the Sophomore Calendars.

Gone—All fear of exams (?)

Prof E.—What did Byron do as a soldier?

Fox '13—He freed the land of grease (Greece).

Phares G. Beer intends to leave Muhlenberg after the mid-year exams to take up teaching.

Earle W. Bush, a former member of the class of 1913, is convalescing rapidly at White Haven, where he has spent the last few months.

Prof. E.—In what manner did Burns educate himself?

Fox '13—He followed the plow sowing seeds of thought.

Prof. R. (calling the roll)—Beer? Beer—Present.

Sophomore—If your thirsty, get busy fellows.

First Senior (trying to be bright)—Of these two pronunciations, which is correct, Rhine or Rhone?

Second Senior—Well, each has its source.

Dr. Haas addressed a large audience in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium on Sunday, Jan. 8th. A large portion of the Student Body was present.

And he took unto himself a wife!

New Luther League Hall is not yet occupied. It is being thoroughly dried out.

Stuart '11—I'd like to express my opinion of you, Miller.

Miller '11—Aw, send it by freight.

Note: The answer was a weighty one.

## Exchange.

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This is the Exchange Editor's last official opportunity to while away pleasant moments in peering through our many covered friends. He wishes, as does also the staff, a large measure of genuine success to all our visiting representatives on file.

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The January *Argus* is as usual up to its accustomed good standing. Its news items are to the point and its jokes have edge. Though few in number, its editorials are telling.

---

*The Delaware College Review* is generally neat and attractive throughout.

---

The *Spectator* of Capitol University is truly a Christmas number of class. Its cuts are of that "dim religious tone," breathing agreeable Christmas feeling. The joke column is good and copious in local wit.

---

Get your artists busy, *Budget*; your paper is good otherwise.

---

The past month's *College Folio* has several good stories. Girls, where are your artists? Neatness characterizes your paper.

---

The Exchange column of the *Purple & White* has many good instructive hints.

---

The cover of the *College Chips* is splendid. The literary department is well developed. Keep it moving thus.

The *Res Academicae* is steadily improving throughout.

---

Get an artist, *Midland*.

---

Excellence characterizes every page of *The Buff and Blue*.

---

*The Albright Bulletin* for Christmas is a product of real thought and effort.

---

The literary department of the *College Breezes* can be improved if the general student body awakens to the opportunities of its college paper.

---

Exchanges on file for past month:

Holderness School, The Argus, The Spectator, The Albright Bulletin, Buff and Blue, Midland, Breeze, Opinator, College Student, Sorosis, Register, Mercersburg Academy, Literary Magazine, Narrator, Perkiomenite, Acorn, Red & Black, College Folio, Delaware College Review, Purple & White, Budget, Syracusean, Comenian, M. A. S., Roanoke Collegian, Lincolnian, Argus, Mirror, Fornum Tatler, Parrot, Susquehanna, Thieleusian, Crescent, Canary & Blue, College Breezes, Res Academicae, College Chips, Normal Vidette, Shamokin H. S. Rev., Lutheran Normal School, Old Penn, Der Zeit Geist, Sweet Charity, The Leavitt Angelus, Ursinus Weekly, Lebanon Col. Review, Lutheran's Companion, Carlisle Arrow, Bethany Messenger.



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Vol. XXIX.

FEBRUARY, 19



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Allentown, Pa.

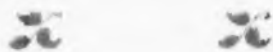


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# THE MUHLENBERG

VOL. XXIX.

ALLENTOWN, PA., FEBRUARY, 1911.

No. 6.



WALTER M. RENTSCHLER, *Editor.*

This issue marks the inauguration of a new "*Muhlenberg*" staff. Former editors of this department have frequently stated in their first editorials that the "*Muhlenberg*" would be made a better magazine than before and yet at the end of the term it was in the same old rut, with no marked improvement over previous "*Muhlenbergs*." We, the staff, have decided to get out of the rut and to stay out. Some wise man has said that the only difference between a rut and a grave is in the length.

To get out, however, we must, and we think we will, get that which former staffs failed to get, the support of the student body. From what other source can we get material but from the students? Some of you fellows think the college paper of your Alma Mater can exist without your support. Fellow students! You take interest in football, in basket-ball, or perhaps, in track, do you not? Well, then, why can't you as well interest yourselves in your paper and support it to the utmost extent of your ability.

A person who sits down and writes an article for his college magazine does infinitely more good, both to himself and his Alma Mater, than he who comes out for Athletics and does nothing more. Or perhaps the latter considers he is being loyal to his college when he simply helps to root for the home team. The former case is true honest expenditure of mental energy, while the latter is but the expression of physical emotion.

I leave it to you, my loyal readers, to decide which duty is the harder to perform.

Therefore, fellows, in these cold wintry days, when there is hardly anything doing and time lies heavy on one's hands, sit down at your study-table, get out your writing paraphernalia and write an essay or poem. We will appreciate highly this devotion of yours to the "*Muhlenberg*" and will accept with pleasure whatever you contribute.

And you will benefit not only the "*Muhlenberg*," but also yourselves, for is it not, or at least ought it not be, one of the purposes of a college student

to acquire a good literary style and taste during his stay at college, and there are few better ways of accomplishing this than by writing for the college paper.

These, then, are the most important present needs of the "*Muhlenberg*" to our mind,—artistic poems, good stories, essays on subjects of immediate or college interest, really funny anecdotes, and above all, well-drawn and appropriate cuts,—for a paper without cuts is like a ship at sea without a compass. Surely with the aid of these we feel we can give you a "*GREATER Muhlenbrg.*"

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We wish to thank the former staff and particularly the former "Literary Editor," for their valuable suggestions as to the work of the "*Muhlenberg*."

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The short-story contest, which closed Jan. 16th, was a decided success. A great deal of interest was taken in it by all the students and many of them tested their literary ability to its utmost to win the contest. In all, nineteen students competed, some with more, others with less success. To those who have won, let it be an incentive for them to write more stories; to those who have failed, let it be an incentive for them to try again, for better luck may come the next time. The staff here takes the opportunity to thank all who took part in the contest, both the contestants, who took such a great interest in their work, and especially the judges who have spent a considerable portion of their valuable time to decide on the merits of each story, a task which may have been not at all pleasant or easy.

We are publishing in this issue the first prize story of the contest just closed. Professor Alexander's valuable criticism of the stories as well as his explanation of the factors for judging superiority appear in this department.

The Rules submitted to the judges for the regulation of the decision are here appended.

#### GENERAL RULES GOVERNING DECISION IN SHORT STORY CONTEST.

I. A first and second best story shall be chosen; also a first and second honorable mention, thus rendering necessary the selection of the four best.

II. No gradings shall be marked on the manuscripts, but on slips of paper which shall be kept secret to the individual examiner until all the examiners shall have finished examining.

III. A final decision shall be made from a comparison of the results of the individual examiners.

IV. The criteria for judging shall be,  
(a) general readability.  
(b) interest.  
(c) technical form, etc.

V. Legibility shall not enter into a decision except as a last resort, i. e. as in a case where the qualities of several stories should be so evenly balanced as to render decision well nigh impossible without its consideration.

VI. Length or brevity of a story shall not be a discredit except where paucity or verbosity of statement affects the intrinsic worth of any story.



## A TINY MISSING LINK.

*First Prize Story.*

The settlement of Sable, in the Alaskan Mountains, was practically deserted. It was the middle of December, and the few inhabitants were passing the long Arctic winter as best they could, waiting for spring, when their business would increase with the coming of the miners and lumbermen.

In the barroom of the hotel sat a prospector, reading a letter. He and his partner had just arrived with their dog-train from their mining camp in the northern part of the Tanana Mountains, where they had been prospecting during the previous summer. They had covered two hundred and ten miles with their sleds, and, worn out and exhausted, had entered the town, intending to rest there until the following summer, when they would make the coast. The elder man chafed under the enforced idleness, as he knew that at Sitka his wife and child were waiting for him, but when the bartender handed him a letter a few minutes after his arrival, he found that his wife was at Beaver's Fort, a six-days' journey distant, and was waiting for him there. He therefore resolved to rest at Sable only a few days, and then to make the journey on foot. He fully realized the dangers of the northern woods in winter,—the terrible cold, the risk of breaking a limb in the rough and pathless icy stretches, the dangers from wolves, which were unusually ravenous this year since the rabbits were very scarce, and the deer and caribou had moved south to better pasture. However, he had implicit confidence in his woodmanship. Thus, his knowledge of the wild robbed it of all terrors.

So on the 21st day of December he started out alone on snow shoes. He was dressed from head to foot in soft, tanned deer-hide, and only his eyes, nose and mouth were exposed. On his back he carried a light roll of blankets, containing a small frying-pan, a pot, a compass, cartridges, matches, and rations for ten days, consisting of bacon, hardtack and coffee. In his belt hung a .44 Colts revolver. At first he thought of taking his Winchester, but wishing to travel as light as possible, and being a crack-shot with his six-shooter, he felt perfectly safe with it alone. At his side he carried his hunting-knife in its sheath, and his small woodsman's-ax.

The sun would not rise until nine o'clock, but he got an early start, leaving Sable when it was still night, and travelling in a southerly direction. The cold black stillness was oppressive. It was the coldest hour of the twenty-four, and though there was not a breadth of air stirring, yet he feared that his face would blister. The trees stood silent and naked; the trackless snow lay everywhere. He was the only sign of life in all that desolate expanse, as he glided along with the peculiar swinging step of the northern hunter. By sun-rise he had crossed the ridge to the south of the town, and then he started out in earnest upon his journey. All that day he travelled hard, making a very short stop at noon to eat a cold dinner. The path was unbroken, but he kept his direction by his knowledge of the lay of the mountains. Since he generally followed the valleys which were timbered rather openly, he made swift progress.

The afternoon was drawing to a close, when suddenly on his back trail he heard a faint, far-off cry, low at first, and then ascending to a high-pitched wail. Another answered it. "Wolves!" he said to himself. He had no fear, but he was angered to think that they had found him within a day's journey of Sable. It was almost three o'clock, and the sun was setting, and as he travelled along he kept looking for a camping place. The character of the country had changed somewhat, and he was passing through a rough valley, over-grown with stunted pine and spruce. Here at the base of a small cliff he decided to make camp. After getting a supply of fire wood, he cleared away the snow, and built a crude shack of pine boughs, using the wall of the cliff as the back, and piling up branches on either side, and before the open front he built his fire.

When the shack was finished, he stepped out to light the wood, and off in the brush to his right, he saw five or six wolves cautiously slinking along. The clamor of the pack had subsided, and he had almost forgotten them, but now he realized that they were reconnoitering. He quickly dropped to one knee, and whipping out his Colts, fired five times in rapid succession. The light was uncertain and he could see neither the sights, nor the animals clearly, but four were killed. One doubled up and dropped in his tracks, the others went writhing off into the brush, where they were instantly attacked by the rest of the pack and devoured. He then laid his revolver upon the ground, and lighted the fire. Instantly realizing that he had made a breach of woodman's etiquette in not reloading immediately, he snatched up his gun, ejected the empty shells, and refilled the chambers. Then

he prepared his supper.

That night after his meal, he sat in the protection of his improvised shack with the roaring fire in front, smoking his pipe. He well knew that he had frightened the wolves temporarily, but he also knew that the four which he had shot had only served to whet the appetites of the others, and he listened to their occasional cries uneasily. He was warm and comfortable, and allowed the fire to die down somewhat, and sitting there thoughtlessly, looking out into the dark space beyond it, he suddenly saw two small, glowing, phosphorescent balls. They moved ever so slightly, and he realized that their owner was regarding him intently, and for some reason the thought flashed through his mind that he was red live meat, which meant life to that famished wolf. He stealthily drew his revolver, sighted as well as he could, and pulled the trigger, but the gun did not go off. He impatiently threw the next barrel into place, aimed more carefully than before, released the trigger, and again there was only the snap of the hammer on the firing pin,—no explosion. Thinking that perhaps his shells were damp, he got a fresh box from his kit, but by the time he had reloaded again, the glowing eyes had vanished. However, just to satisfy himself that his gun was in good condition, he pointed it into the air, pulled the trigger, but again no response. Knowing that something was radically wrong, he threw wood on the fire for better light, and examined his weapon. The main-spring was working, since the hammer snapped strongly, and everything seemed in good condition. He knew that his shells were fresh and dry, so he decided to disassemble the parts and discover the trouble. Using the edge of his knife as



a screw-driver, he started to take his weapon to pieces, and on removing the firing-pin, he found a speck of grit lodged between it easily, thus causing the misfire. Then he realized that this was the result of his own carelessness, since the grit had gotten into the gun when he had laid it on the ground. Much relieved that the trouble was so slight, he commenced to reassemble the pieces. He laid the firing-pin back in its casing, and then prepared to screw in the tiny little pinion which held it in place. Taking the pinion between his thumb and fore-finger, he carefully set it in the threaded hole, and then, again using the edge of his knife as a screw-driver, started to screw it into position, but the flickering light was poor, so he leaned closer towards the fire to see better, and in so doing he moved the knife, which was placed in the groove of the screw, ever so slightly, and the pinion fell into the fire. He immediately put out the fire with snow at that place, and built another one farther off. Then after the ambers had cooled, he started to search for it. Ashes, half-burnt wood, dirt, damp leaves, and half-melted snow, all mixed together, were lying there. He spread out his blanket on the earth and took the debris, handful by handful, upon it, and carefully sorted it out. He searched an hour, but failed to find it, and then went to sleep, since he knew he could see better by daylight. Next morning, he started search as soon as he could see, and after another hour's work was still unsuccessful. Then he realized that it was practically hopeless to find a screw, less than three-quarters of an inch long, and not thicker than a tiny nail, among all that rubbish. However he hunted persistently until noon, and then he had to give it up. Well he

understood the significance of the loss. His revolver was absolutely useless, since the firing pin was loose, and thus he was without a weapon! However, he had frightened the wolves somewhat, so he decided to forge ahead as rapidly as possible.

That afternoon he made good time and saw little of the pack during the day, but in the evening as he lay by his fire, he heard them giving their blood-curdling hunger-cries repeatedly. The third day he broke camp long before dark, and the wolves followed more closely than before. They were much bolder than the previous night, and in the afternoon as he was swinging along, he suddenly turned square around, and not a hundred yards to the rear were three of them watching him. They stood still for a moment and then slunk away, and he noticed that they were mere bags of skin stretched over bone frames. That night he could see their eyes as they stood around the fire. They kept drawing in closer and closer, and occasionally he could even make out their forms. At midnight he had to cut more wood, as it was necessary to replenish the fire repeatedly.

The fourth day he dared not leave his fire until daylight. At noon he did not even stop to eat anything, in order to save time. The wolves followed closely; they were becoming bolder and more daring. He was terrified when at about one o'clock they seemed to draw closer together, and to be preparing for an attack, and although there were more than thirty of them, yet they dared not do it. That afternoon he made camp at two o'clock, and devoted the rest of the day to cutting firewood. He was in an open valley, where there was a sparse growth of tall spruce trees, and he had

made camp at the base of one of them. That night was filled with horror. The wolves settled themselves in a semi-circle about the fire. Some were restless, others were sleeping. Occasionally one would point his nose to the stars and give his mournful wail, and then the whole pack would sit on their haunches and howl their hungry-cry. Gradually they drew closer and closer, and he could see their fangs and their ravenous mouths as they sleepily stretched themselves and yawned. So the night passed. Daylight came, and although they were not quite so bold, yet they did not leave the fire as they had done before. However he rolled up his kit, tightened his belt, and stepped forth. He had hardly left the fire when one of them sprang, but by a quick dodge he avoided the animal, and had time to draw his small ax. Then followed a fight for life. Luckily he got his back to the tree before they made a concentrated attack, but he was on the side away from the fire. As the second wolf sprang, he brained him with the ax, but another one got his left wrist in its jaws, and a scream of pain escaped his lips as the teeth crunched down on the delicate bones. But he reached over with his right hand and broke its neck with another blow. Thus fighting inch by inch, at last he regained the fire. His wrist was bleeding badly, and he noticed with a shiver of horror how eagerly one animal was lapping up the snow that had been soaked by his own blood in the fight. He replenished the fire, and knew that he was safe for a time at least. He bandaged the bleeding wrist as well as he could, and then tried to rest.

From the butt of the tree at which he had built his camp, there grew up a much smaller one,—an offshot. During

the day he cut this down and chopped it up for firewood. Every motion was agony to his lacerated wrist. His whole arm was swollen, and he was becoming feverish. That night he built a larger fire than usual, and he had to replenish it continually, and thus got no sleep whatever. All the next day the struggle went on: the man,—sleepless, almost delirious with fear and pain; the wolves,—ravenous and eager, waiting for their prey. It was the evening of the sixth day, and he thought with anguish that if all had gone well he would have been in Beaver's fort with his wife and child. That night was a repetition of the former one, with the exception that his fever was increasing, and that he was more sleepy than ever. Morning broke, and the weather had become warmer during the night. Heavy clouds hung low, and he knew that a snow-storm was approaching.

He had been without sleep for more than seventy-two hours, and the time came when his head fell forwards and his eyes closed. He slept. An hour passed. The fire died down, and gradually the flames disappeared until there was nothing but a bank of glowing coals. The wolves were becoming restless, and they drew closer and closer, hungrily watching the man sitting there quietly. One wolf had drawn his hind legs under him and was settling back, ready to spring, when the man awoke. He saw the animal about to launch himself; he saw the others preparing. Reaching forward with his mittened hand, he scooped live coals into the air in all directions. The heat from this shower of fire brands and embers was intense. His gloves partly protected his hands, but his eyebrows and whiskers were singed, and the rag around his torn



wrist took fire and burnt the open wound. The wolves for baffled for a time, and retreated a short distance. He rebuilt the fire, piling the wood from one side of the tree, out in a semi-circle around himself, to the other side. All day he kept it burning brightly. As night came on, snow began to fall and a high wind sprang up. He became wild and delirious under the strain of the pain and sleeplessness. He laughed aloud,—a maniac laugh, and when he did so, the wolves shrank back in terror of the sound. He swore, he prayed, and at last exhausted, he again fell back and slept. The fire once more slowly died down in front, but at the two sides it kept burning brighter and brighter, higher and higher. At midnight he awoke, stifled with intense heat and smoke. The whole great tree had caught fire and was burning. The wind howled, and the flames roared like a mighty furnace. The wolves had partly withdrawn, and were watching the gigantic spectacle at a distance. The man realized that he could not live another five minutes if he stayed at the burning tree, and he further realized that it was just as impossible to face the wolves. Over to his left, about seventy-five yards away,

stood another spruce. Perhaps if he could get there, he might be able to ward off the animals and build another fire. Taking his ax in his hand, he made a dash for the tree. He tottered as he ran; his head swam horribly; he heard light foot-falls behind him,—many of them. He turned just in time to meet a springing wolf, and he cut his throat open with his ax, but the force of its jump partly knocked him down. Five were on him at once. He fought with his ax and his knife; he shouted and kicked. He had risen to his feet, and three wolves lay wounded on the ground; the rest seemed to be withdrawing. He began to hope that he might make the tree after all, and then from behind, just as he turned, the leader of the pack jumped and the jaws closed on his neck. He toppled over backwards. There was a heartrending, agonizing scream of terror and anguish; a convulsive kick, and all was over.

In a few minutes the pack had withdrawn. The snow falling steadily, covered up all traces of the terrible conflict, and gently laid its blanket of soft white over everything.

HENRY FRY, 1914.



## THE RESULT OF THE SHORT STORY CONTEST.

The nineteen stories written by students of all classes on a wide variety of subjects attest the genuine interest of Muhlenberg College men in the short-story contest just closed. That this interest is beneficial hardly admits of doubt. In the first place, the interest in the contest tends to bring about a more intelligent appreciation of literary form which, having achieved recognition only within the last half century, has nevertheless in that relatively short time attained a position of very great importance. In the second place the best way in which to appreciate the difficulties and the fine points of any literary form is to attempt to fashion that form. Hence those men who, in this contest, have tried faithfully to organize material into a symmetrical whole, have, no matter how far short of real excellence they may have fallen, gained a sort of knowledge by practice that could not have been gained by mere precept.

The decision of the judges has not been an easy task. It is humanly impossible for anyone, try how he will, to keep his individual tastes from influencing, to a certain extent, his decision. The tastes of any committee of judges will inevitably influence their decision in a case where no scientific yard-stick can, or ought, to be applied. Had the present award been made by a committee of newspapermen or magazinists the result might have been slightly different. But even among professional writers there is by no means any unanimity of opinion as to the basis for a proper estimate of the value of a short story. The editor of a well known journal for literary workers recently sent to the leading

writers of fiction in America this question: "Which is more important in the making of a short-story, material or execution?" The answer showed a radical difference of opinion. These successful writers were about equally divided upon that fundamental question. It is doubtful whether that question will ever be decided to the satisfaction of everybody.

Of the nineteen stories submitted, however, four seemed to be superior to all of the others. Upon that point the judges had not so much difficulty, though several other stories were very creditable.

*A Tiny Missing Link* has been given the first prize. The story, however, has its faults, and these faults were noted by the judges. The action is not sufficiently rapid, and there is at least one point where the story seems by no means convincing. But the writer has set himself the task of producing a single definite effect and he has, to a very considerable extent, accomplished this purpose. The story gripped the interest of the judges.

The writer has set forth an elemental struggle between a human being on the one hand and the savage forces of nature on the other. In the far North, or wherever man is face to face with wild nature, there are a few simple trails of character which are so important as to become laws of existence. Among these are courage, foresight, watchfulness and carefulness. With all his courage and resourcefulness, the Prospector is at fault in one essential respect, and implacable nature exacts the utmost penalty. The grit in the pistol, with the consequent loss of the firing pin, was not in



the ultimate analysis an arbitrary incident, but a part of the Prospective character. The chain of the Prospective character led also its missing link. The law of the survival of the fittest found him not quite fit, and the law worked inexactly, without regard to intention or motives.

The *Diamond God* won the second prize. In spite of the story's technical defects, in spite of the slow movement and the obscuring of the central idea by a mass of entertaining but unessential details, the story is well worth while. It has interest, clever characterization, and is thoroughly and wholesomely American in spirit. The author shows versatility and writes with an ease and confidence by no means common among college students.

*Robbie and the Bean Blossoms* was both a surprise and a puzzle to all of the judges. It is very slight in theme but it is so well done that it has been given honorable mention.

The author of *Jan*, which story has also been given honorable mention, has shown real promise. With improvement in execution he may expect to do even better work in the short-story. In *Jan* the plot is dramatic in conception, the action rapid, and the climax effective. These are features of prime importance in the structure of a short-story. Potentially, and judged from the standpoint of plot, *Jan* is perhaps the strongest of the stories submitted. But the execution, however, is not as good as the material.

The reading of the manuscripts has required a considerable expenditure of time and labor, but the judges regret neither the time, nor the labor expended. To those who have won success, congratulations. To those who have missed the mark, thanks for making the winners work to win, and better luck next time.

COLIN C. ALEXANDER,  
*For the Committee of Judges.*

## THE STORY OF A DANCE PROGRAM.

### —PART FIRST—

1. Miss Gibbs,
2. The Fair Co-ed from
3. Dixie was
4. The girl on the Train whom
5. The Chocolate Soldier met as he journeyed
6. Back to Baltimore with his
7. School Comrades. She thought to herself—
8. 'He's a College Boy—I'll flirt with him.'
- Her
9. Bright Eyes and
10. Loving Ways captivated him and he whispered—
11. "All that I ask is Love,
12. You are the Ideal of my Dreams."

### —PART SECOND—

1. "Daisies Won't Tell," she sighed, "but I'll
2. Let the Roses Tell my Story." Then he cried,
3. "Bring me a Rose,"—and
4. The Echo came from the
5. Roses,
6. 'I'm in Love with
7. Somebody Else,—however, you may
8. Call me up Some Rainy Afternoon, but
9. Stop, Stop, Stop,
10. I won't be back till August!" He drew out his
11. Dublin Rag and cried this last refrain,
12. "Good Night, Dear!"

# THE MUHLENBERG

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## EDITORIAL

## 12th and 22nd.

February, although the shortest month in the year, has been the birth-month of the two Americans we call our "greatest." Both were Presidents of their native land, both piloted their country safely through the din of a great war, but beyond these similitudes, the resemblance ceases. It would be trite, perhaps boresome to many, to reiterate the fundamental differences in character of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Each served his country according to his own peculiar lights and each proved to be the right man in the right place at the right time, a combination irresistibly appealing to the American people. They do not today pour out their appreciation of the lives of these two men, in bursts of hero-worship, but the deep sense of respect for and the universal recognition of their greatness of soul is a far grander and worthier tribute.

## THE NEW STAFF.

With this number a new staff undertakes the editing and managing of "*The Muhlenberg*." Our slogan will be that of the former staff "A greater *Muhlenberg*." But to have a better col-

lege monthly is not the work of one editor or of the staff, but of the whole college.

The paper is the crystallization of the literary thought and effort of the institution it represents. The editorial staff does not, or should not, alone produce the monthly. It would require an extraordinary group of editors, indeed, to produce a monthly of its own inspiration. Behind them must be the literarily inclined undergraduates, and underlying all, the great movements and influences of the student life of the college, and the traditions and spirit of the student body, which stamps the paper with a distinctive character and to reflect which should be the highest aim of the editors.

We ask *you* to support your college monthly. We do not ask you to be blind to its faults or keep silent about them, or to indulge in the pastime aptly called "knocking," that is, promiscuous, negative, carping criticism. "*The Muhlenberg*" solicits and welcomes criticism, when made with a good will, and suggestion. See the Editor-in-Chief, or one of the other editors, in person, if at all possible. If impossible, write. You will be thanked for it.

With this introductory word, the staff takes up its duties, with the purpose of developing a monthly, bigger, brighter, better and more *worthy* of old Muhlenberg.

### OUR NEW ALUMNI EDITOR

We hope every Muhlenberg alumnus will consider it his duty to assist the Alumni Editor in the compilation of his department. With your support we are confident that Professor Horn will make the Alumni pages among the most readable in the monthly, particularly to you, for you will obtain useful news about your classmates and friends in other classes, which otherwise would be lost to you.

### THE NEW ATHLETIC COACH

Now that a football coach has been elected we may begin to build our 1911 dreams of football supremacy. That there is a much greater probability of their being realized than the dreams of past seasons, no one intelligently doubts. Mr. Kelly comes highly recommended by Coach Stagg, one of the greatest college football experts in America. "Forward pass" Stagg, they call him, because of his fondness for this method of play. In fact, it is due to Stagg that the forward pass is legalized by the latest rules.

A close and intelligent student of the game, we may rest assured that Mr. Kelly will turn out a team which will be very nearly the best possible from the material at hand. Football authorities agree that there is no greater coach on the fundamentals than "Al" Bull. Since Mr. Kelly will have the entire 1910 Varsity with but a trifling exception to work with next year, his plans will probably be to perfect the team play and cul-

tivate that smoothness of action which develops speed, a quality which the Muhlenberg team has usually lacked.

He will, as far as present conditions indicate, have the distinction of being the only Western coach among the Eastern colleges, although Easterners in the West are legion.

### OUR SONG-BIRDS

The Glee Club is having a busy time of it with eleven concerts in the twenty-eight days of this, our tiniest month. The Club is being received most cordially everywhere it travels and is living up to its musical reputation.

At Philadelphia, on the tenth, the Club was entertained royally by Rev. I. C. Hoffman, Rev. Zenan Corbe, Rev. Archibald C. Schenk, '97; Rev. Melhorn and Joseph H. Stopp, '95.

The entertainment took the form of a banquet to the Club at the Central Y. M. C. A. just before the concert. Loyalty to Muhlenberg was rife and the inspiration of the speeches there delivered helped to make the concert one of the best in the history of the Club.

### A MUCH NEEDED REFORM

One of our readers has broached a subject to us which requires delicacy of treatment, to say the least. He said to us:

"There is room for a decorative artist in the Muhlenberg Dormitories. Such an Artist would have as his duties the task of revising the so-called mural 'decorations' in the rooms of students. He would doubtless be delighted with the wealth, nay, the prodigality, of material in many of the rooms. I want the 'Muhlenberg' to advocate this reform. The new football coach might have that





THOMAS KELLY.





in charge together with coaching the track, basketball and ice-hockey teams. Did I say there is room for an artist. There is not only room for such a reform, but a crying, howling need of it."

Our reader said that he was particularly incensed at what he called the "College Poster Girl Abomination." He said that at the sight of one these scars on the face of civilization, he went mad with rage like a bull at the sight of a red-flannel petticoat. (Luckily this conversation took place on the back campus.) He said Carolyn Wells Rossetti

expressed his sentiments exactly when she wrote that beautiful sonnet:

"The blessed poster girl leaned out  
From a pinky-purple heaven.  
One eye was red and one was green,  
Her bang was cut uneven;  
She had three fingers on her hand  
And the hairs of her head were seven.  
Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem  
No sunflowers did adorn,  
But a heavy Turkish portiere,  
Was very neatly worn;  
And the hat that lay along her back  
Was yellow, like canned corn."

## OTHER POINTS OF VIEW.

### OUT OF ORDER.

Former Representative Henry U. Johnson, of Indiana, was engaged in a debate with an Illinois Congressman, and called him an ass. This was unparliamentary, of course, and had to be withdrawn. At the order of the Speaker, Mr. Johnson said:

"I withdraw the language I used, Mr. Speaker, but I insist that the gentleman from Illinois is out of order."

"How am I out of order?" demanded the Illinois man, with considerable heat.

"Probably a veterinary surgeon can tell you," retorted Johnson. This was parliamentary and went into the *Record*.  
—*Ex.*

"Now, then, men," the gallant Captain cried, "fight like heroes till your powder's gone, then run for your lives. I'm a little lame, so I'll start now."—*Ex.*

### HIS ALARM CLOCK.

"I guess," said the Yankee, who had been asked to admire the echoes of the Alps. "I guess you don't know anything about echoes in this country. Why at my country place in the Rocky Mountains, it takes eight hours to hear the echo of your own voice. When I go to bed I put my head out of the window, and shout 'Time to get up,' and the echo wakes me in the morning."

Rose, trying to make a hit:

"Will you magnanimously grant me the inestimable ecstasy of escorting you to your celestial habitation? (Rather strange request. He is not a ministerial student.)—*Ex.*

Englishman—"What's in this soup? Why, it's a needle."

Waiter—"It's a typographical error, it should have been a noodle."—*Ex.*

## Our Alumni.

ROBERT C. HORN, *Editor.*

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### FELLOW ALUMNI:

You will observe that there is a new Alumni Editor of our paper. Dr. Ettinger, who has faithfully edited this department for many years, felt that pressure of work forced him to resign; and a younger man has taken charge. You will, I trust, have patience with the new editor until he has mastered the details of this work and has gained a better acquaintance with the older alumni. The department depends on *you* for its success. If class secretaries know anything of interest concerning their classmates—their doings, successes, change of address, change of occupation, and the like—send this information to the Alumni Editor. He will be grateful for it. If any alumni know anything of interest concerning any fellow alumni, let the editor know of it. If any alumni write articles, reviews, books, etc., which would not come to the attention of the editor in any other way, he will be pleased to receive copies and make mention of the same in these columns. (The editor will not however indulge in book reviews.) If then, fellow-alumni, you want this department of your paper to be successful, help the editor in every way possible and feel a personal responsibility for the success of "*The Muhlenberg*."

1883. Rev. J. O. Schlenker, who has been the pastor of Christ Lutheran Church at Hazleton the past twenty years, and who recently resigned, preached his farewell sermon. That in the morning was delivered in the German language, while at the evening service he spoke in English. Both services

were attended by large congregations, and at their close, hundreds gathered about the former pastor and with a hearty handshake, wished him success in his new field of labor.

Rev. Mr. Schlenker will move to Allentown, where as President of the Slavish Mission Board, he will work in the interest of that department of the Lutheran Church.

The wedding of Rev. Mr. Schlenker and Miss Catherine Kohlhaus, of Hazleton, took place in St. Luke's Lutheran Church, with Rev. J. C. Rausch, formerly of Audenried and West Hazleton, as the officiating clergyman, during the last month. Mr. and Mrs. Schlenker left on their honeymoon to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Upon their return they will take up house-keeping in a handsomely furnished home at No. 45 South Thirteenth street.

Mr. Schlenker was stationed at Hazleton for twenty years and recently resigned. His bride is one of Hazleton's most esteemed young ladies. The many friends of the couple wish them unbounded success and happiness.

1894. Hon. Constantine J. Erdman, father of Max S. Erdman, of the class of 1894, passed quietly away after an illness which extended over ten years. During his illness he suffered eighteen strokes of apoplexy.

Mr. Erdman conducted some of the most widely known cases in this section. He was elected District Attorney in 1874 and filled the office with complete satisfaction to the political and legal fraternity and the public at large. He



was elected to the Fifty-third Congress, as a Democrat, and was re-elected to the Fifty-fourth Congress. His greatest achievement and that which gave him a national reputation was the passage of the Erdman Arbitration Act, which is now frequently resorted to as the last act in labor disputes and which has saved many an expensive battle between labor and capital. Both his terms were marked by faithful adherence to public duty, and his course in all important questions was straight forward, undeviating and marked with ability.

In 1875 Mr. Erdman married Mary, daughter of John Rupp Schall and Rosie Ann (Fogel) Schall. The marriage was the union of two of the oldest and most influential families in Lehigh county. The married life of Mr. and Mrs. Erdman was most happy. Two children were born to them—Max Schall Erdman and Mary Constance Erdman. The son is a member of the bar and was associated with his father in the practice of the legal profession. During his father's service in Congress, he acted as his private secretary.—*Allentown Chronicle & News*, Jan. 16.

1895. Frederick C. Krapf, after long service in Elizabeth, N. J., will become pastor of the Palmyra-Hershey Parish in the Ministerium of Penna., on Feb. 15th.

1898. The Rev. Edwin Levan Kistler, pastor of the Cross Roads Parish in the Danville Conference, Min. of Penna., died at his home near Sunbury, Penna., on Jan. 29th, after an illness of about four weeks. Rev. Kistler was born Feb. 21, 1873, at Stony Run, Berks Co., Penna., a son of Edwin and Elmira Kistler. He was baptized in infancy by the Rev. John Zuelig, and confirmed as a

member of the New Jerusalem congregation by the Rev. H. S. Fegley in 1889.

Having determined, early in life, to enter the ministry, he prepared for college at the State Normal School at Kutztown. He graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1898 and from the Seminary at Mt. Airy in 1901. The same year he was ordained for the Holy ministry by the Ministerium of Penna. In 1902 he accepted a call to the pastorate of the Cross Roads Parish near Sunbury, where he served faithfully until the end.

On June 18th, 1905, he was united in marriage to Miss Mary K. Culp, the Rev. Wesley E. Wenner officiating. To this union there were born two children, who, together with his widow survive him. He also leaves behind him his parents, four brothers, and five sisters.

Funeral services were held in the Cross Roads Church on Feb. 1. The sermon was preached by the Rev. E. J. Heilman, of Elizabethville, and an address was made by the Rev. R. F. Gass, of the Reformed Church. The Revs. C. J. Streich, of Shamokin, J. H. Sandt, of Catawissa, and G. E. Koppenhaver, of Mahanoy, took part in the service. Six members of the Danville Conference served as pallbearers. The large church, crowded to its uttermost capacity, bore sufficient testimony to the affection with which his people regarded him. On the following day the remains were removed to Stony Run, where further services were conducted by the pastor of the old church, the Rev. A. O. Ebert.—*The Lutheran*.

1900. Charles K. Fegley became a Field Missionary of the English Home Mission Board of the Lutheran Church on May 1st, 1910. His first field was Palmyra and Hershey in the Lebanon Valley. On Jan. 16, 1911, he took up

residence at 45 S. Franklin street, Allentown, in which city he will develop a new congregation in the northwest section. At the same time he will develop work in Palmerton, Carbon Co.

1903. A congregational meeting of the members of Christ Lutheran Church at Hazleton elected Rev. A. W. Rohrig, of New Britain, Conn., pastor to succeed Rev. J. O. Schlenker, who resigned to take effect next month. Rev. Rohrig delivered trial sermons at the church a week ago and the congregation was well pleased with him. Rev. Rohrig is well known in Allentown and was graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1903.

1906. Rev. Thomas H. Bachman assumed the Great Swamp and Chestnut Hill charge, consisting of Trinity Reformed Church at Spinnerstown, Bucks County, and Chestnut Hill Reformed Church, near Limeport.

Rev. Bachman is a native of Lehigh County, having been born twenty-five years ago, and is consequently one of the youngest ministers engaged in pulpit work. He was graduated from Muhlenberg College with the Class of 1906 and completed his ministerial studies at Franklin and Marshall Theological Seminary at Lancaster with honors in 1909. During the same year he was licensed to preach and became pastor of Bethel Reformed charge consisting of four congregations, three in Lebanon and one in Berks County, at Bethel, (Millersburg).

Trinity Reformed Church, to which Rev. Bachman has been called, is much older than Salem's Church, the one he leaves.

Chestnut Hill Reformed Church is also an old church, prosperous and located about five miles from Trinity,

so that the new field for Rev. Bachman will be inviting, consisting of about 1000 members, with two large churches, each having the usual church society connections.

1906. Three graduates of Muhlenberg College are holding fellowships or scholarships at the University of Pennsylvania. This was announced yesterday in connection with the report of the complete registration of the Graduate School of the University.

Preston A. Barba, of Allentown, who was graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1906, and who has studied for a year abroad, holds a fellowship in Germanics under the George Leib Harrison Foundation of the University.

James H. S. Bossard, of Allentown, who was graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1909, holds a University fellowship for research. He is specializing in English.

The Rev. Preston A. Laury, of Perkasie, who was graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1892, is studying Semitics and Ethics at the University under a half scholarship.

Rev. Everitt Kresge, of Allentown, although not a graduate of Muhlenberg College, also holds a half scholarship. He is specializing in Psychology, Ethics and Philosophy.

The Harrison Foundation under which Mr. Barba is working, was founded in 1895 by the late Provost of the University, Charles C. Harrison in honor of his father. There are at present 32 men holding either Harrison scholarships or fellowships. These students represent the pick of American and foreign universities and are specializing in every branch of human knowledge. From Semitics to Zoology and from Political



Science to Psychology, all possible studies are included in the Harrison Foundation.

1908. On Sunday, January 22nd, Mr. Ralph H. Schatz delivered the address at the Allentown Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Schatz is Vice President of the Senior Class of the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania, and

last year was fourth in his class. He is also on the State Board Committee and the Mock Trial Committee of the institution.

Mr. Schatz was graduated with first honor from the Allentown High School in 1904 and with the same honor from Muhlenberg College in 1908.

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### FRANKEAN NOTES.

The first week of Lent has been separated as a special season of prayer. Special speakers will address the student body during that period to place before us the possibilities of the greatest life of service. This coming April Gettysburg seminary and college will hold a student missionary conference similar to the gathering held here in the fall of 1908.

---

"I have called," said the bank clerk to the president, "to inform you that I am about to be married."

"Young man," replied his employer sternly, "how many times have I told you that while you are an employe of this bank to refrain from all speculations."—*Ex.*

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"Music hath charm to soothe the savage beast." That's the reason they put a brass band around a dog's neck.—*Ex.*

Doctor—"If the baby won't take the milk cold, set it on the stove."

Mother—"Don't you think that too severe? How about just spanking it."—*Ex.*

---

Teacher—"Who was Cerberus?"

Pupil—"A three-headed dog which guarded the entrance to the lower world."

Teacher—"Remember him; you may meet him again in the future."—*Ex.*

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The college men are very slow,  
They seem to take their ease,  
For even when they graduate,  
They do it by degrees.—*Ex.*

# PERSONALS



HARRY J. BROBST, *Editor.*

The Personal Editor hopes to make many alterations and introduce some excellent new features. For instance, in this number he boldly breaks away from the time-honored custom of having a pun on Beer '13, every month. He intends to cut out, or rather, to blow off, all the froth and useless material in the department and he solicits the hearty cooperations of those who have had the endurance to read as far as this after what has happened.

## UP TO DATE.

Keever '12—Why is a hobble skirt like a crowded trolley car?

Shelly '12—Standing room only.

How about a College Reception before Lent?

Young Lady to Bausher '13—Let's play forfeits.

B.—But I've only got two feet. (Lady faints.)

Warren Eberts '11, has about fully recuperated from a severe cold which confined him to his home for about a week. His absence from the first two Glee Club concerts weakened the Club considerably.

Luther League Hall has finally gone dry.



GUN OR MENNENS?

Brossman '12—Why is a lover like a soldier?

Snyder '12—Because they both fly to arms?

Brossman '12—No, because they both are familiar with powder.

Ask Decose about the Scranton Flyer—Boop-boop.

Dr. Marks (directing Glee Club)—“Hold her hand and kiss her,” draw that part out as long as you can.

Walter Rentschler (waxing facetions while reading “*Muhlenberg*” proofs)—Lots of “news” in the Editorials this month, eh?

Beer '13—It was Tennyson's duty as poet-laureate to immortalize victory.

Esser '13(translating Latin)—I will arise the prophetic birds with impending showers.

Beer '13—Charlemagne introduced the inductive-deductive method of reasoning into English poetry.

Buts '13—Macaulay's most famous work was his autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.

HE WAS THINKING OF SAPOLIO

Prof. Ellis—Who was Saturn, Smith?

Smith—Saturn was the goddess of the dawn.

Dr. Haas (explaining Muhlenberg educatinal system to German visitors)—Das ist der Exam von Wilhelm Tell.

OH, YOU BLONDY!

Prof. Reese—What is the most powerful acid?

Krause '12—Hydrogen Peroxide.

Have you heard the new 1912 class yell. It goes something like this:—Monkeee, Soggeeee, Decose, —O—h Wopsel.

Have you heard the latest breezy bit from Mt. Airy.

Scene: between the acts at the Glee Club banquet in Philly.

Hassler '10, ex-Glee Club director, thoroughly sophisticated—Have you a German Bible with you?

Fry '14, Young and unsuspecting—Yes, I always carry one in my suitcase. Why?

Hassler—Oh, it's a good thing.

The Denver trip of the Glee Club has been postponed.

Christopher Columbus Quinn, the clever sub-forward of the Specials basketball team is fast getting into shape. He bought a new suit last week and the shoulders are very well padded.

Harry Nenow, '13, is on the sick list.

Kline, '11, has relinquished the semi-hirsute paraphernalia which sporadically obscured the dermal surface, immediately below the orifices of his proboscis. Great relief is felt among his friends and acquaintances.

THE CENTS OF SMELL.

Freshman—I wish I had a cent for every person that goes to the Orpheum.

Sophomore (the rogue) — Wouldn't you have a bad odor then?



FRANCIS H. SMITH, *Editor.*

Incorporated Dec. 7, 1908.

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## BASKET BALL.

Juniors—29

Freshmen—13.

The third game of the Inter-Class Series was played on Tuesday afternoon, January 17th, when the Juniors triumphed over the Freshmen. The Freshmen started out fairly well, but the absence of Leisy was felt and before long the passing of the under-classmen became erratic. The Juniors played a heady, consistent game and found the basket remarkably well considering that it was their first game. The Juniors were somewhat "off" in their foul shooting—only one goal having been made in seven attempts.

Line-up:

<i>Juniors</i>		<i>Freshman</i>
Frederick	forward	Storb
Rentschler	forward	Gebert (Cook)
Hummel	center	Flexer
Fink	guard	Fetheroli
Leiby (Shelly)	guard	Crouthamel

Field Goals—Frederick 3; Rentschler 3; Hummel 3; Leiby 1; Shelly 4; Storb 4; Cook 1.

Foul goals—Fink 1; Cook 3.

Officials—Reno '13; Smith '11.

Sophomores—2 Specials 0 (Forfeited)

The fourth game of the series was broken up in the last five minutes of play with the score 21-3, in favor of the Sophomores. The Specials refused to play because of a lack of substitutes which was made evident when the officials put one of their men out of the game.

The line-up:

<i>Sophomores</i>		<i>Specials</i>
Keim	forward	Fogel
Reno	forward	Ritter
Butz	centre	Orr
David	guard	Quinn
Esser	guard	Schilling

Field Goals—Reno 5; Butz 1; David 1; Esser 1; Ritter 1.

Foul Goals—Keim 5; Fogel 1.

Officials—Smith '11; Fink '12.

Specials—16

Freshmen—4

The Freshmen and Specials met in the fifth game to decide which team was to be the "tail-enders". The Specials were especially clever that day and forced their opponents into last place.

The line-up:

<i>Freshmen</i>		<i>Specials</i>
Gebert	forward	Ritter
Leisy	forward	Fogel
Cook	centre	Orr
Fetherolf	guard	Schilling
Kline	guard	Quinn

Field goals—Cook 1; Ritter 3; Fogel 3; Orr 1.

Foul goals—Leisy 1; Cook 1; Ritter 2.

Officials—Fink '12; Butz '13.

Juniors—16

Sophomores—15

The sixth game of the series proved to be the most closely contested so far this season. The Juniors had the upper-hand throughout but were not given a chance to ease-up as their opponents kept right at them. The Sophomore Team was somewhat weakened by the absence of Butz, but his substitute played a very creditable game.

The line-up:

<i>Juniors</i>		<i>Sophomores</i>
Rentschler	forward	Reno
Frederick	forward	Keim
Hummel	centre	Orr
Shelly	guard	Esser
Fink	guard	Wacker (Butz)

Field Goals—Keim 2; Reno 2; David 1; Rentschler 2; Frederick 2; Hummel 2; Shelly 1.

Foul goals—Keim 5; Fink 2.

Officials—Smith '11; Quinn (Special).

## THE MUHLENBERG

Juniors—29

Specials—8

By taking a one-sided game from the Specials the Juniors have placed themselves rather securely in first place.

The Seniors have been unable to play more than one game up to this time because of the fact that most of the members of their Team are busied with Glee Club work.

The line-up:

<i>Juniors</i>		<i>Specials</i>
Rentschler	forward	Ritter
Frederick	forward	Fogel
Hummel	centre	Orr
Shelly	guard	Quinn
(Fink) Schock	guard	Schilling

Field Goals—Ritter 2; Fogel 1; Orr 1; Frederick 5; Rentschler 2; Hummel 4; Orr 1 for Juniors, by mistake.

Foul goals—Fogel 2; Shelly 1; Fink 4.

Officials—Butz '13, Reno '13.

## STANDING OF THE TEAMS

	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Per.</i>
Juniors .....	3	0	1000,
Seniors .....	1	0	1000,
Sophomores .....	2	1	.666,
Specials .....	1	3	.250,
Freshmen .....	0	3	.000,

## FOOT BALL.

On Tuesday morning, February 7th, at a meeting of the Student Body the Foot-Ball Schedule for the Season of 1911 was officially announced by Prof. Reese. The "Father of Athletics" appealed to the fellows to live foot-ball the whole year round and cited a few incidents which tended to prove the value of such a plan.

The schedule as arranged by Mr. Snyder, manager of the Team, is as follows:

Sept. 27—Carlisle Indian Varsity—Carlisle.

Oct. 7—New York University—New York.

Oct. 14—Williamson Trade School—Allentown.

Oct. 21—Gettysburg College—Gettysburg.

Oct. 28—Delaware College—Allentown

Nov. 4—Lebanon Valley College—Allentown.

Nov. 11—Franklin and Marshall College—Allentown

Nov. 18—Western Maryland College—Allentown

Nov. 25—No game to be played.

Nov. 30—Carlisle Indian Reserves.

We are proud of this schedule, and in spite of the fact that some of our opponents will undoubtedly far surpass us in strength and ability, every member of the Student Body has loyally pledged his earnest support to the members of our team, through thick or thin.

## MUHLENBERG'S COACH FOR 1911

On Tuesday morning, February 14th, an announcement was made before the Student Body which caused more pleasant surprise than the announcement of the Foot-Ball schedule, a week previous. At this meeting it was officially announced that the Board of Trustees and the Athletic Association had decided upon a Coach for next year—a coach who will not only have charge of Foot-Ball but will act as Director of all Athletics at Muhlenberg. He will, no doubt, reside in the "Dorms" and in that respect will have a great advantage over former Coaches at our institution.

We take great pleasure in announcing through these columns that the choice has fallen upon Thomas Kelly, a graduate of Chicago University of the Class of 1909.

For the benefit of our friends who are not acquainted with our prospective



Coach allow us to mention some of his qualifications. Before entering the University, Mr. Kelly played half-back on his Prep. Team. His first year at the University saw him playing the same position on the Freshman Team, and during his three remaining years at the University he put up a fine game at a tackle position on the Varsity. For two years he was selected as All-Western Tackle.

Mr. Kelly's ability as a coach cannot be questioned. Last Fall he coached the Freshman Team of the University of Chicago, turning out the best Freshman Team in the history of the institution. He also coached a City High School Team "with excellent success."

The following is a statement made by A. A. Stagg, Professor Physical Educa-

tion at Chicago University and one of the greatest authorities on Athletics in America to-day: "Mr. Kelley has a good knowledge of all positions on the team. His plan for the past three years has been to go into athletic work and he has, therefore, made a study of coaching with that end in view. He was a member of our Track Team and has a good knowledge of Track Athletics and Basketball. He is a man of good character and habits and of excellent appearance." Such a statement from a man like Prof. Stagg should convince every friend of Muhlenberg that the choice is a wise one and now with a new system of coaching, a good strong schedule, promises of a large ambitious squad, and a loyal Student Body to back it up, what else can be expected but a *Successful Season!*

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#### IN THE MEANTIME.

Rich man (to beggar)—"Not a cent! Remember that you will have your reward in heaven."

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Beggar—"Will I? Then lend me five dollars now and I will pay it back then. I'll drop it down the chute."—*Ex.*

Judge—"Well, Pat, what brought you here?"

Pat—"Two policemen, your honor."

Judge—"Drunk, I suppose."

Pat—"Yes, sir; both of them."—*Ex.*

---

What is stronger than a mother's love?  
The smell of green onions on your girl's breath.—*Ex.*

---

A curling iron, a curling curl,  
A powder box, a pretty girl;  
A little rain, away it goes—  
A homely girl, a freckled nose.—*Ex.*

## Exchange.

JOHN E. HARTZELL, *Editor.*

With the publication of this issue, a new Exchange Editor will take charge of this department. We feel it not amiss to congratulate the retiring staff for their faithful efforts and of assuring them that under their regime "*The Muhlenberg*" has made decided strides of advancement. To state that there is no room for improvement, would be to distort the facts and to reflect forced flattery upon our predecessors. We have received the management under the most auspicious conditions. If we prove remiss in continuing what has hitherto been so well carried on, we are undeserving of the honor and trust. With this fact in view, we undertake the work with an eye single to the accomplishment of the task confronting us.

The Exchange Department of college publications seems, as far as our observations have extended, to receive the least attention. Frequently, moreover, sufficient heed is not given by an incumbent staff to the friendly criticisms of others. The real purpose and import of criticizing have been actually neglected. The constant and hackneyed use of critical formulae and trite platitudes and the indifference with which they are received, attest to the truth of the foregoing statement. An Exchange Department should not hold an undeserving prominence, but the level of its usefulness could be materially raised by endeavoring to depart from these common-places. Criticism is often made for the sake of criticism and not for the betterment of some sister journal. When this practice is indulged in, criticism loses its flavor and of necessity will be devoid of frankness and

honesty. This rut has entrapped many an unwary critic. A critic, if he desires to elicit the sanction of the educated and enlightened, will extricate himself from such an entanglement and will be actuated by motives of truth and reality. In this great age of ours, too much is made of form and too little of truthfulness. Men, like cowards, avoid facing their faults and instead of expunging them, devote their energies in covering them over with a thin cloak of form. This should not be the spirit of receiving criticism. It should be given to help and received to improve. If this be done, a mutual benefit will accrue therefrom. This paper encourages and is solicitous of wholesome criticisms, it shuns and deprecates the flimsy and unwarranted.

"The Red and Black" is a well organized and balanced paper. The tone of the whole paper indicates great interest on the part of the staff.

"The Argus" could afford to have a larger Literary Department. "Observations in Holland" is intensely interesting and worthy of perusal.

"Spectator," you use poor taste in dispersing ads with reading matter. Suitable cuts would enhance your paper considerably. The article on Lavoisier is well written and is an appropriate encoinium upon that great chemist.

Only one story appears in "The Red and Black." One less and you will have attained the minimum.

"The College Chips" furnishes us with a detailed account of "Benjamin Franklin as Envoy." The writer displays a goodly knowledge of the subject and



portrays this great character in a meritorious style.

"The Syracusan" is the most voluminous paper on our list. While it is obvious that the chief purpose of your publication is to keep your alumni well informed in university matters, yet, we believe, they are susceptible to the enjoyment of reading a good, original story written by an undergraduate.

"The Sorosis" is woefully in need of cuts.

A college paper is incomplete without an exchange column. "The Roanoke Collegian" must plead guilty.

"The Coming Revolution" in "The Crescent" is food for thought. While we take issue with several statements, we appreciate the writer's observation of present-day conditions. These we would not say, however, are sufficient to indicate so radical a phenomenon as a social revolution.

The editorial on "Literary Work" in "The Perkiomenite" is a tacit reproach upon the student body. You need a better and enlarged literary department.

In addition we gratefully acknowledge the following: "The Lincolnian," "The Pennant," "The Hemnica," "The Searchlight," "The Echo," "S. H. S. Review," "The Bethany Messenger," "Res Academicae," "College News," "The Ursinus Weekly," and "The Carlisle Arrow."

#### POOR MEMORY.

A physician in a small town was distinguished by his inability to remember names and people. One day, while making out a patient's receipt, his visitor's name escaped him. Not wishing to appear so forgetful, and thinking to get a clue, he asked her whether she spelled

her name with an e or i. The lady smilingly replied, "Why doctor, my name is Hill."—*Ex.*

#### CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

The man of the house was looking for his umbrella, and not finding it, asked the members of the family if they had used it.

"I think sister's beau took it last night," said Harry.

"Why do you think so, my son?" asked his father.

"'Cause, when I was in the hall last night I heard him say to sister, 'I believe I'll just steal one.'"—*Ex.*

"What is the secret of success?"

"Push," said the Button.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Never be led," said the Pencil.

"Always keep cool," said the Ice.

"Do business on tick," said the Clock.

"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.

"Make much of small things," said the Microscope.

"Spend much time in reflection," said the Mirror.

"Be sharp in your dealings," said the Knife.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.

"Strive to make a good impression," said the seal.—*Ex.*

Prospective Country Boarder—"Is the water you have here healthy?"

Landlady—"Yes, sir. We use only well water."—*Ex.*

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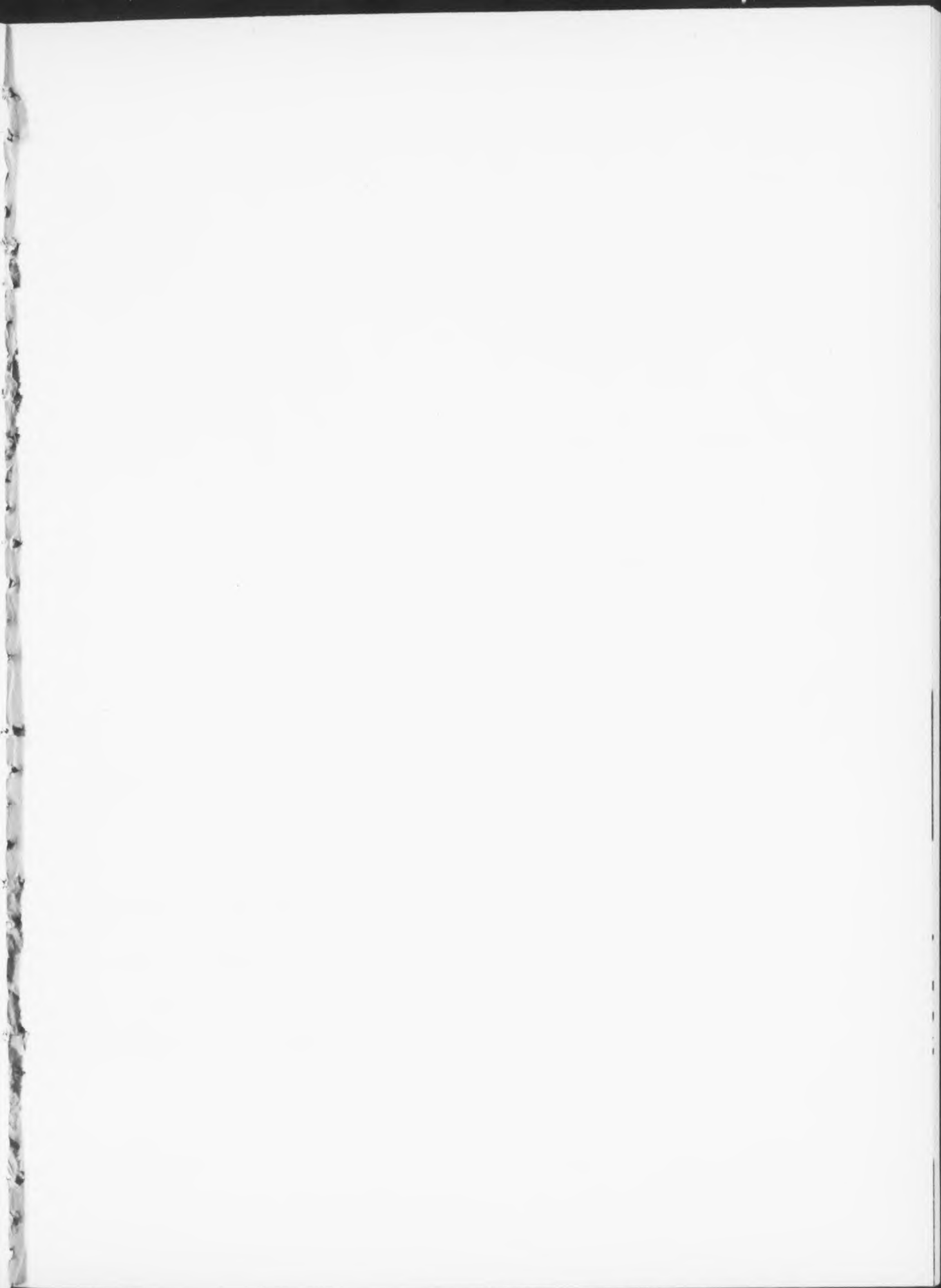
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Vol. XXIX.

MARCH, 1911

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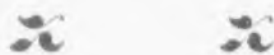


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# THE MUHLENBERG

VOL. XXIX.

ALLENTOWN, PA., MARCH, 1911.

No. 7.



WALTER M. RENTSCHLER, *Editor.*

## ST. PATRICK

In March there appears a day, which to all true Irishmen is the best-known and most popular of all the days in the year. This is St. Patrick's day. The arrival of this all-important day in the calendar can be easily noticed by all keen observers of color. Everything turns green, green trees, green suits, green suits, green socks, etc., etc., predominate and Freshmen once more feel an instinctive inclination for the wearing of the green; Even Nature herself celebrates the day by making the grass become green again, no doubt due as all must infer, to the direct influence of the saint himself. As the story of St. Patrick's eventful life is very little known to many, we have ventured to give a brief biography of the old churchman.

St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, was born at Banavem Tabernial, in Scotland, probably identical with the modern Dumbarton on the Leven near its

confluence with the Clyde a few miles northwest of Glasgow. When but sixteen years old, he was captured by pirates and taken to Ireland, where he was enslaved for six years. On receiving a call from God, he ran away and fled to France, in which country he traveled with a few companions until he came to Marseilles. Parting here from his companions, he journeyed on to Tours where he stayed with Martin, the Bishop of Tours, for four years. At last he returned to Scotland, but the desire to devote himself to preaching the gospel to the Irish was strengthened by visions and voices, and he went to Auxerre in France to be consecrated for his work.

In 1405 St. Patrick began his missionary work in Ireland, a work, which he carried on with a great deal of success throughout the rest of his life. It is said that he found no Christians and left no heathen. Among the many legends that have been gathered the best known is that he drove out the snakes from Ireland. In another one, it is relat-

ed that on the occasion when a company of soldiers was lying in wait to slay Patrick and his companions, he chanted his hymn called a "Breastplate," and the opponents mistook the Christians for wild deer with a fawn behind them. All these legends have enhanced St. Patrick's reputation and doubtless some of them have foundation in fact.

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## A GREAT NEED.

In last month's issue the literary editor laid emphasis on the fact that good stories and essays were needed. This month he wishes to lay still greater emphasis on the fact that *good poetry* is desired.

The "*Muhlenberg*" greatly feels the lack of good poems. There is nothing that better gives that necessary literary tone to a magazine than the presence of excellent poetry. Try to remedy this loss, fellow-students, by seeking the poetic Muse, for she will surely give you inspiration. Under her guidance you can steer safely into the realm of poetry and come back richly laden with the cargoes of the beautiful.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

It is interesting to note that the world's record prize for one of the great books in literature was established the other day in Philadelphia, when the original parts of Thackeray's "*Vanity Fair*" were sold for \$750.

Richard Strauss, the famous German composer, has written a new opera, "*The Pose Cavalier*," which bids fair to surpass in popularity and success his former

works "*Salome*" and "*Electra*." Its initial performance was given a most brilliant and enthusiastic reception. Whether this new work will be ever accepted as part of the regular operatic repertory, only time will decide.

A few week ago, a popular Allentown daily gave young people an opportunity of displaying their literary talent in an essay contest. The subject of the essay was, "*The Passion Play, of Oberammergau*." Such an enterprise is to be highly commended and ought to be followed by more of its kind. When conducted properly it is also highly beneficial to the community, as it arouses a wide-spread literary interest, thereby causing the younger as well as the older generation to become better acquainted with subjects they never took interest in before. Newspapers in this way can do a great deal toward elevating the intellectual and literary standard of a community.

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Our college library has received a set of the new edition of the "*Encyclopaedia Britannica*." Take advantage of this new acquisition, fellows, by freely using it.

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"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

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We are printing in this issue the stories that won second prize, and first honorable mention. The criticism which appeared in last month's "*Muhlenberg*" is valuable as a statement of the reasons for these awards and also what a literateur thinks about them.

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Did you hear the ocean moaning,  
Ever moaning sad and low?  
'Tis because that fat old bather  
Stepped upon its under tow.—*Ex.*



## THE DIAMOND GOD.

*Second Prize Story.*

The Baltimore Brats were going some.

The brilliant sporting-writer of the Louisville Times-Herald even went so far as to acknowledge that they had almost an even chance with Louisville for the pennant — if they didn't slump. They were a fast, smooth-running, well-oiled, (also ball-bearing) team of young players and there was no reason why they should not make things interesting for the Lulus. The Brats had a slight advantage, of course, in their .122 point lead, which the Lulus might find a little trouble in overcoming, but, if the Lulu pitchers held out, they ought to shake the hoodoo which had prevented them from romping home with the flag for the past two years.

"Yes," wound up the Times Herald, "the Brats are due for a slump, and when it comes, just watch our Lulus."

To an unpartisan observer, the pennant question in the Federal League that year appeared to be solved. The Brats had won the last two pennants and had practically the same team in the race for the third. They had taken the lead after the preliminary sparring at the beginning of the season and had held it unthreatened for three months. At this time, near the close of August, they were working superbly and, barring serious accident, were pretty sure of the honors. The Lulus had been holding second place for about a month. They were a team of old stars whose individual work kept the team where it was. As a team they were remarkable for their lack of inside-work. They had very simple, crude signals and relied chiefly on their stout sticks for their victories.

The Youngstown Yeggmen looked like pennant contenders till their pitchers "blew up" in mid-July. They were drifting along in third place. The other teams had fatal weaknesses, which kept them where they were, easy pickings for the Upper Three, a situation which has always been the great weakness of the Federal League. In fact, as the budding humorist of an eastern sporting-page put it, "The Federal League pennant-race has degenerated into a procession."

Now, since this story is not intended to be either a critical analysis of Federal League baseball or an exchange column for "Breezy Bingles" and the like, but deals intimately with the personality and development of Mr. "Tip" Slade, ex-able seaman, and first-baseman of the herein-before-mentioned Louisville Lulus, it is no more than just to Mr. Slade to bring him into the action.

"Tip", as the also herein-before-mentioned Times-Herald man familiarly designates him from his desk in the upper pavilion, was not an old player, nor was he very callow. He had been in fast company long enough to be called "the star Louisville first-sacker", but he was not sufficiently aged to have entirely submerged his individuality in the convention and precedent of the diamond as interpreted by Manager "Wallie" McShane. In other words, he had yet some things to learn.

Among these was Indifference to the Crowd. Not that Tip suffered from stage-fright. His early training, habits and sensibilities prevented that. But—he played to the gallery. Not always, of course, for in that case his career in the

big leagues would have been nipped in the bud long before he could have gotten under the limelight. But along about the sixth inning, when the game was well in hand, there would be a roar of approbation from the stands as Tip twisted himself into some precarious posture to field a perfectly sure throw or hit. The old vets smiled knowingly at Tip when he gracefully doffed his cap to the applauding thousands as he stepped up to the plate or came to the bench after a particularly remarkable play. And "Tiger" Schmidt, veteran of sixteen dusty campaigns, remarked confidentially to "Mamie" Gregg, as he raised a dipper-full of "ball player's medicine" to his lips, "Dat kid'll git his'n some day. See if he don't."

Of all the crowds throughout the eight cities, Tip was the particular pet of the Louisville chapter. "Tippie" they called him. He was their idol, their spotless knight. They sometimes "knocked" the other players, never Tip. This petting was gradually becoming a part of Tip, unknown probably to himself. For he was a good player, with an eye to the interests of the team and he would have dislodged this longing for praise had he realized its potency.

It was part of his daily sustenance to hear the Crowd manifest its sympathy with his actions. It was sweeter than any music could have been and more essential than his "cud". He had often been cautioned by his brothers-at-arms and ordered by his manager to "cut de comics", but he was of the stuff that burnt children are made of, and, not having felt the flame, was impervious to correction.

Now, one day when the Baltimore Brats were tentatively toying with the Milwaukee Tanks, Tony Gill blocked off

a speedy Tank on burglary bent and pushed the ball into him with more force than seemed polite to said Tank, who retaliated by scientifically knocking said ball out of Tony's hand. Silent Smith, who was umping, missed the play, and, seeing the ball on the ground, assured the four winds of heaven that the Tank was safe. After the Brats recovered their composure they discovered that they were without the services of Hank Mahone, whose expressed opinions on the decision at second were obnoxious to the harassed ump.

The Brats had more than once previously seen one of their number chased to the club-house, but the circumstances of this banishment were such as to cause them much uneasiness. In the first place, out of their five regular pitchers two had gone fishing and the Great Dutchman was on ice for the opening game with the Yeggmen on the following day. He was probably asleep at the hotel, therefore inaccessible. Moreover, Hank was the second twirler of the day, having replaced Throckmorton in the fourth inning when the Tanks began to get frisky. There were only the two Bush-League batting-practice stars at hand and three big innings yet to go. With many misgivings Masterson sent one of them out to the box, while he consigned the penitent Hank to a more torrid clime than Milwaukee.

Tony Gill's eyes spat fire at the decision, but long years of umpire-baiting had taught him to be chaste in his English when Silent was his objective point. He must retrieve himself in some other manner.

So he murmured a few airy nothings at the exultant Tank dancing off second, warning him that he'd "get" him. Then, when he saw his chance, he signalled for



a throw. The pitcher shot the ball to Tony and Tony slammed it into the Tank's wind with resounding force, doubling him up.

The next Tank that came down to second slid feet first and one of them up.

Tony left the game.

One minute later "Mucker" Heaton in a hurried attempt to cut the first Tank off at the plate, threw wild and Anglin, in going after it, broke a finger. A less steady team than the Brats would have been hopelessly demoralized by this turn of events. Even they were badly shaken up. And when the Tanks began to hammer the young pitcher's shoots, the rout was complete. The final score was 12-5.

From that time on something was the matter with the Brats. They dropped four games in a row to the Yeggmen and the Great Dutchman had to pitch his arm nearly off to nose out ahead in the opening game with the despised Duluth Dryads, who were burying themselves deeper and deeper in the last ditch. Of course they rallied, but there was something lacking. Possibly it was the cool head of little "Jacky" Anglin or the spirited blarney of Tony Gill. But deep down in his heart the old red fox Master-son knew that it was the long-dreaded and mystical Slump.

Whatever might have been the cause of the falling off, in two weeks Tip Slade and the rest of the Lulus found themselves within striking distance of the Brats. And then came the great series.

The Brats had begun to recover their speed and were getting accustomed to their altered line-up. So when the train steamed into Louisville they were confident that they would widen the gap between the Lulus and themselves from .12 to .30. Weren't they always at their best against the Lulus? Didn't Young

Warrie Deeping, their find of the season, hold the Lu's to less than five hits with his south-paw benders on each of their last two trips to Lulutown? And hadn't the Dutchman said that he had never felt better in his life? Well, then. As for the Lulus, they were even more confident, thanks to the incessant back patting of the Times-Herald and their series' just finished with the Nanticoke Gnats and the Camden Comets. Respectively, JOHNNIE ZIMMERMAN.

Johnnie Zimmerman, the best second-baseman ever, even unbent so far as to remark gruffly to Tip Slade that "first place looks pretty close." Tip and Johnnie, besides being the first- and second-basemen respectively of the Lulus, were the thorns in each other's bed of roses. Besides the natural racial antipathy, Johnnie "had it in" for Tip because he was the only man on the team who actively resented his bullying, while Tip hated heartily the offensive attitude which Johnnie assumed in the capacity of infield captain. Johnnie was a real star, no one could deny that, but he seemed to be trying to prove the rule of the prophet's honor and his country, etc., by being its exception. Tip regarded him as a "Swell-Head."

Of course this implacable animosity had its effect on the team-work. We have already said that the lack of inside-work was a prominent feature of the Lulu's playing. This was particularly true of the territory between first and second. Both men were exceptionally fast, but sometimes they seemed to have a very poor conception as to where the "grooves" were. (They, of course, had never read Mr. Evers' book, so we'll have to excuse them). There was continual friction as to who should take ground-balls. Even the optimistic Times-

Herald delicately hinted that "something ought to be done." So the feud went on, much to the disgust of the other players and of the intelligent fans, all three of whom were at one time on the point of withdrawing their patronage. But they were in their accustomed seats in the bleachers when Umpire Si Glessner announced to the press box in resounding tones that "the batteries for to-day will be Kreckler and Schmidt for Louisville, and Gross and Sheppard for Baltimore."

"Little Dutch against Big Dutch," murmured the stands.

Then the "Little Dutchman", as Willie Kreckler was affectionately called, carefully concealed his face in his glove so that alien batsmen could not distinguish expectoration from non-expectoration and made ready to pitch the first ball of the great series. The stands held their breath, for they realized that history was about to be made.

The game turned out to be one of those great pitchers' battles that one sees but once or twice in a season. Both representatives of Teutonic baseball prowess were pitching the game of their respective lives (Times-Herald again) and neither team could get a man past second. A Run became a thing to be spoken of covertly and in a discreet whisper. In fact only one Lulu had reached first up to the fifth inning.

In that inning Zimmerman, the first man up, smashed one at MacUckinne, who filled in at short in lieu of Tony Gill. He barely stopped the ball, fumbling it for an instant. In consequence his throw was both hurried and wild. Johnnie was safe. Then the unexpected happened. One of the Great Dutchman's shoots got away from Al. Sheppard, the youngster who was catching till Anglin should be able to assume the duties of his office.

Johnnie rested on third, but Tommie MacIlvoy failed dismally. His best effort was a "sky-scraper" to "Whitey" Garside at second.

A man on third and one out.

Tip Slade strode out to the plate with the solemn determination to hit that ball up against the fence. But Johnnie Zimmerman at third was wigwagging nervously at him. Tip ceased glaring at the Dutchman's jovial face long enough to get the signal for the squeeze play on the third ball. He negatived, but Johnnie was persistent. The "squeeze" play, that those knowing not may know, consists of a bunt sacrifice made while a base-runner is coming from third-base toward home-plate. The latter must start as the pitcher begins to pitch and the batsman must hit the ball somewhere inside the diamond, the runner scoring on his out at first. Naturally the play can be made only when there are less than two men out.

Tip made a wild swing at the first ball the Dutchman pitched, in an attempt to disguise his real intention and ignored utterly the second ball, which passed directly over the heart of the plate. With two strikes on the batsman it would have been wise to postpone the play till the fourth ball, since the Dutchman was almost sure to try to make Tip swing at a wide one.

But the brains to engineer this bit of finesse were off duty. Tip's one thought was to hit the next ball. Johnnie was trying to appear nonchalant at third and the coach's genius was concentrated on trying to stir up the Teuton.

As the Dutchman released the ball something told Tip it would be another "fade-away", which Gross had been using with effect throughout the game. He



therefore watched for the deceptive downward break and was wholly unprepared for the sharp, wide out-shoot which carried the ball fully a foot outside the plate. He made one desperate lunge—

Young Sheppard with the ball in his mit darted past the dejected Tip, and finally ran down the enraged Johnnie, who had started on schedule time. When the squeeze-play fails in this way the emotions of the participants usually follow specific lines. The base-runner is enraged and disgusted at the batsman, who is dejected or defiant according to his convictions, while the catcher augments the emotions of both with his exultant remarks and general bearing. The pitcher is the quietest of all, and silently congratulates himself on his luck. Nine times out of ten, Tip would have been sullenly defiant to criticism, except that of the Crowd, which was always favorable to him. But this time he realized that the Dutchman had outwitted him and spat dejectedly into his glove under the insults of Zimmerman, whose flow of billingsgate was augmented by Tip's attitude and the consoling cries of the crowd, "Good try, Tippie, ol' boy," "Hard luck, Tip," etc. And as the game went on he nept continually reminding Tip of his boneheadedness and other objectionable characteristics.

Now, at the Louisville park they have a squad of blue-clad "policemen", hired for the purpose of regaining fly balls hit into the bleachers. When a ball is hit there these "fly"-cops follow it up and usually succeed in getting it back by using threats of ejection.

Naturally these retriever Dogs of the Law are not exactly popular with the bleacherites, who malign them with great gusto in the discharge of their duty, mak-

ing almost as great a racket as they do when one of their favorites gets a hit at a critical juncture.

To return to the game. In the eighth inning with the score still O—O, Aloysius MacUckinne straightened out one of the Little Dutchman's shoots and reached third on the strength of his hit. This after Annie Moore had gone the way of all flesh.

A man on third and one out.

This situation was sadly familiar to Tip, as, he sullenly obeyed Zimmerman's rather profane order to play close with the rest of the infield in order to cut off the fleet Mr. MacUckinne at the plate on an infield ball. Tip was not playing with his whole heart. At the bench he had retorted to one of Zimmerman's remarks with a savage threat and had been reminded by Manager McShane that if there was any fighting to be done, he intended to do it. Tip was out of sorts. He felt that everybody on the field was hostile to him, including the two umpires and the photographers, who hadn't snapped him that day. His dear Crowd was his only friend. Just then Pop Ba:er put up a high foul fly. Tip wheeled and started after it, but stopped when he saw it was bound for the bleachers. He resumed his position and Kreckler continued his duel with the crafty Baker.

The cops in the bleachers, hot on the scent of Baker's foul, collared a quiet-looking old gentleman and demanded the ball. When he insisted he didn't have it he was conducted toward the gate, while the Crowd accompanied his going with loud bellows of indignation. Tip thought they were reviling the umpire's discrimination between balls and strikes. The shouts died away as the procession disappeared into the passageway leading to the gates.

## THE MUHLENBERG

At the exact instant the policeman came back out of the passageway to be saluted with terrible shouts of disapprobation, Pap Baker sent another foul fly whizzing toward the bleachers. It was shorter than the other, however, and Tip dug out after it as though his life depended on it. Then the raucous yells of the Crowd came to him through the troubled air. The Crowd—*his* Crowd were guying him. Objectionable epithets of all sorts missed the police, long since hardened to them, and struck the innocent Tip like straight-arm jolts to the face. Allusions to his birth and ancestry came to him and he trembled as he ran. The last supporting prop of his self-respect was gone. He missed the ball by ten feet. As a man in a dream

he resumed his position. As a man in a dream he stopped Baker's easy grounder and like a sleep-walker suddenly awakened, he threw the ball fully five feet over the grizzled head of "Tiger" Schmidt.

One run. It was enough to win.

Tip Slade had got "his'n."

\* \* \* \* \*

Two weeks later, in the first game after the Lulus' return home from a short eastern trip, Tip chased a foul fly right up to the low fence in front of the bleachers and speared it with one hand, by no means a mean feat.

"Good work, Tippie, ol' boy," howled a nearby fan.

"Aw, go back to bed," said Tip.

WILLIAM E. BRANDT, 1911.

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 THE HILLS.

The hills that I gaze at from my windows  
Bring ever comfort and peace to my  
soul;

Their strength and their majesty im-  
presses me,

And makes me but a mite on this earth.  
So surely will God, the all-comforter,  
Just as the lofty heights o'er yonder,  
Bring to my lonely and sorrowing self

"That peace which passes all under-  
standing."

"KISMET" '12.



## ROBBIE AND THE BEAN-BLOSSOM.

*First Honorable Mention.*

"Come, Robbie," said grandmother one warm July afternoon, "I want thee to carry some flowers to little Jim."

"O grandma, it's too awfully hot to go anywhere." I guess you don't know how hot it is. Besides, it's a long, duty walk way over there, and I'm so tired.

"But, Robbie," said grandmother in her kindest voice, "think of poor little Jim shut in that colse little room, and never a sight even of the cool fields and flowers, or scarce anything pleasant. You have been having such a happy time, can you not give a little to that sick boy?"

Robbie looked somewhat touched, then as the thought of the walk, and the heat and dust came to him, he fanned himself with his hat and looked a little cross. Grandma watched his face, and then said—and now her voice was stern: "Robbie I insist on thee doing this little kindness. You must go. Run into the garden and cut some flowers, and don't forget a few scarlet bean-blossoms." Robbie crammed his hat over his crisp curls, took the shears, and, as he went down the path, snapped sulkily at the innocent daisies and clover looking up with sweet, reproachful faces. It seemed so cool and pleasant in the garden, with the phlox, larkspur and marigolds; with the proud hollyhocks and modest mignonette. Robbie passed them all, to where the bean-vine clambered over the queer pole Uncl Abel found in the woods. Up and up climbed the green leaves, dotted with the brilliant scarlet-blossoms. They tossed in the breeze, and Robbie flung himself on the grass, with his arms under his head, and looked up at them with half-closed eyes. "O, I wish I were a

bean-blossom!" sighed Robbie unhappily. Nothing to do all day but swing in the wind. No work, no sickness; nothing but play, play, play. O, I wish I were a bean-blossom!"

Hardly had the words dropped from his lips, when he heard a voice say, "Come!" He dared not disobey. He could not, if he would; for it seemed as though a hundred soft little hands were lifting him, and he found himself at the foot of a flight of stairs. Broad, cool, green stairs. Up he went, drawn by those firm hands, and into a large room, hung with scarlet and gold; against the wall stood queer little men in scarlet jackets; on a throne, in a trailing scarlet robe, sat a queer little figure. "Kneel!" said the voice. Robbie knelt. "Rise!" Robbie rose. But where were the hall, the queer people. All had vanished and alone, high in the air, floated Robbie.

He had his wish. He was a bean-blossom. A fragrant breeze came up the garden; it gave him a gentle push, he swung gaily back and forth and tried to catch the tall hollyhocks blooming near. A wild bee flew into his bosom. A humming-bird kissed his cheek. A gorgeous butterfly lit for a moment on his stem. Was Robbie perfectly happy? Ah! even a bean-blossom may have trouble. As he swung lazily in the breeze, he looked off to the green fields stretching so peacefully to the hills, and watched the river winding down from the woods. Not far from the water's edge he saw a cottage, and looking through the walls, into a poor room, the blossom saw, on a low bed, a sick boy. His head seemed too large for his body, his limbs little and short. He turned wearily on his pillow.

## THE MUHLENBERG

"Mother," said he, "what is that hallooing and laughing?"

The sweet-faced mother turned to the window and replied: "The boys are playing ball on the meadow, darling."

"I thought so," and a patient smile passed over the boy's face.

Now the scene changed and Bean-blossom saw at his feet the lame boy, reaching those thin hands toward him, and exclaiming, "Oh! the lovely flowers; If I could reach them." He stretched his arms in the air and called, "come down, little flower, come down!"

Robbie tried and begged the breeze to help him, but it only tossed him higher.

Would no one lift him down to the helpless little boy? Who is that strong, handsome lad nearby?

"Help me down," cried the blossom.

"Give it to me?" begged little Jim. But the boy said, "I'm too tired. It is too warm," and flung himself on the grass for a nap. Little Jim covered his face with his hands and sobbed; the bean-blossom also wept. As it sobbed and cried it heard grandma calling "Robbie!" and, lo! he was a boy again, on the grass under the bean-vine, with grandma leaning over him and laughing. He jumped up, and as he filled his hands with flowers, told all about it, and said, "O grandma, I'm so glad I'm a boy again."

Robbie went down and stayed with Jem all the afternoon and never again did he say, "I am too tired with my own pleasures to make others happy."

ROBERT KRAUSE, '13.

Subscriber\$—\$ay Senior\$, Junior\$,  
Soph\$, Freshie\$, the *Muhlenberg* need\$  
that \$.

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

Kline, '14.—Are you going to the Laymen's Missionary Convention?

Moore, '14.—No. I just escaped being elected chairman of the Emaus delegation.

Dr. Haas.—What is the pentateuch?  
Soph.—One of the patriarchs.

## BOUQUETS.

Orr and Nenow, '14, are having a discussion about their ancestors.

Nenow (called Orr an Irishman). Say, 'Doc', do you know what that is?

Orr.—No.

Nenow, '14.—Why a negro turned inside out.

Orr.—(Calling Nenow a Slav).—Say, "Hap", do you know what that is?

Nenow.—No.

Orr.—Why a cross breed between a jackass and a wheelbarrow.

Mary had a hobble skirt,  
So tight she couldn't roam,  
And everywhere that Mary went  
She had to stay at home.—Ex.



# THE MUHLENBERG

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# EDITORIAL

## TRADITION.

Among the things which distinguish a College from a mere "place-to-learn" or "school", one of the most weighty is Tradition.

Tradition in this sense has a meaning peculiar to the particular college. In some colleges tradition means the recorded and reputed prowess of bygone heroes along athletic or scholastic lines. Another college may construe tradition to mean a number of time-honored practices which through long usage have become a sort of ritual or to say the least, so portentous and worthy of respect as to outweigh all secondary and temporary considerations.

Here at Muhlenberg our traditions partake very slightly of either of these classes. Athletics are so recent that the achievements of our first football teams have not as yet acquired anything of that "Golden Glory" of the past, so dear to the college man.

Because of the fact that it is less than a decade since we moved into these buildings and since tradition of the second class depends largely upon the physical characteristics of the college, what usages and observances we have, also suffer because of youth.

The fact is that we are making tradition. It depends upon us whether the Muhlenberg of 1940 will be able to look back to us with regard, or whether strolling through the halls and glancing casually at the grouped class pictures, he will say to "someone" with him, "Yes, some of the old boys Never did much except decorate the campus and pose for photographers. Must have been a dead crowd."

It is "up to us" whether he will look back on the 1911 football team, for instance, as the first team to win the big game, or, as he compares his watch with the beautiful clock in the tower of the Administration Building, "There's the clock presented by the Class of ——. Must have been loyal to their Alma Mater."

The trite Sophism, "What difference does it make to me what happens or is said fifty years hence. I don't give a rap whether we have a good team or not. It is more important to me that I stand high scholastically. This "tradition" is all tommy-rot. These are the thoughts of a man who has been here either not a very long time or too long. He has not absorbed college atmosphere, and would make an ideal student for a correspondence school. Pure reason not carried



sufficiently far asserts that it is silly to have "college spirit". This is another case where pure reason is too pure and simple and not broad enough in the mind of the individual thinker to include all the considerations which bear on the subject. It makes a great difference to one whether, when his sons come to Muhlenberg, they find their father's name and the name of their father's class or something in which he has done some good for the college in some corner or other. But possibly our Sophist acquaintances do not intend to send their sons to Muhlenberg.

We of the student body cannot build Dormitories or present clocks, but we can do everything in the way of athletic success and usages. There are many little things that one is apt to overlook when he is engrossed in study and which are of great traditional importance. We might follow the practice of not allowing any picture taken on the front steps except that of the college football team. We might continue the custom of singing college songs between the acts of the College Play. And there are many of these customs too numerous to mention, which would help make Muhlenberg a place to be proud of. Let us endeavor to make the tradition for which we will be held responsible the best that is in our power and let us make our college a *College* indeed. Fellows, it's worth while.

### THE ALMA MATER.

Along this line, there are two very urgent and necessary problems which demand our immediate attention. The first is the adoption and ratification by the student body of an Alma Mater hymn. Most of our readers doubtless know the

state of affairs in this matter.

mgff as fTriars nrN. tiohaarr YcoaTv

For a number of years past the student body has regarded as the "Alma Mater" a hymn to the tune of the Russian national anthem, which is the Alma Mater tune of the University of Pennsylvania and some other institutions. Penn, not to speak of the others, can claim precedence in this matter and the retention of this tune would make us subject to charges of plagiarism and sterility of student interest.

This year the Glee Club has been singing an Alma Mater to a tune composed by Edwin Haines Kistler of the class of '95. Since this is original it would be very acceptable for this reason alone, even if musically it were not extraordinary. But it is declared appropriate and beautiful, not only by the men who have become familiar with it but also by a number of eminent musicians to whom at various time it has been submitted.

We should decide about this in the near future.

### RAH, RAH, RAH.

Another question which goes hand in hand with this is the adoption of a good College Yell. Our present college yell is almost universally dissatisfactory. Let's adopt a yell and one that will stand the test of time.

### THE GLEE CLUB IN LANCASTER.

The Lancaster concert of the Glee Club on February 24, was in many respects one of the best this year.

The Club sang with the confidence of experience and the realization of an appreciative audience. The College can be

justly proud of the Club which represents it this year.

Most of the members of the Club visited Franklin and Marshall College next morning and were welcomed by the students who extended to them every courtesy. This is one indication of the calibre of the men who call Franklin and Marshall Alma Mater and they are assured of Muhlenberg's appreciation. We admire the man or the college that is able to submerge rivalries and differences when they are out of season and in bad taste.

### ART.

When our art agitator thought the time was ripe for another issue of the "*Muhlenberg*," he dropped into this office and delivered the following, "The M's which are awarded to the fellows for playing on the college teams were intended to be worn with a cardinal background. They do not show to advantage on a blue or brown jersey. Of course this is a matter of taste, and a fellow who has an M has a right to do with it what he wishes, but he should prize it highly and be very careful not to do anything

which would detract from its appearance. Gray on blue or brown guckt net shay." Here he relapsed into his mother tongue and we were unable to get any more hints on how to be artistic, but we agreed with him in what he said.

### A PLEA FOR POETRY.

Our literary editor has requested the other members of the staff to join with him in propelling a prayer that will penetrate to Parnassus, to permit our prospective poets to perch on Pegasus for the purpose of producing poems for publication in our paper and propagating poetic passion within the precincts of our particular portion of the Press-perusing public.

We heartily join him in this. Poetry not only is a source of aesthetic satisfaction, but it breaks the monotony of a prose page. It occupies more space than a prose article of the same number of words and thus would keep the Editor-in-Chief from inditing a superfluity of editorials. For this reason, if for no other, the staff appeals to you, men of Muhlenberg, for your thoughts couched in verse.

### CAUGHT ON THE CAMPUS.

#### HOMELY WISDOM.

Dr. Wackernagel—Don't marry until you can buy enough bread for two.

Eberts, '11—And then marry two?

#### IT HAPPENED AT DEIBERT'S.

Paules, '16—Henry, how long was that letter Savacool received this morning?

Henry, '12.—From the Dormitories to the Boarding House.

#### A SENIOR JOKE.

Miller, '11.—In Ethics.—Politics is-er-er-er-the science of-er-the hypotenuse, especially where the hypotenuse shades off.

Shilling.—Is the oratorical contest impromptu?

Nenow, 14.—No: Wear your ordinary clothes.



## Our Alumni.

ROBERT C. HORN, *Editor.*

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Hon. M. C. L. Kline, representative of the thirteenth congressional district comprising Lehigh and Berks in the 58th and 59th congresses, died on Friday evening, March 10, at the Allentown Hospital, to which institution he had been removed on Thursday evening following a cerebral embolism on February 21.

Mr. Kline put up a strong fight and his powerful physique that stood him in good stead during many other trying periods of his life went down under the onslaught of an insidious complication that showed itself too late for successful mastering.

Since the morning of February 21 when Mr. Kline was stricken while seated in his law-office in the Stiles building, this entire community has been watching his sick-bed and hoping for his recovery. The malady assumed such serious phases however that while his death brought a great shock to this community the event was not altogether unexpected.

When stricken on February 21 the trouble was diagnosed by Dr. George Seiberling as a cerebral embolism. It manifested itself in an affection of the nerve centers controlling speech and partially affected his hearing. Dr. Charles K. Mills, of the U. of P., considered the leading neurologist of the country, was summoned into consultation and diagnosed the case. Since that time, he was in this city a number of times and at all occasions Mr. Kline's condition showed some slight improvement in every detail except as to speech. His trouble of word-deafness, as the specialist describ-

ed it, had however shown signs of improvement during the past week and at times, when worked up, the patient was able to enunciate words very plainly.

Uraemic poisoning was assigned as the direct cause of death. In his last hours oxygen was administered and the most desperate measures were taken to prolong life but all of no avail.

Mr. Kline was educated in the Emaus schools and attended Muhlenberg, graduating in 1874. He was admitted to practice in the Lehigh County bar in 1876 and subsequently was admitted to practice in the superior and supreme courts of the state and the various federal courts.

He quickly entered political life and his energy, ambition and strong personality quickly carved a way for him, although he had to battle hard for the many honors that came to him. He was elected city solicitor in April 1877. In 1887 he made a successful run for the district attorneyship, serving with great credit during the term of 1887-90. His activity in the politics of his party, the Democratic, made him the logical leader of the party and for five successive terms he was elected as the chairman of the county committee, serving from 1895 to 1899.

Naturally skilled in finance, his energy took him into the banking business and from various positions of an executive and advisory nature he became the president of the Lehigh Valley Trust and Safe Deposit Co. in January 17, 1901, prior to which time he had for some time been a director of the Second National

## THE MUHLENBERG

Bank. After his election to congress in 1905 and on account of his continued absence from the city he resigned the bank presidency.

After serving two terms in congress he returned to this city and resumed the practice of law. Then he became the leading spirit in the formation of a new banking organization, the Allentown Trust Co., and he became its logical president, a position he held from the time of the organization to his death.

The summit of his political ambition was realized with his election to congress from the Berks-Lehigh district in November, 1902. He was elected in this campaign by a vote of 24,771 to 19,772 for Hon. W. H. Sowden, the Republican candidate. Two years later he was again the candidate of his party and again was opposed by Mr. Sowden who had run as an independent Democrat and was endorsed by the Republicans. His vote this time was 25,711 to 23,781 for his opponent. He was prominently mentioned as a candidate for the forthcoming congressional election in 1912.

Mr. Kline was national delegate from this district to the Democratic convention in 1908, which nominated Bryan.

1889. Rev. J. H. Raker, Superintendent of the Good Shepherd Home tendered his resignation as pastor of Grace Lutheran Church so as to enable him to devote more of his time to the increasing duties of the home. There are now twenty-two crippled children and four old people to care for at the home and in order to provide for these it is necessary for him to seek support from the public in sympathy with his work. Rev. Raker has been very successful with the limited means at his hand but there is need of a new building to shelter his charge now

and to provide for their sustenance. These efforts require time and much work.

1894. Rev. E. S. Woodring, formerly located at Philadelphia, actively assumed the pastorate of Seibert United Evangelical Church, on which occasion he conducted both morning and evening services, preaching at both, and participated in the session of Sunday school. Rev. Woodring, who although this is his first charge in this city, is well known here, made a good impression both through his sermons and at the informal receptions which followed the various services.

The topic for the sermon in the morning was an especially interesting one for the introductory services. At this service Rev. Woodring preached on "The Minister and the People—A Mutual Obligation," enlarging on the duties of the pastor to his people, and that of the congregation to the man who is laboring in their midst and for their welfare.

The evening topic was "The World's Quest and Heaven's Answer," based on texts from Matthew and John, "Who is this?" and "This is He" respectively.

Following both services, Rev. Woodring held informal receptions at which he met a large number of members of his new congregation.

1895. President Haas, of Muhlenberg College, is in receipt of a letter from the Secretary of the Class of '95, the Rev. L. D. Lazarus, of West Bethlehem, informing him that the Class of '95 had created a scholarship, the necessary funds for which will be raised until 1920, the silver anniversary of the class. At the quinquennial banquet of the class last June there was a strong feeling among the "boys" that something should be done for their Alma Mater.



In the interim, it has since been learned, the Secretary felt that the Class of '95 could and should do something never undertaken by any class of Muhlenberg and something in every respect far worthier and of a more permanent character. The result was the creation of a scholarship, a suggestion which the class by a overwhelming majority adopted. Subsequently, the naming of the scholarship was determined.

It was decided that as a worthy tribute of respect and honor to their "Dear Old Professor" tried and always found faithful, the title should be "The Wackernagle Scholarship," presented by the Class of '95. The venerable doctor, who was greatly and agreeably surprised, has accepted the rare honor conferred upon him, fully appreciating the kind action to the highest degree, and thanking the generous donors for their permanent good will.

This action is certainly a most commendable one. Many expressions of gratitude have been made concerning this helpful act. The following are the members of the class: Revs. F. C. Krapf, C. E. Kistler, E. H. Kistler, V. J. Bauer, L. D. Gable, W. J. Ellis, P. A. Behler, P. A. Lentz, E. E. Snyder, V. J. Becker, L. D. Lazarus, H. P. Miller; Legal

Brethren, W. J. Snyder, N. T. Miller; teachers, J. E. Sandt, F. A. Ebert, A. A. Killian, M. W. Schadt and W. Schmidt. "Chronicle and News."

1901. Rev. Elmer D. S. Boyer, formerly of Vera Cruz, and a Muhlenberg graduate, has sent to his friends in Allentown and vicinity, programs of the consecration services of his handsomely remodeled Holy Trinity Lutheran Church at Lafayette, Ind.

During the week's services sermons were preached by Lutheran clergymen of the middle and western states. Rev. Boyer was installed as first pastor of the congregation, February 5, 1904. In March, 1909 the old Universalist Church was purchased and partly razed. Ground was broken for the present structure, September 1, 1909, the corner stone was laid October 31, 1910 and on February 5, 1911 the present pastor celebrated his seventh anniversary.

1906. The First Church of Leechburg, Pa., of which Rev. Frederick A. Reiter is pastor, has just completed and consecrated a new tower and chimes. The congregation is offering for foreign missions was the largest in its history.

1909. Mr. Warren M. Beidler, is principal of a school at Great Bend, Pa.

#### IN FRESH SOCIETY.

Seidel, '14—Yes, Biery and his fiancée were strolling down Hamilton street yesterday, and the young lady slipped and fell. She was hurt.

Skean, —Did she break anything?

Seidel, '14—Yes, the engagement.

#### THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.

Henninger, '12.—Professor, there is just a certain bunch making the noise in this room.

Prof. Ross.—Well, Mr. Henninger, you ought to know.

# PERSONALS



HARRY J. BROBST, *Editor.*

## THE RIVAL GAS COMPANIES.

On Thursday evening, March 9, Sophronia for the second successive year won the intersociety debate. Paul Krause, '12, was the winning speaker and was thereby selected as Muhlenberg's delegate in the Intercollegiate Contest, at Collegeville, Pa., March 17.

Ernest Reiter, '12, Enterpea, was awarded second place and acts as alternate. The contest was well attended by the students, alumni and friends of the college, and the committee in charge deserve commendation for their preparations and programme. Dr. Ettinger presided, and there were musical numbers by Eberts, '11, and Kuder, '12.

It was our great privilege lately to hear a number of lectures on religious life. They were delivered by Rev. C. M. Jacobs; Rev. A. Steimle; Rev. Frank S. Urich; Rev. S. B. Stopp, and Rev. W. E. Brooks.

At a recent meeting of the Dramatic Association, Clarence D. Hummel, '12, was elected manager of the College Play. Walter W. Brossman, '12, and Rowland Leiby, '12, were elected assistants.

Student of Astronomy—"I have discovered a new star, professor."

Professor—"What's she playing in my boy?"—Ex.



## THE SOPH SPREAD.

The banquet of the Sophomore Class was held in the large dining hall of the Hotel Allen, February 21, 1911. The room was very tastefully decorated with penants of the class and of all the noted educational institutions of the land. The committee of arrangements was John I. Meck, J. Conrad Seegers, Carl G. Toebeke, Ralph C. Holben, Harvey L. Reno.

In response to the toast-master, Harry S. Klingler, the following spoke: Harvey L. Reno, Bert David, Charles E. Keim, J. Conrad Seegers, Conrad Raker, Ralph C. Holben, Wallace R. Knerr, Robert Krauss, John Meck, William Katz, Luther B. Scheehl and Harry P. Cressman.

## SOCIETY NOTE.

Although the Freshman seemed to be in favor of making the Sophomore banquet a shirtwaist affair, it is idly rumored that some Sophs succeeded in getting their tongues coated.

## SMOKE UP.

Bauman, '11—To which Seegers family does Conrad, '13, belong.

Smith, '11.—One of the lesser branches, I believe they are called the Seegerettes.

## HAS HE BEEN THERE?

Director Eberts, '11.—(Exhorting the Glee Club before the Easton concert.)—And when you go on the stage, it's just this, fellows, don't look so stiff and sober; look happy, as though you were going to your mother-in-law's funeral.

Eberts, '11.—In Economics.—Whatever be the fluctuations in the prices of other commodities, writing-paper is always stationery.

## SOUNDS FISHY.

Prof. Ross (in history).—What particular line was not developed during the middle ages.

Freshman (promptly).—The fish-line.

Cressman, '13,—Translating German. I dislevelled my hair.

The college cry around the "Dorms" is now "Rotbaeumken".

Clarence Kline, '14, has discontinued his college course. He is lucratively employed by a large syndicate in Detroit, Michigan. We wish him success in his chosen field of work.

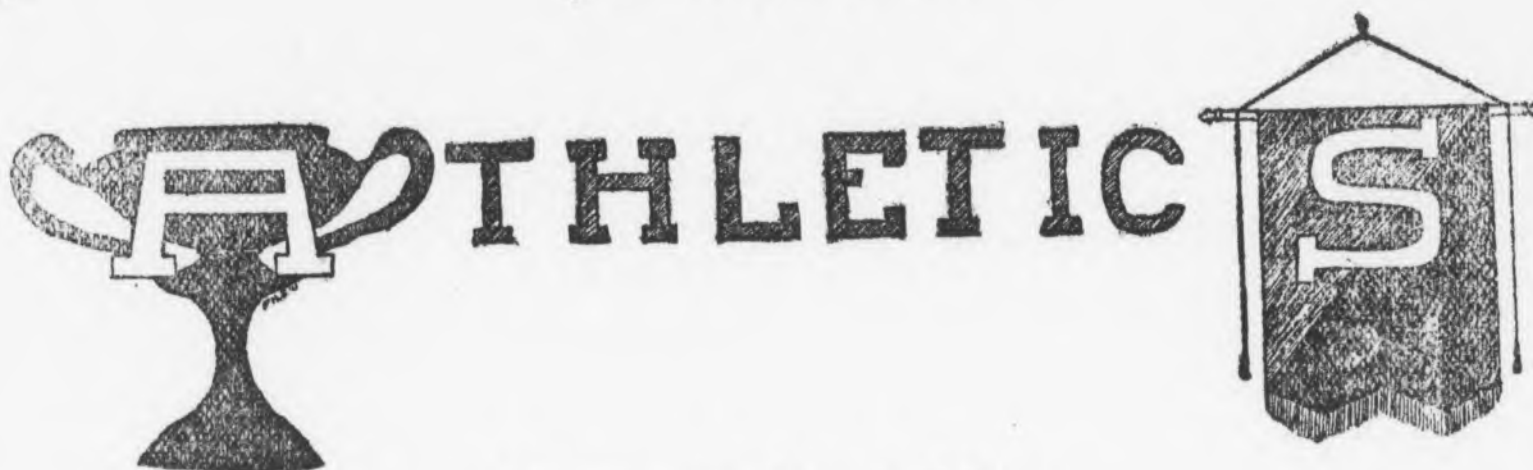
The concerts given by the Glee Club at Reading and Lancaster met with great success. About 750 people attended the concert at the Martin Auditorium, Lancaster. We greatly appreciate the spirit in which the student body of Franklin and Marshall College greeted the club.

Deibert, '13, and Knerr, '13, have installed a "double decker" bed, which has caused much comment around the "Dorms". Deibert is better able to climb up to the second story of their bed, than Knerr, but he is like an old maid in that he cannot sleep while there is a man under his bed. He sleeps very well just now, however.

## A COINCIDENCE.

Why did Prof. Ellis assign "The Absentee" to Bixler, '13, in required reading?

David, '13, asked for student's discount at the Sophomore banquet.

FRANCIS H. SMITH, *Editor.*

## BASKET BALL.

## Sophomores—17

The eighth game of the Inter-Class Series was closely contested. The Sophomores had in a former game lost to the Juniors by one point, so in this game they evened things up by defeating the Specials by the close margin of one point. The honors were pretty evenly divided; no player of either team secured more than two field goals.

The line-up:

*Sophomores*

Keim forward  
Reno forward  
David center  
Esser (Bixler) guard  
Wacker guard

Field Goals—Fogel 2; Keim 2; Quinn 2; David 2; Wacker 2; Schilling 1.

Foul Goals—Keim 5; Ritter 1; Fogel 3; Schilling 2.

## Sophomores—19

The Sophomores proved to be in better shape than the Seniors in the ninth game of the Series and the latter were forced to receive their first defeat. The Seniors made a wise change in their line-up at the beginning of the second half which made the game more interesting.

## Specials—16

*Specials*

Ritter  
Fogel  
Orr  
Quinn  
Schilling

## Seniors—12

The line-up:

*Sophomores*

Keim forward  
Wacker forward  
Butz center  
Esser guard  
Bixler guard

Field Goals—Kline 3; Butz 1; Wunder 1; Keim 2; Wacker 4; Butz 2.

Foul Goals—Brandt 2; Keim 3.

## Juniors—32

The Juniors walked all over the Freshmen in the tenth game of the series. The Freshmen were not as effective as in their first contest with the Juniors when the score was 29-13.

The line-up:

*Juniors*

Frederick forward  
Rentschler forward  
Hummel center  
Fink guard  
Shelly guard

Field Goals—Leisy 2; Frederick 4; Rentschler 2; Hummel 3; Shelly 5.

Foul Goals—Shelly 4.

## Juniors—38

The Juniors kept up their winning streak by running up a large score on the

*Seniors*

Kline  
Smith (Butz)  
Wunder  
Brandt  
Eberts

## Freshmen—4

*Freshmen*

Leisy  
Gebert  
Cook  
Fetherolf  
Seidel

## Seniors—7



Seniors. The Seniors Team was weakened by the absence of Butz, and a misfortune early in the game deprived them of another good man so that they were greatly handicapped. However, the Juniors won and by a high score. Shelly had his eye on the basket.

The line-up:

<i>Juniors</i>		<i>Seniors</i>	
Rentschler	forward	Eberts (Wunder)	
Frederick	forward	Kline	
Hummel	center	Wunder (Bauman)	
Fink	guard	Smith	
Shelly	guard	Brandt	

Field Goals—Rentschler 3 Frederick 5; Hummel 1; Shelly 7; Kline 2; Wunder 1.

Foul Goals—Shelly 4; Brandt 1.

Sophomores—24 Freshmen—2

The Freshmen managed to land one field goal during their second game with the Sophomores. The contest was very interesting during the first half and the half ended with the score fairly divided but the youngsters were lost in the latter part of the game and hence a sad defeat.

The line-up:

<i>Sophomores</i>		<i>Freshmen</i>	
Wacker	forward	Gebert	
Keim	forward	Biery (Leisy)	
Butz	center	Cook	
David	guard	Leisy (Crouthamel)	
Esser	guard	Fetherolf	

Field Goals—Gebert 1; Wacker 1; Keim 4; Butz 3; David 3.

Foul Goals—Keim 2.

Officials—Fink '12; Shelly '12.

Juniors—29

Specials—9

During the first half of "unlucky thirteenth" game the Juniors met their match; the half ended with the score 9-6 in their favor. But they came back

strong in the second half and inflicted upon the specials their fifth defeat. During the last few minutes of the game the Specials were powerless.

The line-up:

<i>Juniors</i>		<i>Specials</i>	
Rentschler	forward	Fogel	
Frederick	forward	Ritter	
Hummel	center	Orr	
Shelly	guard	Quinn	
Fink	guard	Schilling	

Field Goals—Hummel 1; Rentschler 1; Frederick 6; Shelly 2; Fink 1; Fogel 2; Ritter 1.

Foul Goals—Fink 7; Fogel 3.

Officials—Butz '11; Eberts '11.

Seniors—21

Freshmen—10

The Freshmen showed marked signs of improvement in the game with the Seniors. Gebert and Leisy played a good consistent game throughout. Brandt excelled for the Seniors and redeemed some of the faulty work of his team mates. The game was interesting from start to finish.

The line-up:

<i>Seniors</i>		<i>Freshmen</i>	
Kline	forward	C. Ritter	
Eberts	forward	Gebert	
Wunder	center	Cook	
Brandt	guard	Leisy	
Butz	guard	Fetherolf	

Field Goals—Gebert 2; Leisy 2; Fetherolf 1; Kline 3; Wunder 2; Brandt 5.

Foul Goals—Brandt 1.

Officials—Fink '12; Reno '13.

### STANDING OF THE TEAMS.

	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Per.</i>
Juniors .....	6	0	1.000
Sophomores .....	5	1	.833
Seniors .....	2	2	.500
Specials .....	1	5	.166
Freshmen .....	0	6	.000

## TRACK.

The regular indoor Track Work was started on Wednesday, March 1st, and since that time the candidates for the Track Team have been under the supervision of Coach Smith every Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoon in the "Gym."

Special attention is being given to the candidates for the Relay Team in as much as the Penn Relay Races will be held the latter part of April, and time is precious.

Muhlenberg did not "also run" in the Relay Races last spring—she did something worth talking about—Muhlenberg came in second in her class and this year she must be first.

The Relay Team of last year is still intact. This fact alone should make us hopeful. Furthermore, among the new men there are a number of promising quarter-milers; consequently our chances for a winning Relay Team are far better than last Spring.

Captain Reiter is very much pleased with the Squad that is turning out for the indoor work. Most of last year's men are out and when the Basket Ball Series is concluded the number will be increased.

Among the candidates are quite a number of Freshmen who are showing up well in the dashes, hurdles and high jump. Very little in regard to the other events can be "doped out" before the weather permits outdoor work.

If the Captain's plans are carried out, as soon as the squad gets outside, he will take charge of the long distance runners; Toecke will look after the quarter and half milers; Skean will tend to the weight men; Bixler will speed up the dash men; and Smith will break in some hurdlers and pole-vaulters. The plan is a good one and every fellow should strive to carry it out.

Somehow or other the Captains of the various teams at Muhlenberg are not respected and appreciated as they should be. Let's get a little spirit in this respect and lay aside all petty dislikes and various distinctions and treat our Captains as they should be treated. We can start in right now. We have an earnest, energetic Track Captain—lets make him feel that we as a Student Body are back of him and his team, for then and then only can we expect good results.

## BLANKETS ??? vs. BLANKETS !!!

For some months mention has been made in this publication concerning the advisability of procuring Blankets for the Athletic Teams at Muhlenberg. No progress was made until Prof. Reese in his usual persuasive manner convinced the Student Body that such a step could and should be made. Immediately the Presidents of the various classes were authorized to receive pledges from the members of their respective classes, and

in that way the start was made.

To-day there are eighteen perfectly beautiful blankets in the Treasurer's Office to be used by the Athletic Teams of our institution. The Blankets are in cardinal and made of a very serviceable material. A gray border and a gray Muhlenberg in the center show the Blankets off to great effect.

The Blankets!!! have defeated the Blankets.??



## Exchange.

JOHN E. HARTZELL, *Editor.*

---

The exchange Editor's desk has been overflowing with college papers this month. This, taken as a sign of the times, indicates that there exists a mutual relation of friendship between our paper and its exchanges. A large exchange list has its invaluable advantages. By it the scope of ideas and the vision of what our contemporaries are doing is proportionally increased. For this reason we beg to be indulged in the request that our exchanges, both old and new, will not fail to foster and encourage the continuance of this feeling of good-will toward one another.

"*The Argus*" has impressed us favorably by its general appearance and neatness. The cover arrangement is attractive and deserves to be commended. More attention needs to be given the Alumni Department.

That the staff of the "*Delaware College Review*" is hard at work, is clearly evidenced by the kind of paper they are putting out. But still there is room for great improvement. One department cut is not sufficient for a college paper of the Review's size. Do not neglect your alumni. If you have no alumni department, why not start one? If pays, to use a colloquial expression, to keep on the right side of the old folks. Our experience has been that the more attention we give our alumni, the larger the subscription list.

We were extremely pleased to receive "*Old Penn*", the weekly Review of the University of Penna. This paper in reference to real college news and activities towers head and shoulders above any

paper that has come under our observation. Many of its articles are of literary merit and the publication of such an eminent course of lectures as those bearing on "*The Problem of Truth*" indicates at once of what sort of matter the paper consists.

The Blair Hall "*Breeze*" deserves honorable mention in respect to its literary department. "*Lessons From Nature*" in "*The Otterbein Aegis*" indicates the writer to be a close observer of nature and the article on "*Men of Strength*" teems with truth and earnestness. The arrangement of the paper can be improved upon. The literary articles should not be scattered indiscriminately, but should rather come under their proper department.

Swarthmore Preparatory School "*Quarterly*" contains several well written stories. The one entitled "*Friends*" is clever and "*A Seaside Tragedy*" is a reasonably good attempt at dramaturgy, but still we believe it advisable to leave that form of composition for older hands.

We heartily agree with the sentiment, that real science and true religion never conflict, in "*The Theory of Organic Evolution To-day*," as printed in "*The Mercury*." This article shows much thought and logical conclusions. Your paper is decidedly one sided. Twenty-eight pages are devoted to literary articles and the remaining four pages to editorials and exchanges. Where are your personals, your athletic notes, your alumni notes? Surely a college paper ought to contain college items. That fact cannot be gainsaid.

In addition we acknowledge the following:

*The Bethany Messenger, The Sorosis, The Mirror, The Acorn, The Midland, The Argus, The Comenian, The Dincolnian, Angsburg Echo, The Buff and Blue, The Argus of Holderness School, The Red and Black, College Breezes, The College Folio, The Budget, The Ursinuc Weekly, The S. H. S. Review, The Parrot, The Susquehanna, Delaware College Review, The Spectator, College News, The Buchtelite, The Echo, Lutheran Normal School and The Lutheran Companion.*

#### HYMNBOOKS AND HYMNBOOKS.

Some mischievous boys in Florida once determined to play a joke on an old colored preacher. They stole his hymnbook, cut out many of the pages, and pasted in neatly the verses to various popular songs.

The next Sunday the old man arose to announce the hymn. "Brederen an' sistern," said he, "we's gwine to sing number fo'ty-nine." But, turning to the hymn, he was disconcerted to find "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie." "I reckon we better sing numbeh fo'ty-foh," he announced, hastily. This proved to be "Ain't it Funny What a Difference Just a Few Hours Make!" "Brederen," said the preacher, in disgust, "somebody's done stole mah Baptist hymnbook, and left dis yar 'Piscalopian hymnbook in its place!"—*Ex.*

Young Girl (bidding her lover good-night)—"You are the light of my life."

Sleepy Voice (from above)—"Jennie, put out the light."—*Ex.*

Somebody asked "Tubby" the other day how it happened that he always looked so happy and well.

"Why, every time I sit down to worry I fall asleep," he replied.—*Ex.*

#### GUILTY.

He—"Yes, I'm practising law for myself, now."

She—"Honestly?"

He—"What do you mean?"—*Ex.*

One day recently, Knopf was observed with a picture of Emperor William under his arm, entering a pawn shop.

"Why, Sammie," exclaimed Ward, anxiously, "I trust that you are not going to pawn anything."

"Oh, no," said Sammie, "I am merely trying to Hoch Der Kaiser."—*Ex.*

She: "Before we were married you used to say I was the sunshine of your life."

He: "And you are; you still make it hot for me."—*Ex.*

#### HOW THE FIGHT BEGAN.

Violette—"I wish you would tell me how to get this pitch off my dress. I have tried everything I can think of."

Reginald—"You might try a song. You always get off the pitch when you sing."—*Ex.*

#### JUST AS HE THOUGHT.

A small boy was reciting in a geography class. The teacher was trying to teach him the points of the compass. She explained: "On your right is the South, your left the North, and in front of you is the East. Now, what is behind you?"

The boy studied for a moment, then puckered up his face and bawled: "I knew it. I told Ma you'd see that patch in my pants."—*Ex.*



He stood on the bridge at midnight,  
Interrupting my silent repose.  
For he was a large mosquito,  
And the bridge was the bridge of my  
nose.—Ex.

A VETERAN.

Lawyer: "The cross-examination did not seem to worry you. Have you had any previous experience?"

Client: "Six children."—Ex.

When Willie picked the dynamite  
He flew o'er dale and hill,  
"I must," his father said that night,  
"Collect a little Bill."—Ex.

All boys love their sisters,  
But I so good have grown,  
That I love other boys' sisters  
Far better than my own.—Ex.

"Now, little boys," said a Sunday School teacher, "What lesson can we learn from the busy, busy bee?"

"I know," said Tommy.

"Yes, Tommy," said the kindly-faced man, "and what is it?"

Promptly said Tommy, "Not to get stung."

THE ASSESSOR AND THE GOAT.

A citizen of a Western city once went to the assessor of taxes to protest against his assessment.

"What do you mean," he demanded, "by assessing me \$40 for one goat?"

"Don't you own a goat?"

"Yes, but it's not worth forty cents," said the kicker.

"Can't help it, we must go according to the rules," said the intelligent official, and turning to the statute book he read: "All property abounding or abutting on the street shall be assessed \$20 for each front foot."—Ex.

Sorrows of the cross-eyed man—  
"Miss, may I have the next dance?"  
(Two ladies rising) "With pleasure."  
—Ex.

Teacher—"What are the two kinds of blood in the human body?"

Bright girl—"Venous and artillery blood."—Ex.

The man behind the book store counter was watching the fellow next to the magazine stand, as the latter started out, the clerk went after him.

"See here, sir, you'll have to pay for that magazine or put it back," he said.

"I'm committing no theft," said the person accosted; "can't you see I am only taking an Outing?"

"Well, just let me tell you, my man," answered the dealer, "Success in Life depends a lot on Work, and if I am any Judge, Everybody's apt to hold the Mirror up to you and let you reflect on your peculiar manner of taking an Outing."

Whereupon, musing that the Outlook was dark as a Black Cat, if he didn't pay up, the culprit forked over.—Ex.

"My instructor in English told me not to say hair cut."

"How's that?"

"He said it was a barbarism.—Ex.

Sophomore (sternly)—Did you take a shower bath?

Freshman (meekly)—No, are there any missing?—Ex.

"Say, grandpa, make a noise like a frog."

"What for, my boy?"

"Why, pa says that when you croak we'll get \$5,000."—Ex.

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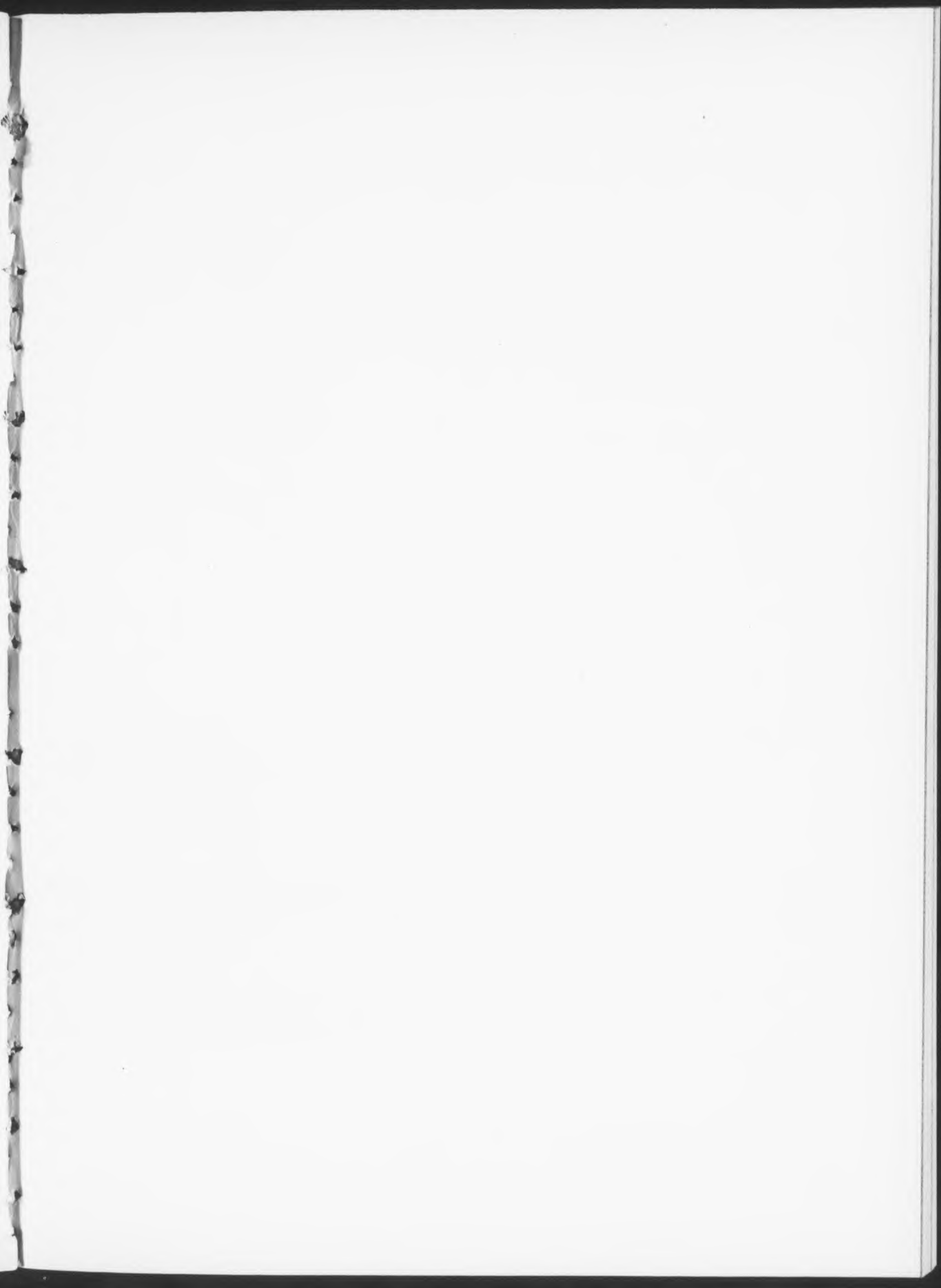
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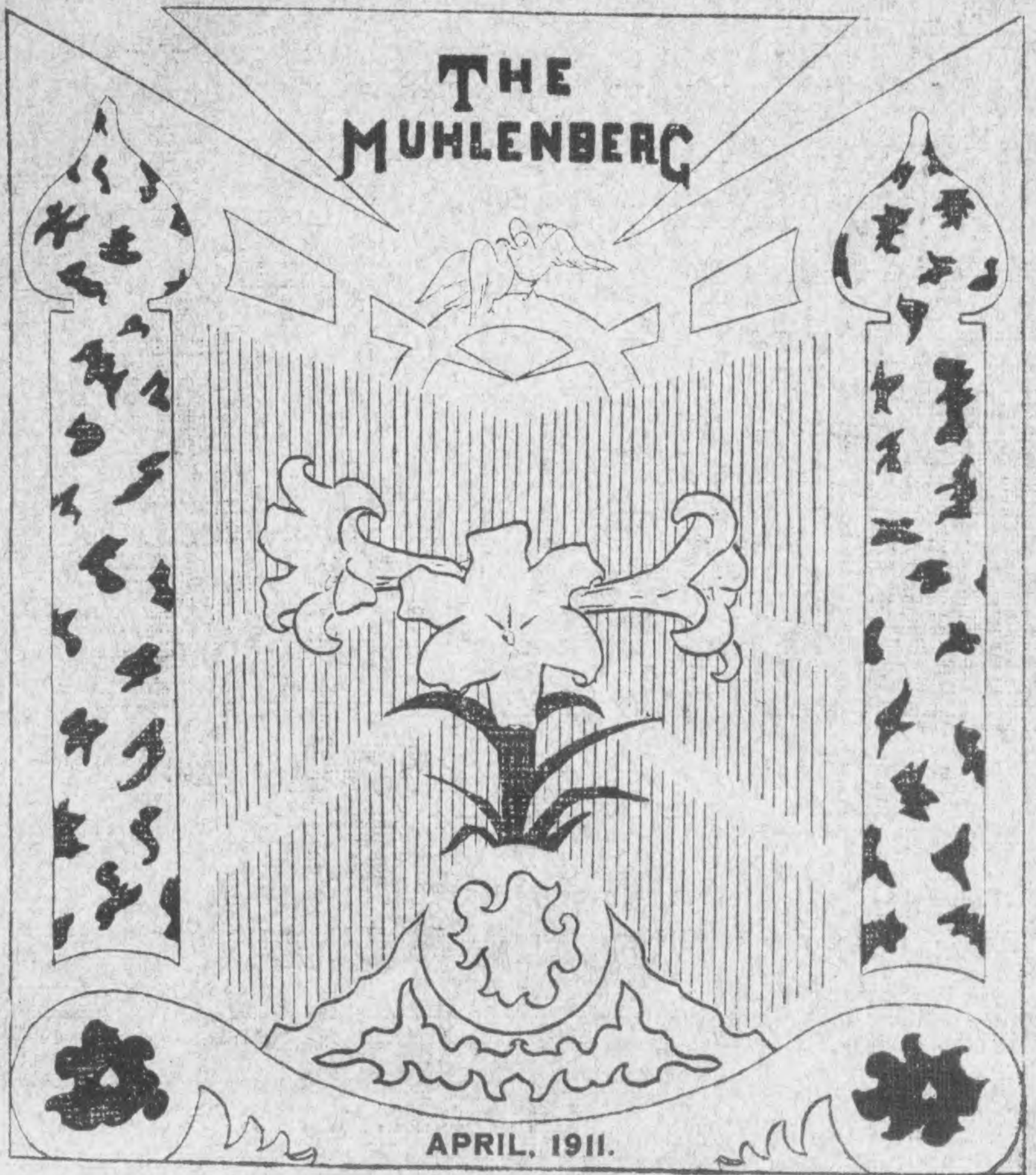
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Vol. XXIX.

No. 8.

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# THE MUHLENBERG

VOL. XXIX.

ALLENTOWN, PA., APRIL, 1911.

No. 8.



WALTER M. RENTSCHLER, *Editor.*

## CHRISTWARD—An Easter Prayer.

Jesus, Savior, may thy presence  
Evermore be near;  
May we hear thy voice in storm-time  
pleading clear.  
Keep us safely, Holy Father,  
From the evil way;  
Teach thy children looking heavenward  
How to pray.  
Make us humble, Christ Redeemer,  
Fashion us anew;  
Grip us with thy love forever  
Through and through.  
May we who thy peace have tasted  
E'er thy will obey;  
Manifesting forth thy glory  
Day by day.  
In this vale of sin and sorrow  
Where gross darkness reigns,  
Hearken to thy suff'ring offspring  
Bound in chains.

Use us freely in thy service  
Loathing chaff and dross;  
Gath'ring wanderers morn and nightfall  
Wrestling 'mid the dark;  
Strengthen us to fight thy battles  
To the Cross.  
Cheer us when at times we weary  
With new heart.  
When the clarion Gospel's pealing  
Zion's angel stills,  
And no more Truth's beacon's gleaming  
From yon hills.  
May we not appear before Thee  
Standing all alone  
But lead back some long—lost brother  
To his home.  
So! When glory's bliss shalt waken  
Thou, O Christ, shalt be  
Object of redeemed one's praises  
Through Eternity.

F. C. W., '11.

**EASTER.**

Easter instils in every heart a sense of peace; Christ has arisen and joy reigns supreme. The preceding weeks have been a period of pain and of sorrow, a time of tribulations and of suffering, finally culminating in the greatest tragedy the world has ever known, the crucifixion of Christ himself; but, then, after all this pain and sorrow there steals thru the heart a sense of ineffable joy, for on Easter Sunday the joyful news announces itself that Christ has arisen. The sad past is now but a dim memory; the joyful present is with us and the rosy future lies ahead of us. Christ has arisen! The world is electrified at the news and happiness prevails everywhere.

It is due to this continual intermingling of suffering and of joy that Christianity makes such a powerful appeal to all. In Christ, whom it follows and through whom the peace of God came into the world, man saw for the first time a truth which the boldest imagination could hardly have discovered, that God himself shares the human experience of suffering. No wonder, then, that with the resurrection of Christ the whole world is illumined with joy and peace.

The popular observances, past and present connected with this day are innumerable. The use of eggs in this connection is from remote antiquity, the egg having been considered in widely separated pre-Christian mythologies a symbol of resurrection. It is possible that here, as in other cases, the Church adopted and consecrated an earlier custom. This is almost certainly true of the Easter fires, which formerly celebrated the triumph of spring over winter. Some of the mediaeval customs, especially in France and Germany, were very quaint—for example, that which prevailed in several

French cathedrals of a solemn game of ball played by the bishops, canons and other dignitaries; grave and rhythmical dances were performed at Auxernea late as the fifteenth century. All these observances had a common purpose—the expression of joy in the resurrection.

**A BAD PRACTICE.**

Some persons have made a practice of taking out magazines from the reading room, which, when brought back and that not often, are found to be in a badly mutilated condition; the covers are entirely torn off and many clippings are usually cut out, in this way frequently spoiling interesting parts of good articles. Such a practice should be stopped immediately, and severe measures should be taken against the offenders. Every one of us should have a proper regard for the rights of other men; the magazines are put in the reading room for the benefit of all and when a student is mean enough to appropriate one for his own selfish purposes, he is depriving the other students of the possible benefits, which they might have derived from perusing that particular magazine. In connection with this evil, there is also a practice of taking books out of the different class-rooms and only returning them at a time when they are not needed any longer. This is a habit which is greatly to be deplored and which should also be stopped.

In this number we are publishing the story submitted in the Short Story contest which proved very baffling and puzzling, and at a special meeting of the Muhlenberg Staff it was decided to award it a Consolation Prize, the nature of which is secret and we are unable to inform our readers, much as we should like to please them.



## WHAT IS A SHORT STORY ?

If a short-story were not 'something other and something more than a mere story which is short,' there would be no occasion for its special study. But since the fact is recognized, both by critics who discuss and by authors who create, that the short-story is 'something other and something more,' the question of the distinctive features of this type of literature becomes one of real importance. We must not expect such precise and rigid definition in literature as in science; but sometimes in literature a critic attempts to summarize in a single sentence the essentials of a subject, to enclose in a nutshell the kernel of the matter. This attempt has been made in regard to the short-story in the following statements, which are interesting and suggestive as bringing out in concise form what each of the writers regards as the significant features.

Professor Bramder Matthews in his essay, *The Philosophy of the Short-story*, writes: "An idea logically developed by one possessing the sense of form and the gift of style, is what we look for in the short-story." Mr. Clayton Hamilton, in his *Materials and Methods of Fiction* attempts a more formal definition: "The aim of a short-story is to produce a single narrative effect with the greatest economy of means that is consistent with the utmost emphasis." Because of the extreme conciseness of these statements they need explanation and illustration somewhat in detail.

It will be noted that the writers agree upon certain important essentials. "An idea logically developed;" "a single narrative effect;" both of these expressions point to *unity* as an essential feature of the short-story. The meaning of the

term *unity*, and its practical application, are more definitely set forth by Edgar Allan Poe, who before the middle of last century had formulated the principle as applied to the short-story. He says:

"A skilful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single effect to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents, he then combines such events, as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tend not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design. By such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred art a sense of the fullest satisfaction."

Robert Louis Stevenson, in writing to a friend about one of his own short-stories, has clearly shown that he was guided by Poe's principle of unity: "Make another end of it? Ah, yes, but that's not the way I write; the whole tale is implied; I never use an effect when I can help it unless it prepares the effects that are to follow: that's what a story consists in. To make another end, that is to make the beginning all wrong. The *denouement* of a long story is nothing; it is just 'a full close'...but the body and end of a short-story is bone of the bone and blood of the blood of the beginning."

From the above quotations it is clear, that the short-story must be written with

the central thought, or *denouement*, constantly in view, and that every detail, no matter how interesting or amusing in itself, must be excluded unless it has a bearing, direct or indirect, upon the central idea. This is what is meant by *unity of structure*, and in the short-story *unity of structure* is of the greatest importance.

A short-story must also have *unity of tone*. Unity of structure is primarily a matter of building; unity of tone is primarily a matter of expression, or style. A definite idea of the means whereby unity of tone is secured, and of its value, may be gained by noting an example of its effective use. In *The Fall of the House of Usher*, Poe consciously strives to produce an emotional tone of gloomy, foreboding horror. Accordingly we have this as his opening:

"During the whole of a *dull, dark and soundless* day in the *autumn of the year* when the *clouds hung oppressively low* in the heavens, I had been passing *alone*, on horseback, through a *singularly dreary tract* of country; and at length found myself as the *shades of evening* drew on, within view of the *melancholy House of Usher*."

In the sentence immediately following he more definitely suggests the tone:

"I know not what it was, but with the first glimpse of the building *a sense of insufferable gloom* pervaded my spirit."

Throughout the entire story Poe uses devices to heighten this single emotional effect, thereby attaining unity of tone. Hawthorne's "Hollow of the Three Hills" and Stevenson's "Markheim" should also be studied as examples of unity of tone.

What are the parts of a short-story which are most important in its structure, and on which we may expect the

author to place the greatest emphasis? Unquestionably the climax is, as a rule, more important than any other part. Poe writes:

"It is only with the *denouement* constantly in mind that we can give a plot its indispensable air of consequence or causation, by making the incidents, and especially the tone, at all points, tend to the development of the intention. There is a radical error, I think, in the usual mode of constructing a story. Either history affords a theme or one is suggested by an incident of the day, or, at best, the author sets himself to work in the combination of striking events to form merely the basis of his narrative, designing generally to fill in with description, dialogue, or authorial comment whatever crevices of fact or action may from page to page render themselves apparent. I prefer commencing with the consideration of an *effect*. . . . Having chosen a novel, first, and secondly a vivid effect, I consider whether it can best be wrought by incident or tone—whether by ordinary incidents and peculiar tone, or the converse, or by peculiarity both of incident and tone—afterward looking about me (or rather within) for such combinations of events, or tone, as shall best aid me in the construction of the effect."

Just as a skilful climax is important for leaving a telling impression on the mind of the reader at the close of a story, so a well-planned opening is of great value in fixing his interest at the beginning. "The opening of a perfectly constructed tale," writes Mr. Clayton Hamilton, "fulfils two purposes, one of which is intellectual and the other emotional. Intellectually, it indicates clearly to the reader whether, in the narrative which follows, the element of action,



or of character, or of setting is to be predominant—in other words, which of the three sorts of narrative effect the story is intended to produce. Emotionally, it strikes the keynote and suggests the tone of the entire story.”

As an illustration of the foregoing, the student should read carefully that masterpiece of technical skill, Maupassant's *The Necklace*. It is a story of character, and opening with the sentence: “She was one of those pretty and charming girls, born by a blunder of destiny in a family of employes,” prepares the way by a brilliant character sketch for one of the most remarkable climaxes in all the literature of the short-story. Take also the opening of Poe's story, *The Cask of Amontillado*, a story having as its motive revenge, after the manner of the cold-blooded Italian villain: “The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as best I could; but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. *At length*, I would be revenged. This was a point definitely settled—but the very definiteness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redressor. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt to him who has done the wrong.” Many other stories might be cited, notably Dr. Van Dyke's *The Other Wise Man*, as examples of the effectiveness of a good opening.

It will be clear, therefore, that in the beginning, which contains the opening of a story, and in the ending, which contains the climax, the author takes the utmost pains to produce the most telling

effect. The treatment of that other important part of the short-story, the *suspense*, is too large a subject for handling in this cursory discussion.

There is one other important point which every student especially, and every would-be writer very especially, needs to consider deeply and consider often. The short-story is, on its surface, so much like that other form of prose fiction, the novel, that we are apt to think of these as essentially the same in kind, and as differing merely in length. But to have this conception of the short-story is to be blind to its real purpose and to miss the point of every great short-story. Professor Brander Matthews (in the *Philosophy of the Short-story*) was the first to formulate explicitly and in set terms an idea clearly suggested by Poe's essay on Hawthorne—the idea that “the short-story is in reality a *genre*, a separate kind, a genius by itself.” Professor Matthews writes:

The difference between a novel and a novelette is one of length only: a novelette is a brief novel. But the difference between a novel and a short-story is a difference of kind. A true short-story is something other and something more than a mere story which is short. A true short-story differs from the novel chiefly in its essential unity of impression. In a far more exact and precise use of the word, a short-story has unity as the novel cannot have it. A short-story deals with a single emotion, or the series of emotions called forth by a single situation. Poe's paradox that a poem cannot greatly exceed a hundred lines in length under penalty of ceasing to be one poem and breaking into a string of poems, may serve to suggest the precise difference between the short-story and the novel. The short-story is the single

effect, complete and self-contained, while the novel is of necessity broken into a series of episodes. Thus the short-story has, what the novel cannot have, the effect of "totality," as Poe called it, the unity of impressions. The short-story is not only not a chapter out of a novel, or an incident or an episode extracted from a longer tale, but at its best it impresses the reader with the belief that it would be spoiled if it were made larger or if it were incorporated into a more elaborate work."

Poe's essay on Hawthorne's Tales, from which essay the foregoing ideas were perhaps derived, should be read in full by every student of the short-story.

I have tried to point out briefly some of the significant features of the short story that every college man should become acquainted with; and to do so simply and in language as free as possible from technical terms. In a future article I may comment on some of the characteristics of students' short-stories and suggest a list of books about the short-story and of collections of short-stories, suitable for college men who wish to study this subject more carefully.

In conclusion I should like to suggest, without undue insistence upon the point, that the short-story as a type of literature possesses certain characteristics which

seem to adapt it perfectly to American readers and which may be spoken of as "the Americanism of the short-story." The qualities which mark it as peculiarly American are: brevity, strict adherence to a purpose to produce a single definite effect, rigid economy of the means at its command, and finally the remarkable versatility and adaptability as a type, which enable it to enter every field that literature can enter. Because it is perfectly adapted to the American temperament the short-story achieved its earliest and widest popularity in America. Its brevity suits it for reading in the brief periods of leisure which Americans allow themselves: its intensity of purpose responds to the American's demand for actual, tangible accomplishment in whatever he calls success; its rapidity of movement gives him the violent sensations, the flash and fire, which his hurried life has accustomed him to enjoy; its avoidance of waste in incidents, descriptions, and details, in accomplishing its purpose, suits with the practicality of the American mind; and, finally, the variety of its subject-matter, its breadth of field, and its freedom from limitation, have qualified it in the highest degree to become, and to remain for some years, the characteristic American type of literature.

COLIN C. ALEXANDER.



## ON THE PROTRACTED SILENCE OF THE COLONEL.

Many theories have been advanced as to why Colonel Roosevelt has not been his usual loquacious self in the dailies of the past month or two. The nation is trembling with anxiety because it has had no one to tell it what to do and the best way to do it. Hundreds of starving reporters have been thrown out of their jobs because of his continued taciturnity, and there seems to be no color or life to the morning's news. Accidents, burglaries, holocausts, murders, and other trivialities in vain seek to take the place of the Colonel's brilliant monologues on the recent advance in the price of cheese. Even the "Outlook" has lost its usual exultant appearance and its publishers are busily reading up the bankruptcy laws.

Of the many theories, the one most widely spread is that he doesn't wish to speak. This is morally, philosophically and psychologically impossible. The Colonel has often said that it is his moral right, prerogative and duty to guide the nation through its present crisis by the medium of the respectable press and the "Outlook". Therefore, since he is a man of high moral principle, it is impossible for him to wish not to talk.

The philosophical law of Infinitesimal Causality demands that everything be created for a definite purpose, and that, this purpose accomplished, the creation cease to exist. Since the Colonel's purpose is to talk and since we have no valid reason to believe that he has ceased to exist, this hypothesis is philosophically impossible.

The psychological law of Habit states that the necessity of performing an act is proportional to the number of times one has performed it in the past. Those

mathematically inclined may figure out how nearly impossible it would be for the Colonel to do anything but talk as long as he possessed the necessary vitality.

A great many advance the suggestion that he has been struck dumb. A little thought will put us right on that score. If the Colonel had been struck dumb it would have had little effect on his garrulity, for it is said that he can manhandle a type-writer even faster than he can talk. Nothing short of constitutional paralysis could stop the flow of words and even afflicted by this disease, he undoubtedly would call in some of his friends of the thought—wave persuasion and communicate with them via the luminiferous ether. And they say that the time required for a thought to travel around the world is a small fraction of a second. Imagine the volume of the Colonel's five-minute discourses according to this theory. We hear nothing from him, therefore it must be rejected.

We now come to severe illness or death, which is suggested as the "reason why" by various Democrats. Here the wish is probably father of the thought. In the case of severe illness, unless he were absolutely unconscious, there would be some message to his helpless people, see the psychological proof above. Death, then, is the only alternative, and there are a great many people who can convince you that there are voices from beyond the grave. If so, we may shortly receive some lurid descriptions of the other place, free from the nature-faking of Dante, and which can be read only by men with red blood in their veins.

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So we see that Death is the only hypothesis in any way defensible, if we reject all humorous suggestions as to his being imprisoned by the enraged Ananias

Club or having ascended in a hot-air balloon and forgotten to come down.

And still the Colonel is silent.

SPRING FEVER.

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 APRIL RAINS.

April Rains to the Senior heart  
 Speak of loves that soon must part.  
 Chill the dull clouds shed their tears  
 Knelling the close of college years.  
 Each cold drop knocks at his breast,  
 Like the dart of Cupid's quest.  
 Strength'ning love's constraining ties  
 As each hastening moment dies.  
 Love for Alma Mater dear—  
 Light that burns, mind's doubts to clear.  
 Love for old Tradition's store  
 Reverenced by sons of yore.  
 Love for Masters none excels  
 Guiding us to wisdom's wells.  
 Love for classmate and tried friend—  
 Souls we've learned to comprehend—  
 Whom life's strenuous call to fight  
 Tears us from with heartless might.  
 Love for her who stands unique,  
 Radiant like Jungfrau's peak.  
 As on that mountain's snows eternal,  
 Sunset glow paints tints supernal.  
 So upon her brow divine  
 As the fleeting steeds of time.  
 Speed him toward Commencement Day  
 Love's flame glows with brighter ray.  
 Thus the April showers bring  
 With the bursting buds of Spring.  
 Senior thoughts nor will can seal  
 Nor the heavens quite reveal.

F. W. '11.



## THE MYSTERY OF THE EROSTRATE GLIOMA.

*Consolation Prize.*

It was a dark and gloomy night. The rain pattered mournfully on the roofs and the wind howled among the tree-tops.

Down the solitary main road of the small town of Squeedunk a single pedestrian was making his way. His face, discernible in the occasional glare of a street-lamp, was dark and swarthy and belokened his Southern origin.

His step was firm and steady. He was muscular and about six feet tall. Ever and anon he paused and listened intently as if he were expecting to hear some slight sound.

The stranger had now reached the outskirts of the village. The shingled houses gave way to whitewashed fences and the lamps had vanished entirely.

Suddenly the report of a revolver rang out above the wind and rain. The man faltered, then turned and dashed in the direction of the shot.

Another report reported and he fell to the earth with a splash.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You see, it is this way," said John

Smith, the amateur detective to his colleague Sholmelock Hearles. "But two hypotheses were to be entertained concerning the murder of the Italian Ambassador at Squeedunk. Either he was dead before he was discovered or else he died on the way to the hospital."

"The latter hypothesis is eliminated by the fact that one of the finders of this body applied the usual means of proving death, viz., sticking him with pins, reading him a *Muhlenberg* Personal, burning him with hot irons, cutting off his head and other methods.

"We have now but one hypothesis remaining, that he died before he was found.

"We have now arrived at the solution of our little problem. Excuse me a moment."

Smith went into the next room and Holmes heard him talking a half hour over the telephone. At the end of that time he came back into the room exclaiming:

"We are up against it again. The villain sailed for China on the 3 o'clock ferry."

DORCAS, '19.

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The "feet"ure of the callege day is to see "Herr" ist Rot Brossman perambulate over to breakfast in slippers, with socks and his ever "reddy" smile.

# THE MUHLENBERG

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# EDITORIAL

## EASTER.

The Easter season is primarily one of joy, of exultation. The Lenten chastening and purification of soul is a preparation, a making ready, as it were, for the celebration of the keystone event of Christianity.

The setting is most appropriate to this religious climax. Just as the Lenten chrysalis produces the joys of Easter Day, so Nature, emerging from her winter shell of ice, undergoes a metamorphosis equally charming and joyous. The Resurrection is a symbol of the final emancipation of the soul; so also, Spring graphically portrays to us at each recurrence, the glorious spectacle of Life out of Death.

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## SATURDAY 25

We are proud of our civilization. We are proud of the interlacing complexities we are pleased to call our Ethics. We allow ourselves just a little self-satisfied qualm of pride when we compare ourselves with those peoples who lived in the domain of earlier, cruder social systems.

As Americans, too, we realize our good qualities. Are we not the most inventive, progressive and illustrious of

nations? We recognize New York as our metropolis, the highest expression of our civilized life. There if anywhere, we should be able to locate criteria whence we may regulate our standards.

Among other things in our newspaper the other day there was a column or two which described in convincing, if rather gruesome phrase, a sweatshop fire. It happened in New York.

A couple hundred girls crowded into the three top floors of a ten-story building. No emergency provision in the way of fire extinguishers; a useless inside "fire escape", wood dry as tinder; air laden with lint. There is a fire. About a hundred and fifty toilers will toil no more, Potash and Perlmutter, proprietors, escape; loss fully covered by insurance; a feeling of horror for a day or two, then submerged among the things of yesterday. Everything is once more all right. Civilization moves majestically forward.

Why did that fire occur? Money. Fire-escapes, extinguishers proper ventilation, anything sane costs Money. Girls lives do not cost Money. Loss fully covered by insurance! Verily, Great is Mammon.

For a commercial civilization we are pretty good. We can not progress much farther along the lines of money-making.

But there are inevitable accompaniments to national Philistinism. A universal vulgarity is the most noticeable. A disregard or depreciation of all considerations secondary to finance is the most subtle and devastating.

What's the answer? Optimism calls us a melting-pot wherein by fervent heat the best traits of our heterogenous population will be fused into the super-American. We are the race of the future. Pessimism points to the story of Empire, first, the hardy warriors, next, the Golden Age, the racial climax, the proper balance of mental and physical, then the development of luxury and corruption, the decadence, leading to the final catastrophe, when the tale is that of another nation.

Distressingly few men of the day seem to appreciate the extent to which commercialism has gotten into control of our souls. But the number is increasing and it will not be long till the nation will be called upon to choose between God, and Mammon. Will it prove to be the Melting-pot or the death of the race; the Yellow Metal or the Yellow Peril?

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#### PALMS OF VICTORY.

On Friday, March 17, at Ursinus, Paul Krauss, '12, was awarded second prize in the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest. Tyler of Swarthmore carried away first honors. The contest was held by the Intercollegiate Oratorical Association, which at the present time consists of Lafayette, Swarthmore, Franklin and Marshall, Ursinus, Gettysburg and Muhlenberg. The Association was

founded in February, 1893, and its charter members were the University of tin Trexler, chairman, was accepted.

Lafayette has been easily the leader in the contests, having won first place five times. Franklin and Marshall has two. Muhlenberg won first honors in 1907, when Shimer, '07, took first. Franklin and Marshall has taken second place no less than seven times, Swarthmore and Gettysburg three each and Muhlenberg twice. Muhlenberg has always taken a prominent position in the administration of the association and at present her representative, Brossman, '12, is Secretary.

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#### GETTYSBURG CONVENTION.

At Gettysburg College, April 20-23, will be held the second All Lutheran Collegiate Missionary Convention, of which the first was held here in the fall of 1908. All of our students who wish to spend a few profitable and enjoyable days during the Easter recess should not fail to attend this Convention on the historic old battlefield. Free Entertainment will be provided for all. The trip would be worth while apart from the convention. The combination is a happy one!

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#### MUSICAL NOTES.

On Tuesday evening, April 25th, at the Lyric Theatre, the Glee Club will give its annual "home" concert. Our warblers this year have built up quite a reputation throughout their itinerary and we are informed that it is generally considered the best club in the history of Muhlenberg. April, 25, be there and bring somebody with you.



**CHAFF.**

Among those present at the Spring rebirth of Nature is the straw hat. True, she has not as yet become visible to the nude optic, but a vague, indefinite unrest which pervades the centers of hatdom, is an unerring harbinger of her early appearance. Many colleges have a special day on which the head-coverings of the undergraduates are to undergo this striking metamorphosis.

A visitor from Mars, or a balloonist hovering over Franklin Field on the day of the Penn-Princeton baseball game would have no difficulty in discovering that a derby would be very bad form at that game, to say the least.

Here, we wait until some daring soul, fitted by nature with the instincts and courage of a cave-man, establishes a precedent by flaunting an airy creation in

our faces. Then the season is on.

We have a track meet here with Gettysburg on May 13th. Here's a good chance to spring our straws all together so that no one can say, "Put it back in the stable," or words to that effect.

**TO OUR READERS.**

*The Muhlenberg* welcomes all contributions from alumni and friends in the way of literary material for publication in our pages. We are expecting to receive a collection of Latin catch-sentences from a loyal alumnus and in our Christmas number we printed a poem which an interested friend submitted. *The Muhlenberg* has always solicited such interest among its readers and will be very glad to receive evidences of it from any reader. Address, the Editor, Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa.

**BLOWN IN BY THE BREEZES.**

Orr '13—Say, Hap, did you ever smell anything as strong as that glue factory on Center Square, Bethlehem?

Nenow, '14—Huh, we don't mind little things like that where I live. Why in Easton it takes 10 mills to make a cent.

"Mama wishes you to enter papa's factory, darling. That would do away with all his unwillingness."

"But, dearest, I'm a poet."

"All the better. You can write verses for our vinegar advertisements."—*Ex.*

**IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.**

Dr. Haas—Wunder, how did Aristotle divide his "nous."

Wunder, '11—Into strands, of course.

Paul, '12—Say Bob, did you enter the short story contest?

Bob '13—I sure did, why, I got horrible mention.

"Honesty is the best policy."

"Not on your life," blurted out the insurance agent."—*Ex.*

## THE MUHLENBERG

## STUDENT'S ASSOCIATION.

For some years Muhlenberg has felt the need of some undergraduate organization of a Christian nature. The Frank-ean society, while of old establishment has not been covering the whole field of college life. This general feeling found expression at a meeting of the student body on Tuesday morning, March 21, at which a motion was passed that a committee from the student body draft resolutions and submit them to the authorities. That all concerned may have the opportunity of appreciating this action the resolutions are here appended.

Allentown, Pa., April —, 1911.

*To the Executive Committee of the  
Board of Directors of Muhlenberg  
College.*

*Gentlemen:—*

We, the undersigned, acting as a committee under the unanimous approval of the Students' Association of Muhlenberg College, do hereby set forth the following resolutions for your judicious consideration and approval: that,

*Whereas*, the temporal and religious welfare of the Students at Muhlenberg is of the utmost importance;

*Whereas*, there is no organization of the students, or otherwise constituted, that has for its objects such necessary and beneficial ends, (though there is a so-called Frank-ean Society which attracts merely a few Lutherans and is therefore inadequate to cope with the larger needs of *all* our students);

*Whereas*, We believe that the lack of such a student association for self help,

religiously and otherwise, is woefully felt;

*Inasmuch* as there is a collegiate organization of international importance that has for its objects just such factors as most urgently demand introduction here;

*Inasmuch* as connection with this great movement would bespeak for us a spirit of advance and development, and more intimate, and broadening relationship with the student bodies of the colleges of the country at large, by placing our student secretary in corresponding communication with Y. M. C. A. speakers of wide influence;

*Inasmuch* as the large majority of our students, who refuse to associate themselves with the present Frank-ean Organization, openly affirm that they would eagerly join the proposed association—should one be established here;

*Inasmuch* therefore, as we believe the time is ripe for the introduction of such an organization here at Muhlenberg, bringing with it not only the prestige gained by such connection but a definite moral and spiritual strengthening of our *whole* student life;

We hereby do earnestly petition your permission to affiliate ourselves with, and establish here at Muhlenberg College, a student Y. M. C. A.

(Signed)

FRED. C. WUNDER, '11,  
*Chairman,*

PAUL KRAUSS, '12,  
WM. L. KATZ, '13.



## Our Alumni.

ROBERT C. HORN, *Editor.*

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1880. It is with no little regret that "The Muhlenberg" saw Dr. Ettinger, the Alumni Editor, leave its staff. Dr. Ettinger filled this position since 1886, almost from the very beginning of the paper. It is not often that a man serves so long in a similar position. During these years he learned to know most of the alumni, and indeed aided in making most of them; this personal acquaintance stood him in good stead, for he was able to collect much material which otherwise could not have found its way into our paper. "The Muhlenberg" wishes to thank him publicly for his long and efficient service, and regrets that he found it necessary on account of pressure of work to yield his position on the staff to a younger and less experienced man.

The Alumni also owe him a debt of gratitude for his services. It must seem not a little strange to them to find another name on the Alumni page and to be deprived of the familiar notes from Dr. Ettinger's practiced pen. It is fitting at this time that we should say a few words of the life and activity of a man who has given so much, not only of his time, but of his life and energy to our Alma Mater.

George Taylor Ettinger was born in Allentown in 1860. He entered the Academic Department in 1873, and the College in 1876, from which he was graduated in 1880 with first honor and the valedictory. In 1879 he had won the Junior Oratorical Prize for the best oration; his subject was "The Folly of Warfare." While in college he was a member of the Euterpean Literary So-

ciety; he belongs to the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity. Upon graduation he received an appointment as Assistant in the Academic Department, which position he held until 1884; from 1884-1892 he was the efficient principal of the same, and during this period the number of students rose from 13 to 76. In 1890 he received the degree of Ph. D. from the University of the City of New York, where he had been a graduate student in Pedagogy and German. In 1892 he was made Professor of Pedagogy and Assistant Professor of Latin in the College, and a few years later he was advanced to be Professor of the Latin Language and Literature and Pedagogy. He was active in the college in other ways, besides the duties of his professorship: after Dr. Garber's death he was Librarian, and after Dr. Richards' death Secretary of the Faculty. For many years he has been Secretary and Treasurer of the Alumni Association. He has been an editor of the Muhlenberg College Bulletin since its beginning in 1902. And in 1904 he was made Dean of the Faculty.

In 1899 Dr. Ettinger married Miss Emma C. Aschbach, of this city; they have one child, Amos Aschbach Ettinger, born May 24, 1901.

Besides his activity for Muhlenberg College, Dr. Ettinger has given much of his time and effort to the community in which he lives, and has done much to improve and advance it. For about 15 years he was a school director; for some years he was on the Board of Control of City Schools, during part of which he was its Secretary, then its President.

THE MUHLENBERG



GEORGE TAYLOR ETTINGER, '80.



In 1902 he was appointed Inspector of Lehigh County Prison by Judge Albright, and has been continued in this position by Judge Trexler. He was the first president of the Lehigh County Historical Society. For many years he was Secretary of the Livingston Club, the leading social club of Allentown, and is now its Vice President. He has shown great interest in the project for a free public library in Allentown and is the President of the Allentown Library Association. He is Secretary of the Contemporary Club, a literary club of this city, and a member of the Allentown Forum. He is the Literary Editor of the "Allentown Morning Call."

Dr. Ettinger has served a still larger public in many ways. He has been a frequent delegate to city and county conventions of the Republican party. In 1904-5 he was associated with John W. Jordan, LL.D., librarian of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Edgar M. Green of Easton, in publishing a "*General History of the Lehigh Valley*"--a thorough and excellent history of the personalities who have built up this part of Pennsylvania. He is an entertaining and stimulating speaker, whose after-dinner speeches sparkle with wit and humor in the same degree as his serious speeches unfold his sound ideas and enforce his principles. As a speaker and lecturer his services are always in great demand. For nine years Dr. Ettinger was active in various positions at the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, at Mt. Gretna; he taught Greek at some of these sessions. He is a member of the American Philological Society, the Pennsylvania German Society, the Lehigh County Historical Society, the American Historical Society, and the Pennsylvania Society of New York.

As a teacher Dr. Ettinger is stimulating and enthusiastic; as an interpreter of Roman Life and Literature, acute and interesting; gifted with broad sympathies, full of strong Roman feeling himself, he invites others to look below the surface and see the Romans as they were, as we are today; and leads, not forces, students, to grasp the meaning of the charming lyrics of Horace, that sociable, delightful, easy-going Roman, or to appreciate the even flow of Cicero's smooth prose, or to understand and appropriate the fine reasoning and subtle beauty of Lucretius' poetic-philosophical work. With Dr. Ettinger the study of Latin is not a study of something dead, not even a study of mere roots, but a study of the branches, flower, and fruit of a live language, a living literature, and an active life.

As a man Dr. Ettinger is sociable, ever ready to help another, at hand with advice and counsel; now assisting in the smaller things of life, now adding his share in what is of great importance. It is because of this that he leaves a strong impress upon the community and has so large a following of friends. As a friend one learns his value as acquaintance grows and the years pass.

1885. The Church of the Ascension of Savannah, Ga., has recently purchased a parsonage for the comfort of its new pastor, Rev. C. F. William Hoppe.

1891. St. Luke's Church, of Easton, the Rev. H. F. J. Seneker, pastor, held its 25th annual congregational meeting. Reports of the congregation and all its societies showed that all are active and in a flourishing condition. During the year \$2,939.54 were received from all sources, \$1,200 of which were used to pay the balance of the church property debt, thereby freeing the congregation of

## THE MUHLENBERG

all financial encumbrances, and leaving a balance of \$129.99. Like all other wide-awake congregations, efforts were at once made to contract another debt, when the congregation resolved to put into immediate operation a plan to gather money for a fund to be used to build a new church edifice as soon as the congregation may deem it advisable to do so.

1893. Emmanuel Church, of Lancaster, Rev. P. George Sieger, pastor, on Sunday, March 5, consecrated a beautiful white marble memorial baptismal font, the same being a gift in memory of one of the recently deceased members of the congregation.

1899. With an attendance which broke all previous records and the rendition of an appropriate program, St. Stephen's Sunday-school, of Allentown, celebrated its 22d anniversary, on Sunday, March 12. The Sunday-school was organized March 10, 1889, by Prof. W. Wackernagel, D. D., who became its first superintendent and continued in that capacity until 1900. The second superintendent and pastor of the congregation was Rev. I. W. Klick, who served in the former capacity until 1902 and in the latter until 1910. After holding its sessions in the school house until 1898, the school removed to its home on Fourteenth street, where it continued for seven and a half years, when it had completely outgrown the chapel, after which the Sunday-school moved to the present commodious quarters. Addresses were delivered by Pastor Kunkle and Mr. Krauss, a student at Muhlenberg College, and the reports of the school read by Superintendent Heilman. It was in this Sunday-school in the Seventh ward school house, under the efficient leadership of Dr. Wackernagel, that

many of our ministers learned their first lessons in mission work and possibly received their first inspiration for effective work in later life. At the evening service Mr. Dallas Green, a theological student and a son of the congregation together with the pastor spoke.

1905. St. John's Lutheran Church of Fremont, Pa., has been fortunate in receiving a legacy of one hundred dollars from the late John Rine, of Richfield. Rev. G. L. Weibel is the pastor. The Rev. G. L. Weibel, pastor of the Freeburg parish, has been appointed a member of the examining board of the High School of Washington township, Snyder county, Pa.

1906. The contributions of the First Church, of Leechburg, Pa., Rev. Frederick A. Reiter, pastor, toward the annual expenses of the Chicago Theological Seminary for the current year have been \$150. The same parish gave this year the sum of \$129.64 for Foreign Missions as compared with \$56.65 last year.

Rev. Benjamin L. Romberger, of Salem Evangelical Church, Allentown, is preaching a series of stirring sermons on the White Slave Trade. The first was preached on Sunday, March 26. The other two will be entitled: "The Traffic of Today" and "What Shall Be Done."

1908. Student Howard S. Paules, of the Philadelphia Seminary, has been extended an unanimous call by the Hilltown-S. Perkasio parish of the Norris-town Conference. It is understood that subject to his ordination he will accept the call. Mr. Paules is a graduate of Muhlenberg College. The field to which he is called was served until January 1st by the Rev. P. Behler now of East Allentown.



# PERSONALS



HARRY J. BROBST, *Editor.*

The various classes and societies have elected the following officers for the second semester.

## SENIOR CLASS.

*Pres.*—Arthur N. Butz.  
*Vice Pres.*—Francis H. Smith.  
*Sect.*—Roger Rentschler.  
*Treas.*—John E. Hartzell.  
*Monitor*—Charles L. Grant.

## JUNIOR CLASS.

*Pres.*—Walter W. Brossman.  
*Vice Pres.*—Luther F. Waidelich.  
*Sect.*—Walter Rentschler.  
*Treas.*—Harry M. Wertz.  
*Monitor*—J. Robert Kline.

## SOPHOMORE CLASS.

*Pres.*—Harry S. Klingler.

*Vice Pres.*—Charles Esser.

*Sect.*—Edgar Kohler.

*Treas.*—J. Conrad Seegers.

*Monitor*—David Frederick.

## FRESHMAN CLASS.

*Pres.*—James Moore.

*Vice Pres.*—Elwood Unangst.

*Sect.*—Arthur P. Grammes.

*Treas.*—David Bucks.

*Monitor*—Elmer Kidd.

## SOPHRONIA LITERARY SOCIETY

*Pres.*—Arthur N. Butz, '11.

*Vice Pres.*—Paul Krause, '12.

*Clerk*—James L. Moore, '14.

*Cor. Sec.*—David Bucks, '14.

*Treas.*—Harvey L. Reno, '13.

## THE MUHLENBERG

*Critics*—John E. Hartzell, '13; Walter W. Brossman, '14.

*Chaplain*—Paul Taylor, '14.

*Monitor*—Gobin Norgang, '14.

*Pianoist*—Elmer Kidd, '14.

## EUTERPEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

*Pres.*—Paul B. Wolper, '11.

*Vice Pres.*—Jacob Savacool, '12.

*Rec. Sec.*—Samuel Henry, '12.

*Cor. Sec.*—Charles Esser, '13.

*Treas.*—Carl Toebke, '13.

*Critics*—Paul C. Weber, '11; Frederick C. Wunder, '11.

*Chaplain*—Bert. David, '13.

*Monitor*—Edgar Kohler, '13.

*Pianoist*—Walter Rentschler, '12.

## MINISTERS' SONS' CLUB.

*Pres.*—Francis H. Smith, '11.

*Vice Pres.*—Luther F. Waidelich, '12.

*Sect.*—John Bauman, '11.

*Treas.*—J. Conrad Sugars, '13.

*Monitor*—Paul Taylor, '14.

## HERE IT IS.

Prof. Ellis, in English—That's not a very good answer, Richards. It has not enough information. Can you give us any more Beer.

## PATHOLOGICAL.

David, '13, philosophizing after the Junior-Soph game—Ah, well, the paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Frederick, '13—There are other paths that lead to the grave, also.

David, '13, gasping for breath—Whassay?

Frederick, '13—Homeopath, Allopath, and Osteopath, not to mention the war-path.

(Freddie's temperature was still rising late last night.)

How about that college reception?

The Dramatic Association will present as their annual, "Just Out of College," another play of the "College Widow" stamp. The atmosphere and spirit which made last year's play a success is present in "Just Out of College" and we may confidently look forward to its presentation with pleasurable anticipation.

## AT THE FOOT OF THE CLASS.

Dr. Wackernagel, in Spanish—Bauman, read the footnote.

Bauman, '11, sparring for time—Doctor, for what sort of musical instrument do they use footnotes.

Smith, '11—Why, for a shoe-horn, of course.

Dr. Haas, in Aesthetics—And the fleas, also, dogmatize their teleology (sees Ammarrell reaching down the back of his neck) don't experiment here, please."

## THE POET'S MURMUR.

Wunder, after a hard ride on Pegasus.—Gee, that's almost as tough as an hour's scraping the surface in Philosophy.

Dr. Bauman—What is a spherical polyhedral angle?

Reno '13—Any angle.

Dr. Bauman—What is a dihedral angle?

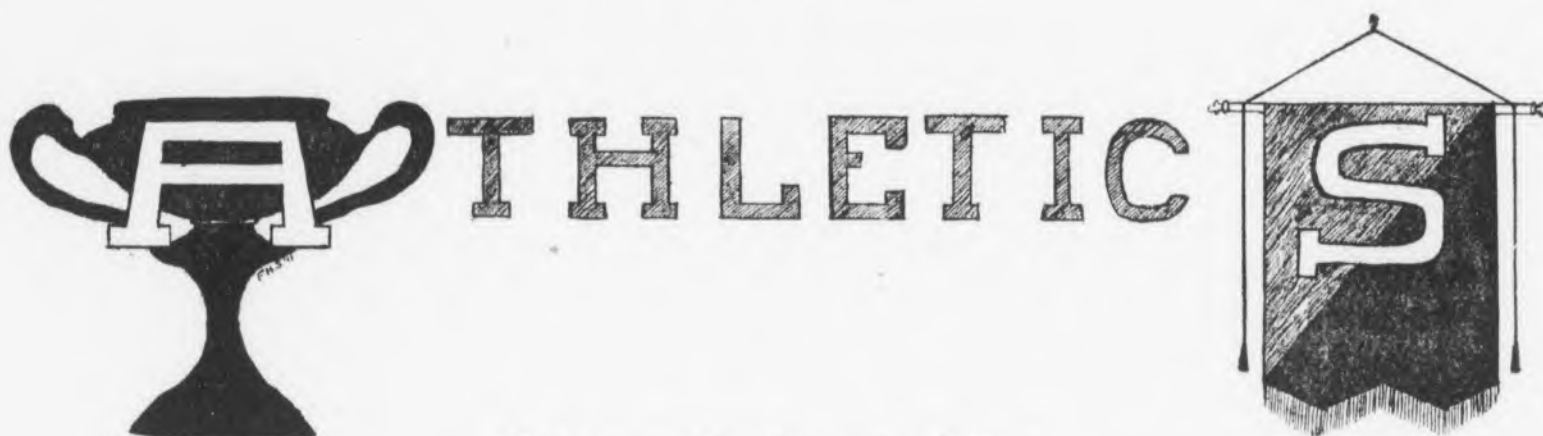
Reno '13—A special angle.

## DOWN BELOW.

Henninger '12—Doctor, if I call someone a poor devil it isn't necessarily profanity, is it? Isn't it possible that I'm sympathizing with him?

Dr. Wackernagel—Yes, there can be love between devils, I suppose.



FRANCIS H. SMITH, *Editor.***BASKET BALL.**

Basket Ball is now a'back number at Muhlenberg. The Inter-Class League which has recently come to a close has been a source of wholesome class rivalry and competition during the winter months. The games have afforded an opportunity for forty men to show their ability at the game and the remainder of the Student Body has been favored with some interesting exhibitions at the expense of their athletic class mates.

The Junior Team has come through the Season with a clean record and will in the near future be awarded the Silver Loving Cup presented by a friend of the College to the champions. Just a word about the individual players on the team. Fink has made a very good captain. He uses his head well and plays hard. Hummel has improved wonderfully this year. He gets the ball at the right time. and puts it where it should go. Shelly is a good strong guard with the shooting ability of a forward. Frederick's speciality is the backward shot. The fact that he has made the highest number of points in the League is proof of his shooting ability. Rentschler is small but extremely active and has a good eye for the basket.

## SUMMARY OF INTER-CLASS LEAGUE.

	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Per.</i>
Juniors .....	7	0	1.000
Sophomores .....	5	2	.857
Seniors .....	2	2	.500
Specials .....	2	5	.286
Freshmen .....	0	7	.000

## POINT SCORED BY TEAMS.

	<i>Team</i>	<i>Opponents</i>
Junior .....	202	67...
Sophomores .....	104	84
Seniors .....	67	74
Specials .....	53	156
Freshmen .....	53	156

## OFFICIALS of TEAMS.

Seniors—Brandt, Capt.; Smith, Mgr.  
 Juniors—Fink, Capt.; Hummel, Mgr.  
 Sophomores—Esser, Capt.; F. Butz, Mgr.  
 Freshmen—Leisy, Capt and Mgr.  
 Specials—Quinn, Capt.; Schilling, Mgr.  
 Official Scorer—Cressman.

*Individual Statistics Arranged By Official Scorer.*

1	Frederick, '12.	7	29	0	0	4	0	58
2	Shelly, '12	7	22	27	9	5	3	53
3	Keim, '13	7	14	42	25	9	6	53
4	Hummel, '12	7	17	0	0	3	3	34
5	Ritter, Sp.	7	14	8	5	13	4	33

6 Reutschler, '12	7	16	0	0	2	2	32	15 David, '13	....6	8	0	0	9	2	16
7 Fogel, Sp.	....7	10	27	8	14	4	28	16 Wacker, '13	..5	7	0	0	3	1	14
8 F. Butz, '13	..6	11	0	0	2	2	22	17 Leisy, '14	....6	6	6	1	5	2	13
9 Kline, '11	....4	10	0	0	3	1	20	18 Storb, '14	....2	6	0	0	1	2	12
10 Fink, '12	....7	1	34	17	6	5	19	19 Eberts, '11	...4	2	12	4	5	0	8
11 Cook, '14	....7	4	24	10	5	2	18	20 Quinn, Sp.	...6	3	0	0	4	7	6
12 Brandt, '11	...4	7	12	4	4	1	18	21 Gebert, '14	...6	3	0	0	2	5	6
13 Wunder, '11	..4	9	0	0	4	3	18	22 Shilling, Sp.	..7	2	5	2	12	1	6
14 Reno, '13	....5	8	0	0	4	1	16	23 Orr, Sp.	.....7	2	0	0	1	2	4

### TRACK.

The candidates for the Track Team are at work every Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoon under the watchful guidance of Coach Smith. The track has been put in good condition and the jumping pit is undergoing improvements. Manager Wunder has sent in an order for track supplies which when received will assure a well equipped team.

A promising looking bunch of candidates have answered Captain Reiter's call for quarter-milers. Among those who are showing up well in this particular event are Capt. Reiter, Shelly, Toebke, Bixler, Grant, Cressman, Frederick, Cook, Sell and Taylor. Flexer should make a good high jumper and sprinter Kidd is putting the shot in good form considering his inexperience. Krauss, Bixler and Orr will be among the point winners in the hurdles. Capt. Reiter is still good in the long distance run. Frederick and Crouthamel should develop into good men in this event. Among the other track candidates who have already re-

ported are Kline, Henry, Kleckner, Smith, Rentschler, Snyder, W. Butz, C. Ritter, T. J. Ritter, Scheehl, Schlegel, Biery, Fetherolf, Jensen, Mock, Nenow, Ziemer and Holben.

A number of Cross Country Runs have been held lately in order to develop long distance runners and track men in general. The men who have taken part in these runs have been greatly benefitted and have increased their chances for making the team.

Before the next issue is published the Relay Races at the University of Pennsylvania will have taken place. We are making every effort to send a winning team to Philadelphia. Our only draw back is the fact that our Easter Vacation which extends from the 12th to the 24th of April will possibly interfere with the training of some of the men. The candidates should be very careful to keep in good condition while enjoying their vacations.

### A NOTE OF THANKS.

The Athletic Association wishes to express through these columns their hearty appreciation of the thoughtfulness and generosity on the part of the Quaker City Club of Muhlenberg College.

It is only through the generosity of this organization that we are in complete

possession of the new Athletic Blankets. After the pledges of the Student Body for this cause had been collected, there remained a deficit of about thirty dollars which the Quaker City Club willingly offered to make up.

Success to the Quaker City Club!



## Exchange.

JOHN E. HARTZELL, *Editor*.

We were very much interested in reading "The Claim of Society on the young people of To-day" in the "Crescent". The writer very fittingly calls attention to the seriousness and importance of the subject, and, then, offers the remedies to be applied by and upon the young. The articles evinces much reflective thought and consideration, and deserves persual by all, who feel the urgency of training the younger generation to become helpful and useful citizens. The "Gospel in Politics," an editorial, is a lucid statement of what our government needs. It is based upon a statement made by Governor Wilson, that, "The root of all evils in politics is privacy and concealment."

"Crescent," you have a good paper as far as matter goes, but the arrangement can be improved upon and, also, there is a noticeable want of cuts. Make the interior of your paper cheerful and attractive!

The "Parrot" contains a well written article on "How Do You Spend Your Leisure." To that one accustomed to fritter away his time, this practical and common-sense write-up may be of some importance. "Hypnotism, Never Again," while lacking unity, contains an exceedingly great display of imagination. The theme contains elements of humor and furnishes a wide scope for interesting stories.

The "Midland" presents an article, interesting to any college man. It is entitled College Spirit. We feel it proper to quote several sections. "The ideal college life should be moral. Bismark

said that one-third of the students in the German university 'drink themselves to death, one-third die of over-work, and the other third govern Europe'." This, of course, is a general conclusion and just how much credence should be given it, the reader may judge for himself. Then again "True college life should mean 'an atmosphere, Catholic in spirit, earnest and sincere in purpose, and permeated with a proper sense of values and the deepest convictions of the social consciousness.' It should mean the associations of fellow-students and teachers of worthy interests and noble lives."

The Roanoke Collegian is to be commended upon the poem "The Death of a Soul." The thought of the poem corresponds very much to parts of Dante's Divine Comedy, while the style and meter prove attractive to the ear. "The Women of the Nibelungenlied" shows a great deal of fore-thought and study on the part of the writer.

We usually find much pleasure in looking over "The Blair Hall Breeze" and this month we are not disappointed in that particular. Judging from the general tenor of the orations, your recent contest must have been one of vital interest.

"The Mirror" is a model, considering that it is a high school paper. The cartoons give life and color to it and the department cuts are among the best we have seen in any monthly college paper. To say the least, it is a paper with school news and, therefore, is fulfilling its function.

A type of what our exchanges think of us:

*The Muhlenberger.* *The Muhlenberger*, one of our northern exchanges, makes a very creditable start upon the new year. The different articles and poems are well prepared. Especially good is the article entitled "The Unit of Hope," a most interesting study of the conditions existing in the home life of our nation. The author has expressed ably the thoughts that must be in the mind of every thinking American.—*The Roanoke Collegian*.

"The Narrator," "The Susquehanna," "The Argus," "The College Folio," "The Perkiomenite," "The Budget," "The Bayonett," "S. H. S. Review," "The Narrator," "The Argus," "The Owl" and "The Comenian."

#### CLASSICAL.

While one thing essential to a cultured lawyer is a thorough knowledge of Latin, it is not necessary that he should parade his classical knowledge, for he might be "taken down a peg," as was the young lawyer who displayed his learning before an Arkansas jury. His opponent replied: "Gentlemen of the jury, the young lawyer who just addressed you has roamed with Romulus, canted with Cantharides, ripped with Euripides, socked with Socrates, but what does he know about the laws of Arkansas?"—*Ex.*

Edith—Mercy! Here's a telegram from Jack. He's been hurt in the football game.

Ethel—What does he say?

Edith—He says: "Nose broken. How do you prefer it set—Greek or Roman."—*Ex.*

Grumble? No! What's the good?  
If it availed, I would;  
But it doesn't a bit—  
Not it.  
Laugh? Yes; why not?  
'Tis better than crying, a lot;  
We were made to be glad,  
Not sad.—*Ex.*

A negro barber not noted for his temperate habits, cut a preacher's face quite severely while shaving him, "There, sir, you see the consequences of drinking," exclaimed the preacher with considerable force and heat. "Yes, sah, makes the skin very tender, sah," humbly acquiesced the darky.—*Ex.*

"An heirloom," explained the farmer's wife to her thirteen-year-old-boy, "is something that has been handed down from father to son, and in some instances is greatly prized."

"I'd prize these heirlooms I'm wearing," remarked the youngster, "a good deal more if they wasn't so long in the legs."—*Ex.*

"Children," said the minister, addressing the Sunday School, "I want to talk to you a few moments about one of the most important organs in the whole world. What is it that throbs away, beats away, never stopping, never ceasing, whether you wake or sleep, night and day, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, without any violation on your part, hidden away, as it were, in the depths unseen by you, throbbing, throbbing rhythmically all your life long?"

And during the pause of oratorical effect came a small voice: "The gas meter."—*Ex.*



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Smith has a lovely baby girl,  
The stork left here with a flutter.  
Smith named her Oleomargarine,  
For he hadn't any but her.—*Ex.*

He seized her in the dark and kissed her,  
And for a moment bliss was his;  
"Oh, my; I thought it was my sister,"  
He cried. She laughed and said, "It is."  
*Ex.*

## SUREST THING YOU KNOW.

Tommy died a week ago,  
in his coffin lies he low.  
Grass waves o'er him to and fro—  
Tommy-rot.—*Ex.*

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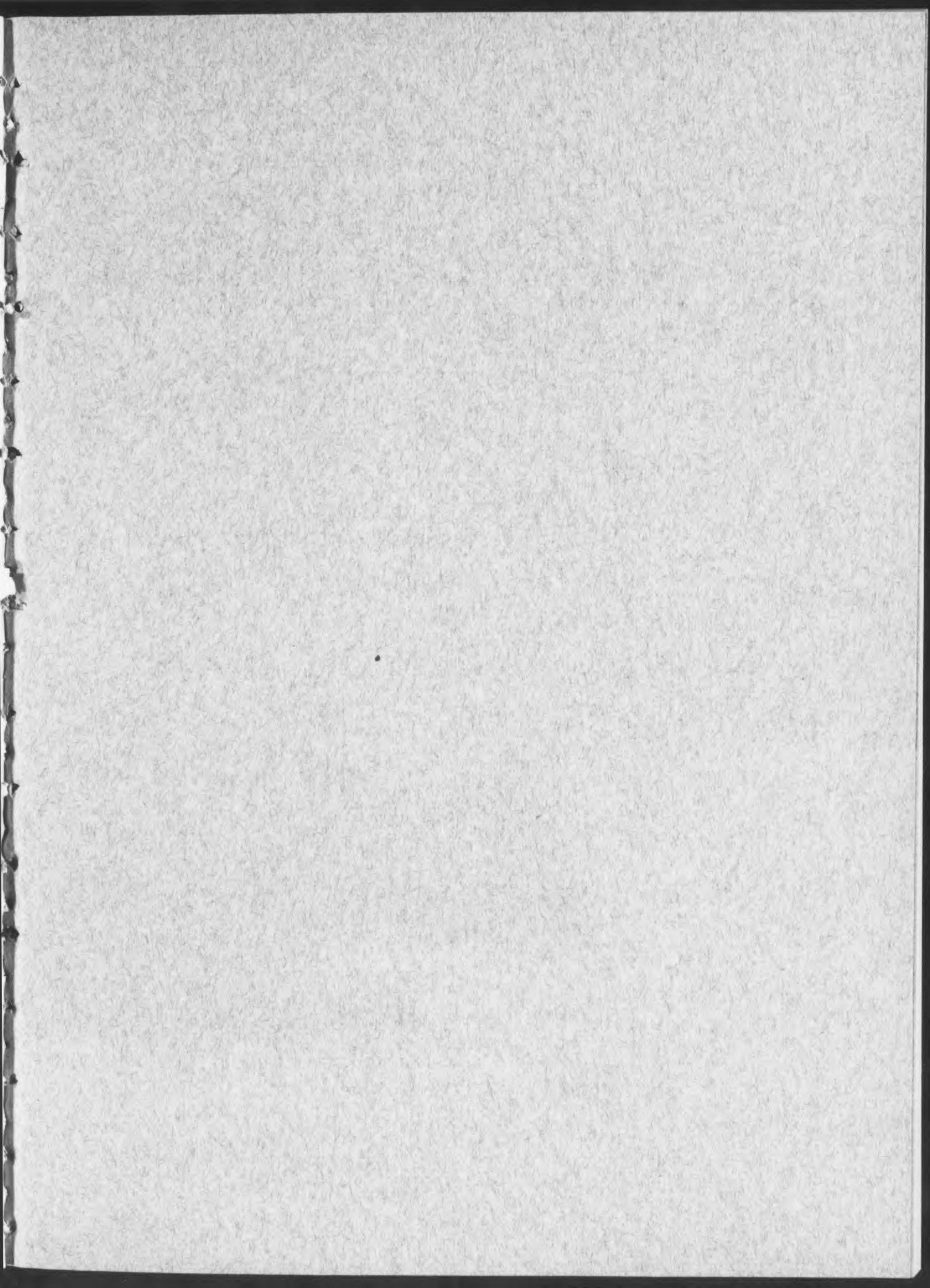
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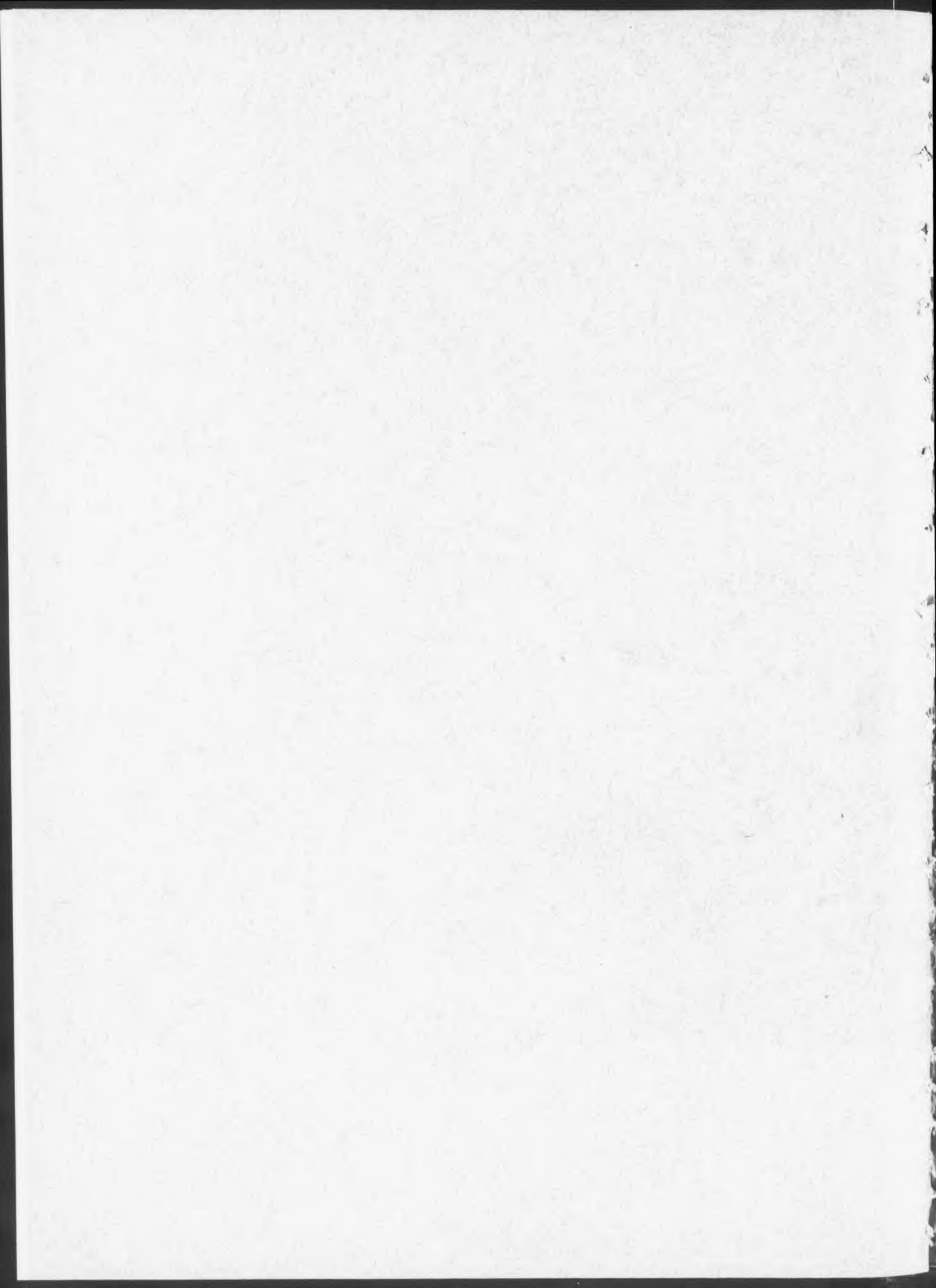
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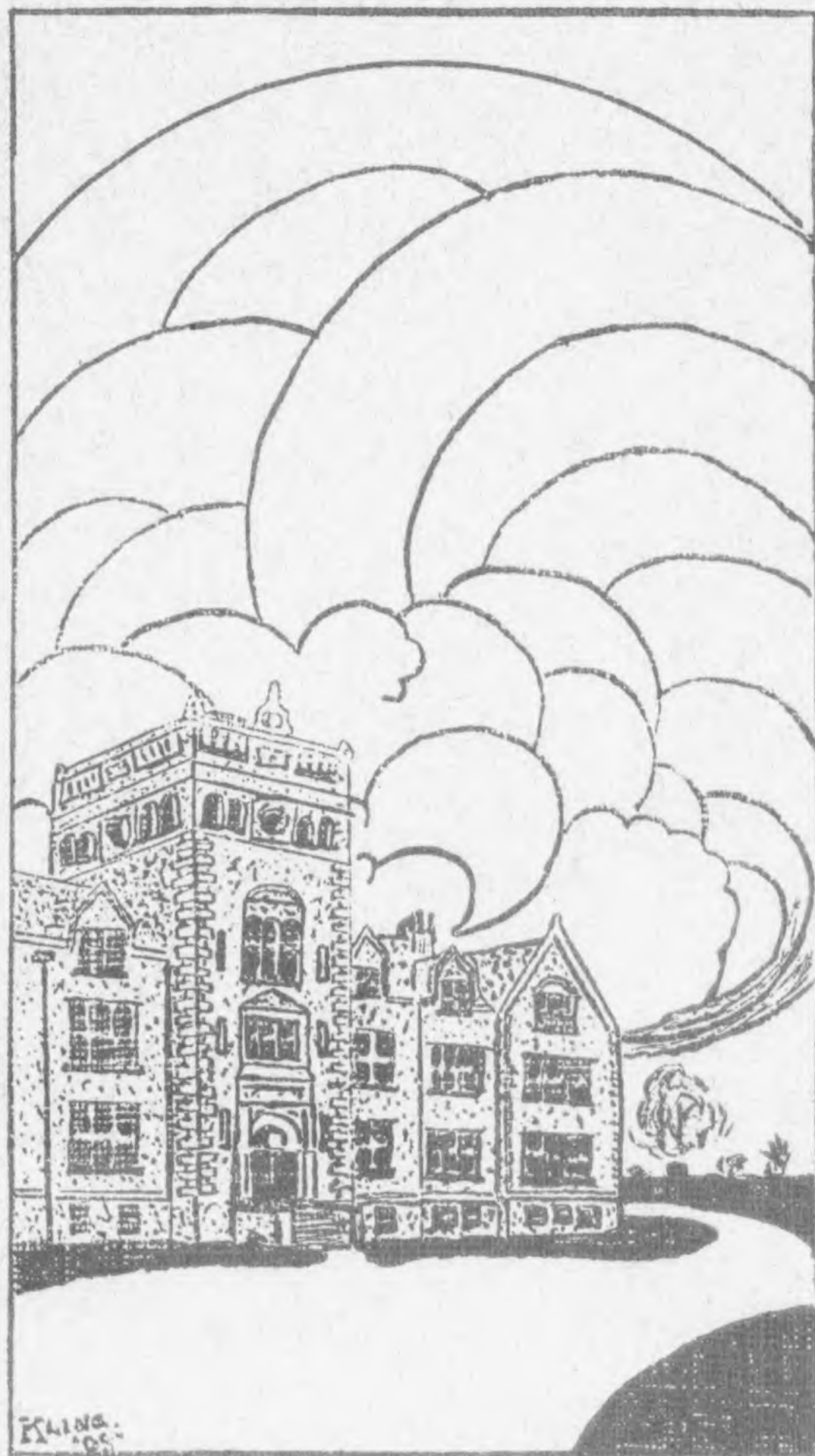








# THE M C J J Z F I C O A T I O N A L



Vol. XXIX.

MAY

No. 9.

# Muhlenberg College

Allentown, Pa.

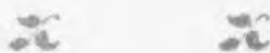


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# THE MUHLENBERG

VOL. XXIX.

ALLENTOWN, PA., MAY, 1911.

No. 9.



LITERAE



WALTER M. RENTSCHLER, *Editor.*

## MEMORIAL DAY

There is one day in the year when everything is laid aside and all join in honoring and keeping alive the memory of those who have fallen in battle and others who have died for their country. On this day, loving tribute is paid to those martyrs to a country's cause, their graves are decorated, and the firing of guns pays tribute to their brave and loyal courage. How many a mother has wept and still weeps for a son, who has never come back and who may have an unknown grave in some distant land! How many a one has gone to his eternal rest, perhaps unattended and alone on the field of battle, with none to cheer him, none to make Death more easy for him. All glory and honor to these brave sons of our country, who have risked their all, not for personal gain or private ambition, but for the glory of their country. All praise to those who have survived and who still live, the one time bulwarks of a nation in its hour of need and may they be held in everlasting remembrance. Let us then doff our hats and pay silent tribute to these grand old heroes of a

nation's struggle. Surely, as Horace so succinctly puts it: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

## A WORD OF THANKS

In the February number the Staff issued a call for more material for the Literary Department of the "Muhlenberg." The student body rose to the occasion and the way they have responded to the urgent call of "More! More!" has quite come up to our utmost expectations. We knew we had the hearty co-operation and support of the students and we have been inspired and encouraged on to better and more effective efforts. We can not express our great appreciation of the interest which the students have taken in the monthly, and of their response to our needs. However, fellow-students, do not be under the impression that because a "flood" of material has been flowing in, the staff does not require any more material, but we need it all the time, as the best that comes along only can be selected. Thanks again, fellows, for your hearty co-operation.

## THE RENT VEIL.

Weary of the day's long toil,  
 Of philosophy's turmoil,  
 And of proof theistic given  
 Whether God presides in heaven;  
 Flung my limbs with listless care  
 'Mid the cushions of my chair.  
 As the hov'ring wings of night  
 Dimmed the objects of the light,  
 My soul forgot the strife of words  
 And flitted beyond the flight of birds.  
 Lo! on yonder glorious height,  
 Encircled with ethereal light,  
 A throne I saw—(I see it yet)—  
 With diamond jewels and golden set.  
 And He that sat enthroned on high  
 Shone brighter than the noonday sky,  
 Adorned in royal diadem,  
 The God of love, the Life of men.  
 Before Him, freed from bands of nihgt  
 Sang the hosts arranged in white;  
 Flooding Zion's bulwarks strong  
 With their glad triumphant song.  
 Below Him lay the world in sin,  
 Struggling 'mid night's chaotic din.  
 Then the Lord in anxious mien  
 Looked upon me in my dream;  
 Pointing with His love-pierced hands  
 To earth's dread scenes and blood-stained  
 strands.

Faces sad and wan I saw;  
 Parched hearts—how could they thaw!  
 "Behold these multitudes of Mine  
 Panting for love's well divine—  
 Give Me drink," to me He cried,  
 "Raise the cup; for these I died,  
 Feed my lambs and feed my sheep,  
 If you'd my commandments keep;  
 Do it to the least of these  
 And My wants you do appease."  
 As my cold heart melted fast—  
 "Lord, I'll love Thee to the last.  
 Not for glory do I ask

Only strength to do Thy task;  
 Abiding in the cheerless hour  
 In the shadow of Thy power.  
 Fill me with a love divine  
 Through this darkened world to shine;  
 Serving Thee with zeal on fire  
 Lifting men from sin and mire.  
 The sting of death's curse may I feel  
 That I the truth may e'er reveal  
 As He who knew the hearts of men  
 When weeping o'er Jerusalem."  
 The heavens closed; my dream was done.  
 The old clock in the hall struck one,  
 As Saul upon the Syrian way  
 Met the Lord at noon of day  
 So I met Him cold with fear  
 When His majesty drew near.  
 Such a vision! Such desire!  
 Did my groping soul inspire  
 Nevermore to look above  
 Separate from faith and love:  
 Faith in Him whose grace reveals  
 All that pride and self conceals,  
 Shaming reason's vaunted boast  
 To pierce the veil of yonder Coast;  
 Love for Him whose love for men  
 Claims my will, my all, and then  
 Drives me to my knees to cry  
 'Let me serve, Lord, till I die,  
 Other lives to Thee to bring  
 That the least of these may sing,  
 And have ease from pains of flesh  
 And from those that tear the breast,  
 Rending heartstings, skyward turning  
 Eyes all red with tears of yearning?  
 Thus the veil by faith was rent  
 Where philosophy's attempt  
 Barred me from angelic kin,  
 And dulled me to a sense of sin.  
 The God my soul was wont to crave  
 My dream revealed with love to save.

F. C. W. '11.



## JAN.

## A STORY OF THE YARDS

SECOND HONORABLE MENTION.

An excited group of peasants, in gay holiday garb, were gathered round the little station at Pavlova. In addition to it being a national holiday, was not Jan going to America, the land where dollars were as common as kopeks here, and where a man could get rich in six months? And was not Jan the strongest and cheeriest young fellow in the village? There was indeed, just cause for their excitement.

Jan himself, the object of this attention and the center of the merry crowd, did not share in their gayety so completely. He watched Marya and wondered when he would see her again. Marya, the golden haired and blue eyed, his betrothed sweetheart! Ah well, he would come back soon and bring her riches, so that they could buy the little farm on the Dnieper and provide a home for her and the old mother.

When the little train of box cars trundled into the station, therefore, he kissed her good-bye with a smiling face, and getting on waved his hand to the shouting crowd of friends. So Jan passed away from the little village with the thitched huts and clean streets, shining in the morning sun on the banks of the long blue Dnieper.

Two years had passed since that day in Poland. Jan choked, and coughed a little. He had never gotten quite used to it. The stench of the offal in the steaming hot room made him sick, had sapped his great strength and made him look pale, like the rest of his countrymen in this great butchery.

For Jan was working in the slaughter-

ing room of the great stockyard. He had learned to back open the breast-bone of a sheep, in such a way that the stroke would not spoil the cuts. So he hacked sheep. Thousands of sheep. They swung past him in an endless line. He did not know what else was done with them after they passed him, he simply harked the bone and the sheep passed on. At night when the hoarse whistles pierced above the rumble and roar of the cattlepens Jan crowded out into the narrow stockyard's street with the rest of the toilers, down past the cattlepens, over the frail Boneyard creek and into the Settlement.

The Settlement! What a horrible place it was! Backed right up against the yards, row on row of dirty gray tenements were packed together. The houses were flimsy, unsanitary structures, in most cases dirtier within than without. The streets were always muddy, stinking with the seepings from the yards, and, Merriful Heaven, filled with little children. On every corner a saloon, with an occasional dance hall and small grocery completed the civic complexion of the Settlement behind the yards.

Here Jan lived, with thousands of others of his countrymen, most of them packed three and four in a room, Jan was fortunate, for he shared a room with an old Polish hide stripper, his wife and little girl, a very large second floor room, sixteen by twenty feet, and divided by a green curtain for sleeping purposes.

So lived the people of the yards.

To-night Jan's heart beat exultantly as he stepped out of the cattle room, and

joined the mob pressing toward the great gate. This had been his last day of work in the yards! Little wonder he walked straight and tall, with a happy smile on his broad face that made the pale, bent toilers about him stare with wistful wonder. The last time! It beat a glad refrain in his soul. The little cottage on the Dnieper seemed very near now. His strength and skill had commanded high pay and he could go back rich in the reckoning of his home land. He had already sent the check the bank had made for him. The few years of wretched toil that stretched like an ugly dream behind him were over, the dirt and the grime, the fogs and the stench were to be things of the past. He almost leaped into the air with the joy of it, and then a growl from the man behind him, who smiled too, however, when he saw the happy face.

He thought of his few friends, and ill-spared dainties. He would buy her a present. And little Marya, Mother Elza's little one. With her flaxen curls and blue eyes she had reminded him of the Marya waiting for him in the old World. He would buy them all gifts. And turning into a gaudy notion store on Holstead St., he bought his gifts, a flashing scarf for the mother, a pipe for the father and a doll, for Marya, such a doll! with the prettiest blue eyes and blue hood.

There was mingled joy and sorrow in the partitioned room of the good Polish family that night. They cried at his going, and, simple natures, as quickly smiled at his gifts. The father puffed contentedly on the new pipe, and mother Elza kissed him, a kiss that tugged at his heart as he thought of his old mother waiting for him. And Marya, she was completely lost in her beautiful gift, had

hugged it all evening and had finally taken it off to bed with her behind the partition. And Jan, when he flung himself on his hard straw mattress, was wafted to sleep with the scent of the roses, that trailed the cottage of his Marya in the Austrian hills.

What was that! Jan sat up with a start. A long shriek re-echoed over the mucky air of the Settlement and suddenly a great tongue of flame leaped up from the row of houses in the next street. Merciful Father, the Settlement was on fire! Shrieks of fright and cries of terror rose everywhere. Jan and the father helped Mother Elza and little Marya down the stairs, protecting them from the terrorized beings who were almost falling down in their fright. Out into the street, and then where? Pandemonium reigned. Men, women and children rushed everywhere, crazed by the sense of danger.

The flames were mounting higher against the sky. The inevitable had happened. The great rows of flimsy frame houses were doomed. One half the Settlement, just back of the creek, was already burning and the rest would soon be in flames. Hark, here come the firemen. A cordon is quickly established a half block from where they had lived, and the bewildered foreigners were put to work tearing down houses, while the women and children were hustled to one side. Jan and the father were side by side, working furiously. The flames were advancing with awful rapidity. Suddenly a scream of anguish, differing from the previous shrieks of fright went up from the group of women. It is Mother Elza, trying to break through the line and crying, "Marya". Marya, little Marya, had gotten through the cordon of



police unobserved and had gone back after the blue doll for which she had cried.

Mother of God, how awful! Just then a groan went up. The cloud of smoke and flame had swept over the line of house where little Marya must be. Could nothing be done to save her?

Jan hesitated. It meant death perhaps, and yet—Suddenly a young man carrying a heavy water-soaked blanket was seen running up the street to the flaming aide. A cry, half cheer, half groan, went up from the crowd. It was Jan, who had looked for the morrow with such joy. Throwing the blanket about his head he rushed into the smoke and disappeared.

Then came moments of awful suspense. Could he ever come out alive? The line of houses was entirely covered with smoke and flame. Second followed second with deliberate regularity. The flames roared and seemed to shriek a taunt at the silent, straining line of people. The line of firemen stretched up to the smoke were about to give up their

positions and sobs began to rise from the people, when, look—what was that? A blackened form carrying a shapeless bundle staggered up out of the cloud of smoke and flame and fell into the arms of the waiting firemen. A mighty roar went up from the crowd, which was hushed to a pitying whisper when he was brought to the waiting ambulance. He had wrapped the little girl in the blanket and then fought his way through the flames—to die. The crowd grouped around the prostrate form suddenly hushed, and the moaning Mother Elza, who was kneeling beside him, raised his head. A smile had twisted about the blackened features. The eyes stared out above their heads as if seeing a vision, and he whispered “il Marya, Polande,” “for Marya, Polande,”—and fell back dead. Jan had been born to his final home on the vision of his Marya.

When they unwrapped the bundle they found the little golden haired girl safe, hugging close in her arms a little blue doll.

PAUL KRAUSE, '12.

---

### AS IT IS.

“Weep and you are called a baby,  
Laugh and you are called a fool,  
Yield and your called a coward,  
Stand and you’re called a mule,  
Smile and they’ll call you silly,  
Frown and they’ll call you gruff,  
Put on a front like a millionaire,  
And somebody calls you a bluff.”—*Ex.*

## ROBT. SCHUMANN AND ROMANTIC MUSIC.

The middle of the 19th century is commonly called the 'romantic' period in music because there were several leading exponents of the romantic movement who lived and labored during this time. Romanticism may generally be termed a by-product of individuality which now more than ever began to exert itself. Romanticism must, however, not be considered as a new discovery of this age as many of the best works of the preceding period were romantic in style. Touches of romantic qualities can be traced back to the earlier periods. Yet in the man whom we want especially to consider in this subject, Robt. Schumann, we find an intensity of romanticism which is altogether new.

It might be well at the outset to define the two great classes of music before launching out into the subject proper, viz:—classical and romantic. Both these terms may be said to have a certain amount of absolute meaning and may refer either to the spirit or purpose with which the artist approaches his work or to the staid qualities of the work itself. The classical art tries to attain an ideal beauty apart from the artist. The classical is objective and as an art is liable to be governed by rules and formulae. On the other hand, romantic art, and music is an art, is subjective and tries to portray or depict a striking phase or characteristic, the pleasure or beauty of which lies in the emotion which arises in the artist himself and also in the observer. The romantic in any art is not bound by any conventionality, but is dependent upon individuality. Thus there is a great latitude for the portrayal of almost any emotion from the lowest to the highest and most ardent passion.

The rise of romanticism in music, especially in this period was largely influenced by the literary romanticism. The subject of romanticism dare not be divorced from its historical background which is characterized as social, political and economic conditions. The French Revolutions of 1830 played a most striking part in furthering this movement. It is the rights of the individual asserting themselves in all lines of activity, thought and science. This period marks a growing discontent for the stereotyped forms and a developing of the picturesque, the tastes fancies, moods and experiences of the individual. The influences enumerated above, viz, the social, political and economic conditions of the times apply here in the United States as factors in giving expression to the music of a people.

The period of music under discussion had a number of distinguished representatives. Among them are Meyerbeer, the central figure in the operatic field, Mendelssohn who did much for the advancement of musical education and lastly Schumann who holds a unique position as an exponent of the romantic spirit. He was also an original composer of much power. At the beginning of this period Schumann was very little known, but he developed rapidly both as a critic and composer so that he became one of the most significant factors. Schumann, like his contemporary Mendelssohn possessed a general culture which combined with his musical genius gave him a broader outlook upon music itself and freed him from that narrowness which executes an art simply for the sake of the art. He possessed the gift of originality as a thinker and was also a



forcible writer. He resided for a time at Leipsic, which put him in direct touch with the great intellectual movements of the day.

It might be well before passing on to his works and style to give a brief account or biography of this great musical genius.

Robt. Schumann was born in 1810 at Zwickau, a Saxon manufacturing town. His father was a bookseller, author and translator possessing a moderate degree of culture while his mother, the daughter of a doctor, was considerably less cultured. He inherited a love for reading and writing from his father. Schumann was a very vivacious child and early showed an aptitude for music, which his father liberally fostered. When he was 16 years old his father died. His mother wanted him to become a lawyer and accordingly sent him to Leipsic. But he soon became engaged in music, studying under the famous teacher Wiech. He showed a great love for Schubert's words. At the age of 20 he was transferred to Heidelberg and then sent on a trip to Italy. In 1830 he returned to Leipsic and again studied under Wiech trying to become a piano-virtuoso. He incapacitated himself by crippling his right hand. He now turned to composition for the piano and also appeared as a critic, gathering around him several others whose purpose it was to oppose what they felt was commonplace and academic in music. Later to give expression to their ideas they began the publication of the "Neue Zeitschrift fuer Musik" (1830).

In 1836 Schumann began to court Clara Wiech who was then but 17 years old. She was a good pianist and a beautiful woman. Her father opposed a match on the ground of the uncertainty

of Schumann's prospects, but was compelled by legal pressure to allow the marriage in 1840. The year following his marriage, which was a very fruitful one, he produced 150 songs. In 1843 he taught piano and composition in the Leipsic conservatory, which was founded by Mendelssohn. He suffered a nervous breakdown due to overwork and in the fall of 1844 he left for Dresden to recuperate. Here he met Hiller and Wagner. He succeeded Hiller as leader of a male chorus, but was soon displaced as his methods were ineffective. He devoted himself in part to composition and also made frequent trips with his wife, twice going to Holland. He suffered great mental depression at times. It is said one day he stole away and cast himself into the Rhine but was rescued by boatmen. He was later forced to pass some time in a private asylum near Bonn where he died in 1856.

Schumann began his career somewhat late in life and was greatly handicapped by lack of thorough discipline. He made up for all this by concentrated effort. His style is characterized by a rare originality and fulness. He was often careless about exact form, experimenting with patterns, harmony and styles. It is said that Schumann sought to widen the range of musical utterance in the direction of vivid personal revelation. He also marks an epoch by his style because his details of form are not so much derived from rules or formulae as they are newly generated on account of the necessity of sentiment. Form is made the servant of the imagination rather than a cast into which the imagination must conform. Schumann's mind was very sensitive to impressions of scenes and fancies. These he sought to put into musical expression. His subjects were

## THE MUHLENBERG

always of a noble and elevated character. He also showed forth the possibilities of music as a representation of the human spirit in its greatest freedom of fancy. In his writings for the piano he does not seek to display the genius of the instrument of its own sake, but to make it produce tones with a special musical significance. The same also holds true in regard to his handling of vocal music.

Schumann left no direct followers of himself except probably his wife. He was so varied as a critic and so distinctly original in his art that it was difficult for anyone to directly pattern after him. As a critic he stands all alone. He always bestowed praise where it was worthy and was able to recognize merit. He welcomed everything that had a romantic flavor, but alike gave due credit to any style. He was, however, somewhat averse to the operatic style of the day.

Schumann's greatness rests not upon one single thing. He was a great critic, yet he was also a great composer. He recognized the value of music-history.

While not a great historian of music himself, he did a great deal in bringing to light some of the forgotten works of Schubert. Much of his influence along this line is through the "Neue Zeitschrift", which was mentioned before. His chief greatness rests no doubt upon his individuality and originality which made him the leading exponent of the 19th century 'romantic' period.

As a man Schumann commands admiration. He had a frank and noble face. Among his acquaintances he was often bright and witty, possessing a strong personality. He delighted in young people and was especially drawn to them if they showed talent and had aspirations. He was altogether free from envy and jealousy and his family life was ideal. This is a great deal more than can be said for quite a number of other noted composers.

Such is the man. And he cannot help but call forth reverence and respect from anyone who can appreciate true genius and true greatness.

"LIBERAL", 'II.

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"My pigmy counterpart." the poet  
wrote  
Of his dear child, the darling of  
his heart;

---

Then longed to clutch the stupid  
printer's throat.

That set it up, "My pig, my  
counterpart."—Ex.

---

To remove paint—Sit on it before it is  
dry.—Ex

---

Fired by Professor Reese's track  
speech Gawge Stump went out and  
clipped ten minutes off his last year's  
record for the half mile.



## THE ALL LUTHERAN MISSIONARY CONFERENCE AT GETTYSBURG, APRIL 20-23.

Great indeed was the privilege that many students and professors experienced in attending the second All Lutheran Missionary Conference, at Gettysburg College and Seminary.

When one hears the name "Gettysburg," he is reminded of the great northern battle of the Civil War and of the thousands "who here gave their lives that that nation might live." But Gettysburg has a new meaning for us who had the opportunity of hearing the inspiring addresses. The battle that is now being waged is one not of arms versus nation, but of Christ versus the world. "Christ for the world we sing, the world to Christ we bring."

The Convention had for its motto, "Education, Inspiration, Concentration." These words were never lost sight of. To the writer, the meetings were unlike any other Lutheran assembly because of the spirit of harmony that prevailed and the fact that the church is awakening to its responsibility. Good fellowship reigned throughout, starting with the delightful reception to the delegates in the Seminary Refectory.

Much of the success of the Convention was due to our President, Dr. Haas, who was highly regarded by all. This was evidenced by the fact that he was reelected chairman of the next convention. The speakers were able men and knew whereof they spoke. It's a great privilege to listen to a man like Dr. Wolf, who spent many years on the foreign field in faith. He always has a fresh message for his hearers. The fact was pointed out that the Lutheran Mission forces in India are more closely united than the various bodies in America.

We said that a spirit of good fellowship prevailed. Dr. Charles Fry read one of the strongest papers of the Convention on "Uniting Our Forces." It was demonstrated that the Lutheran Church had a great work in the mission field and that the hope of the Church lay in unity. The appeal was sent forth to the young men to work for a closer relation. Let the bodies unite on the mission field and socially, then the theological variances will adjust themselves. Dr. Bauslin of Wittenberg Seminary urged the young men not to give any part of their lives to disruption but to centre all their efforts upon the things that make for harmony. Dr. Jacobs also emphasized the great work of the Lutheran Church. He predicted a bright future if she took advantage of her opportunities. President Harms of Newberry College delivered a most inspiring address. He emphasized the fact that our dear Church dare not live upon its past achievements and great men. It must produce earnest, consecrated leaders to carry on the work. His shibboleth was,—"We've got to warm up, boys."

The home mission problem was ably discussed. The need of the strongest men at home was pointed out. The foreign field needs men, but the mediocre man can get along better there than at home. In order to do the great home work more effectually, more co-operative work is necessary. If we measure up to our obligations at home, the inner missions will not need to struggle to exist. There must be more of this kind of work to rescue the Lutherans and others who have gone astray.

The educational side of the conven-

## THE MUHLENBERG

tion was well taken care of by Rev. Van Ormer. He contended that if we can make people see the immensity of our field and give them more of a world view, our funds will not be so low. Get the people so interested in religious work that it will not be a drudgery but a pleasure. Artificial means must not be employed to get people into the church.

The various institutional reports were most gratifying. The climax of the convention was reached when it was decided to appoint a publication committee to arrange for a Mission publication to cover the work of the whole Lutheran Church. A constitution was adopted which provides for an annual conference to start on the first Thursday in December. The next Convention will meet at Wittenberg College, Springfield,

Ohio, in 1912.

We believe that all who attended the Conference were much inspired. Some of us indeed departed better Christians and stronger Lutherans. It was most gratifying to see the interest that was manifested and we feel convinced that the Conference will mean much to the Lutheran Church in the way of unity and in realizing her great work. The closing session was most inspiring, for never before had we seen a Lutheran audience enter into the spirit of a meeting more heartily. This was proven when that grand old hymn, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," was sung till its strains re-echoed in the sanctuary. The meetings of the Convention were finished but its impressions are well moulded.

RAYMOND R. AMMARELL, '11.

Judge—"Your name?"

Prisoner—"Patrick Mulligan."

Judge—"Born?"

Prisoner—"Yes."

Judge—"Business?"

Prisoner—"Rotten."

Judge—"I mean what is your occupation?"

Prisoner—"I'm a sailor."

Judge—"Get out you never saw a ship in your life."

Prisoner—"Begorra, and I didn't did yer honor shay? Well how do you think I camto ver from Ireland, in a wheel barrow?"

Judge—"Case dismissed. Bring in the next prisoner."—*Ex.*

"I hear men are going to wear clothes to match their hair," said the Wise Guy.

Simple Mug—"That's going to make it rather cool for the baldheaded fellows, not so?"—*Ex.*

## REFLECTIONS FROM VESUVIUS.

"Why are you crying, Mrs. Maier?"

"Oh, the sight of Vesuvius reminds me so much of my late husband. He used to smoke a lot, too!"—*Ex.*

"Go emulate the busy bee"

This sage advice was given to me

So, just to try to make amends

I went right out and stung my friends."—*Ex.*



# THE MUHLENBERG

Founded by the Class of '83.

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*Assistant Editor-in-Chief*, ERNEST J. REITER, '12.

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# EDITORIAL

## GRADUATION NUMBER.

Next month's number, the last to be issued by the present staff, is going to be somewhat of a holiday affair. In the first place the number will be twice the size of the present paper. There will be lots of stories, some essays on subjects which will appeal to everyone, some new jokes, and some pictures of teams and organizations around college. A copy of the June "*Muhlenberg*" will be a very acceptable souvenir of the 1911 Commencement for every one. Every regular subscriber will receive one without extra charge. For those who are not as yet subscribers the price will be 20c. a copy, with the proviso, that if the purchaser desires to subscribe for a year or more he (or she) has simply to hand his (or her) name to the seller, together with the sum of \$1.00 and his subscription will begin with this number.

It is the purpose of the next Editor-in-Chief to enlarge and improve the "*Muhlenberg*" in many ways and he can only do this if he has an increased income. We depend on our subscribers for the support of the paper and we must have a longer list of subscriptions. If you want to keep in touch with the life at Muhlenberg, with the accomplishments of her sons in every field, both

undergraduate and alumni, if you want to assist your Alma Mater in this phase of her life, then add *your* name to the list of subscribers. We need *your* support.

## TRACK.

The name and fame of Muhlenberg have been brought before the eyes of the public in various ways. One of the latest press notices appeared in the pages of the May number of the "*Top-Notch Magazine*." It is in the form of a short-story, telling how the captain's brother won his D. The D stands for Delaware College and he was the captain of the track team. The story is interesting to us because it presents a point of view on the part of Delaware of which we had previously been ignorant.

The author of the story, we do not recall his name, does not think much of Muhlenberg's track team, or Muhlenberg herself, for that matter. This appears in the development of the story.

We do not know whether anyone else at Delaware has the views and prejudices of the author of the story. We do not wish to insult a college with whom our formal relations have been so amicable during the short time we have held athletic contests with her. But we would



like to be sure that this "story" is not a product of the spirit of the student body. If it is, and we do not think it is, the results of our athletic contests to date should prevent such an expression of sentiment from appearing.

If it is not the spirit of the student body, but the product of an isolated individual, who thinks so little of his college as to jeopardize her interests and relations with other colleges, Delaware is to be condoned with for the possession of such a loyal student. This is the better alternative. An individual can be suppressed.

It was probably very desirable for the Captain's brother to win his D, even if his best time for the quarter was only 54, but he might have won it at the expense of some track team which is really inferior to that of Delaware.

### COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

For the Seniors, Commencement seems very near, although it will be almost a month before they will receive their sheepskins. We are printing a rather good view of the Administration Building with the hope that it will arouse within some alumnus, who would otherwise remain absent, to return to the halls of his Alma Mater. This year a new feature will be introduced into the program, a baseball game between teams representing the Alumni and Student Body. The Student Body will be on hand to root for their team and we hope that the Alumni team will have a multitude of ardent supporters.

Answer that call that comes to you when the June fragrance fills the air, O son of Muhlenberg, and return once more to the green lawns and spreading trees of Muhlenberg Campus.

### FAREWELL FEST.

The Seniors are going to hold an affair on Thursday, May 18, much like the traditional Chunion Ausflug. In this case, however, the Seniors are the participants and the baseball game in the afternoon will be played between the Euterpeans and Sophronians. Luckily, there are exactly 9 members of each society in the class, so that no conversions will be necessary.

After the game the substantial part of the Fest will happen at some rustic hostel in the vicinity. A good game is promised and all Freshmen still in doubt as to which Society is the better, are advised to be present and take notes for next year's campaign.

### COLLEGE NEWS.

On Tuesday morning, May 9th, the annual election of officers of the Student Organization took place and resulted as follows:

*President Student Organization* — Laughome W. Fink, '12.

*Vice-President*—Harry M. Wertz, '12

*Secretary*—Walter Rentschler, '12

*Treasurer*—Robert Kleckner, '12

*Cheer Leader*—Herbert B. Frederick, '12

*Asst. Cheer Leader*—Paul H. Krauss, '12

*Song Leader*—William L. Katz, '13

After this election, the non-fraternity men elected their representatives on the Student Council. Those elected were:

Ernst Reiter, '12; Robert Kleckner, '12; Walter Rentschler, '12.

On the next day, Sophronia chose the following men to control her portion of the destinies of the "Muhlenberg."

*Editor-in-Chief*, Walter W. Brossman, '12; *Literary Editor*, Ralph Holben, '13; *Personal Editor*, Matthias H.

Richards, '13.

Chas. Keim will be Editor-in-Chief of the 1913 Ciarla, assisted by J. Conrad Seegers. Cressman, Klingler and Reno will regulate the finances thereof, Holben, Katz, Scheehl, Robert Krause, and Richards will also edit, and Ritter, Blatt, Warren Butz, Bowsher and Bixler will artfully devise the drawn parts. Take care that you are not snapped by Raker or Esser, who will run the photographic end of the book. To our casual eye this looks like a well-balanced, competent staff and we can look for great things from it.

### PROGRAM FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Sunday, June 11, 10 A. M.

St. John's Lutheran Church, Baccalaureate Sermon by President Haas.

Monday, June 12, 8 P. M.

Senior Reception—President's Home.

Tuesday, June 13, 10 A. M.

Junior Oratorical Contest — Lyric Theatre; 8 P. M., College Play "Just Out of College," Lyric Theatre.

Wednesday, June 14.

10 A. M.—Literary Society Reunions.

11 A. M. Meeting of Alumni Association in the Chapel.

12 M.—Luncheon in the Assembly Room.

2 P. M. Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees.

2 P. M. "Alumni" vs. "College" Base Ball Game.

8.15 P. M., Promenade Concert, College Campus.

Thursday, June 15th, 10 A. M.

Lyric Theatre, Address by Provost Edgar F. Smith, Ph. D., Sc. D., L.L.D., of the University of Pennsylvania.

Conferring of Degrees and Awarding of Prizes.

### BY BRITISH SCHOOL BOYS.

To the long list of schoolboy "howlers" compiled in England must be added the following selection published by the University Correspondent:

Magna Carta said that the king had no right to bring soldiers into a lady's house and tell her to mind them.

Henry VIII married Katharine and she said it was Wolsey's fault.

Panama is a town of Colombo, where they are trying to make an isthmus.

The Pyramids are a range of mountains between France and Spain.

Monsoons are fertile gorges between the Himalayas.

The Rump Parliament consisted entirely of Cromwell's stalactites.

When England was placed under an interdict the pope stopped all births, marriages and deaths for a year.

Son pere a la gout pronounce pour le jardinage—His father has sever gout through gardening.

Sotto voce—In a drunken voice.

De gustbus non disputandum—High winds and no mistake.

Ammonia is used as an epidemic.

Isinglass is a whitish substance made from the bladders of surgeons.

The line opposite the right angle in a right angled triangle is called the hippopotamus.

Liberty of conscience means doing wrong and not worrying about it afterward.

(Continued on page 26)





MUHLENBERG COLLEGE

## Alumni.

ROBERT C. HORN, *Editor.*

1875. Rev. C. H. Hemsath, our superintendent of Porto Rico Missions, sailed for Porto Rico, April 1st, being sent there by the Mission Board to superintend the construction of several mission chapels. The plans for two chapels of reinforced concrete have been approved and as the women of the Augustana Synod have promised \$2,500 toward these chapels the work will be pushed with vigor. The funds for the main church in San Juan meanwhile are steadily increasing and it is hoped that before long the building of this the main church will be engaging the attention of Pastor Hemsath.

1897

Rev. Ira W. Klick, formerly pastor of St. Stephen's Lutheran Church, this city, but now pastor of Zion Lutheran Church, Marietta, Pa., was married recently at Meyerstown, to Miss Henrietta Coover, of that borough. The ceremony was performed in the Reformed church, by Rev. J. F. C. Fluck, who was assisted by Revs. Aaron Klick, of Hegin's, Pa.; and Jonathan Klick, of Lehigh, brothers of the groom, Mrs. E. J. Coover, of Meyerstown, was matron of honor, and E. J. Coover was best man. The ushers were: Revs. H. L. Straub, of Lehigh; J. H. Raker, of Allentown; H. S. Kidd, of Wind Gap; and A. E. Dry. The bride was given away by her uncle, John Donges, of Meyerstown. She was handsomely attired in white satin with a veil of lilies of the valley, and carried a bouquet of bridal roses. Rev. and Mrs. Klick will leave on Saturday for Europe, where they will spend their honeymoon. They will remain abroad several months.

The bride, who is a daughter of Mrs. Ellen D. Coover, of Meyerstown, is highly accomplished and very popular socially. The groom, who up to recently was the pastor of St. Stephen's Lutheran Church, of this city, is highly esteemed and respected here for his excellent mental gifts and fine character.

—*Allentown Morning Call.*

1898. The Rev. L. F. Gruber, pastor of St. Mark's Church, Minneapolis, owns a copy of the First edition of the King James Version of the Bible in English. Several authorities on rare books have examined the book and say it is undoubtedly a copy of the original first edition. It is a ponderous book weighing 18 pounds and measuring  $15\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Pastor Gruber came into possession of the book while traveling in England some years ago purchasing it at a nominal price from a second-hand dealer. There were probably not more than 3,000 copies of the original edition published and very few are now in existence. Those which are in existence are so rare as to be almost beyond purchase. Pastor Gruber loaned his copy for exhibit at the Minneapolis celebration of the 300th anniversary of its publication.

The Minneapolis Journal of Monday, April 10, has an interesting account of the peculiarities of this book, together with illustrations of the title page and a specimen page from Exodus.

1899. St. Stephen's, Rev. H. A. Kunkel, pastor, is awaiting bids to award the contract for enlarging and completing the church building. There has been marked growth in the Sunday-school. The Luther League has recently been revived and reorganized.



1900. The Advent Voice for April 1911, published by the Church of the Advent, New York City, of which Rev. William M. Horn is pastor, contains in addition to a great deal of material of local interest, an interesting sketch of the life of Dr. Harpster, former missionary to India, and some good words concerning Muhlenberg College. The booklet contains also excellent, new cuts of the Administration Building and Berks Hall; these were made especially for this purpose.

1902. Rev. Samuel E. Moyer is the successful pastor of the Reformed Church at Perkasié.

1906. At a recent meeting of the board of trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, Preston A. Barba, of Allentown, was awarded for the second time a fellowship in Germanics.

1907. Trinity congregation, of Lancaster, Rev. Arthur T. Michler, pastor, has issued a Year Book in commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of the founding of that parish. It is a book of nearly seventy pages and contains annual reports, directory and much valuable information concerning the work of the congregation for the use of the members.

Rev. Ambrose Herring is doing most successful work in Philadelphia. The following words, quoted from an article of his in *"The Lutheran,"* speak for themselves.

"The Settlement House in its present location (only six months) has secured a monthly attendance of 1,600 and is now averaging sixty daily. Boys' clubs,

Girls' Sewing Classes and a gymnasium have been established; twelve children have been placed in a Lutheran Sunday-school and the Settlement, with \$1,000 which it sorely needs, will undertake other splendid work for the slum dwellers of our city. It must be remembered that the Settlement has large expenses and small income."—Rev. A. Hering.

1907. Mr. Edward T. Horn, who will be ordained at the coming meeting of Synod, will go to Japan as missionary, under the auspices of the General Council. Mr. Horn will sail for the Orient in the fall.

1910. Mr. Karl L. Reisner has sent to the Classical Club a drawing of a Roman house and plans, enlarged from illustrations in Man's "Pompeii." This is a welcome addition to the club's small collection of illustrative material.

1910. Mr. Martin S. Kleckner is doing most successful work in the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania.

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The Alumni Association has arranged the following program for Alumni Day, June 14:

10 A. M.—Society Reunions.

11 A. M.—Meeting of Alumni Association.

12 A. M.—Luncheon.

The price for the luncheon will be 50 cents per plate. It is hoped that there will be a large attendance on the part of the alumni. In the afternoon there will be a base-ball game between Alumni and Students.

# PERSONALS



HARRY J. BROBST, *Editor.*

The Wartburg Farm School Band of Mt. Vernon, New York, entertained the student body in the Chapel on Wednesday morning, May 3, with a number of their selections. The previous evening they held a concert in the Y. M. C. A. Hall. Dr. Berkemeyer, who is at the head of the school, accompanied the boys. Although very young they well displayed their ability in the art of playing and received hearty applause. The boys enjoyed their trip to the college and after being shown around the different buildings left for Easton, where they gave a concert the same evening. It is the desire of the student body that whenever they come to Allentown that they pay us a visit.

Prof. Franklin of Lehigh University, gave a lecture in the college chapel Thursday evening, May 4, on the Monorail, the principle of the Gyroscope.

Prof. Peck of Lafayette College spoke to a large and appreciative audience in the college chapel on Thursday evening, April 27. His subject was "Greek Temples."

Prof. Ross (in History)—What collateral reading have you done this month?

Richards '13—Chapters 3-6 in Hinds and Noble.



The following officers have been elected by Euterpean Society for the spring term.

President—Luther F. Waidelich, '12  
 Vice President—George Shump, '12  
 Secretary—William Drehs, '13  
 Corresp. Secy.—Wallace Knerr, '13  
 Critics—Henry Shelly, '12; Charles Coleman, '12  
 Chaplain—Conrad Seegars '13  
 Monitor—Quinton Stauffer '13  
 Pianoist—Arthur Deibert '14

The Glee Club has just finished the season of 1910-11 by a trip up New York State. The concerts at Kingston and Albany were very successful, as well as the other concerts of the year. The Allentown concert met with great success. The patronage far exceeded that of previous years, due to the hearty cooperation of all concerned. The boxes and stage were gayly decorated, presenting a very neat appearance. The club has received hearty commendation wherever it has performed. The schedule that the club had was far superior to that of former years inasmuch as there was quite a number of new places, at which the club sang. This is due to the hearty cooperation of the officers and the zealous working of Business Manager Arthur Butz, who has worked very hard for the welfare of the College Glee Club.

(Overheard on Glee Club trip to N. Y.)

Miller—What ails the porter. Pop Wolper could not bear to see his daughter Wine any longer, so he went home to liquor.

Waidelich (eating the last piece of chocolate he has bought)—Another nickel gone to the devil.

Wertz—Yes, look where it's going.

Bauman, '11, speaking of our coming track victory over Delaware—That's like a tin can I saw yesterday on Hamilton St., it's bound to occur.

#### GERMAN ECONOMICS.

Eberts, '11, reading German, reaches end of paragraph and pauses significantly.

Dr. Wackernagel—Read on, Eberts, it will keep you out of mischief.

#### FOR FRESHIES' FACES.

Freshman—Where are they going to put the shower baths in Luther League Hall?

Soph—They're not putting in shower baths, but they're going to put in vacuum cleaners.

The Glee Club will continue to pursue its "See-America-First" policy in arranging its concerts for 1911-12. London and Paris papers please copy.

In the much regretted absence of Mr. Bernheim, due to pneumonia, the business interests and financial destinies of the College are under the supervision of Mr. Francis Hobson Smith, '11, of Pottstown, Pa. The College Store is still running.—Adv.

#### SPEAKING OF FEET.

Smith—That's a husky looking razor you've got there, Buck.

Skean—Yes, I use it to cut corns.

Dr. Marks—Don't sing "in rapture kneeling" so slowly. It sounds as though Olaf had a bad case of rheumatism.

The Junior Hop will be held on the last day of college in the History Recitation Room.



ATHLETIC

FRANCIS H. SMITH, *Editor.*

## TRACK.

### OUR VICTORY AT THE RELAY RACES.

In the March Issue of the "Muhlenberg" there appeared a little article which read to this effect: "Last spring in the Relay Races Muhlenberg came in second in her class and this year she must be first."

Well, the Relay Races have already taken place this spring. You ask whether the prophecy came true. A handsome banner in our Trophy Room and four handsome, engraved, gold watches tell the tale. She "came," She "saw," She "conquered."

The victory was another triumph for Coach Smith, who has been laboring faithfully with the candidates for a couple of months.

Shelly, Toebke, Wacker and Bixler composed the Muhlenberg Team. Reiter, Captain of the Track Team, was substitute.

The teams which competed against Muhlenberg in the Race were those representing Delaware, St. John's of Annapolis, Gallaudet, Washington and West Chester Normal School.

The Race was scheduled for 3.55 P. M. Muhlenberg was put at a disad-

vantage at the start because she had fifth place. But Shelly was equal to the occasion and at the crack of the pistol shot over to the inside of the Track and took the lead. However, a Gallaudet man forged ahead at the end of the first quarter. Toebke ran second for Muhlenberg and was fortunate in making a gain of about 15 yards to which Wacker added about about five more. Bixler was suffering with sore muscles in his side but pluckily insisted on running. He took advantage of his big start and did not exert himself much at first. But Gallaudet's last man who proved to be a wonder soon evened up with Bixler and for over a hundred yards they ran shoulder to shoulder. About a hundred yards from the finish Bixler braced up and beat out his "dusky rival" by about two yards. Thus Bixler put the grand finishing touches to an already pretty race.

The time for the Race was 3 minutes, 39 2-5 seconds. Gallaudet took second place and Delaware came in third. The Race, however, was between Muhlenberg and Gallaudet. Coach Smith caught the individual time as follows:—Shelly, 55 seconds; Toebke, 54 1-5 seconds; Wacker, 56 seconds; and Bixler 54 1-5 seconds.



Too much praise cannot be given the Coach and the men who composed the team. The winning of this race has helped to augment the rapidly increasing fame of our beloved institution.

As we look forward to next season we do so with a feeling of satisfaction. The team that took second place last year is the very team that took first this year and we expect to have all the men back next year. Shelly will be a Senior and the remainder will be Juniors.

Here's the thanks of an appreciative Student Body to the Coach and his Victorious Team!

### THE INTER-CLASS MEET.

The annual Inter-Class Track Meet, which was held on Saturday afternoon, May 6th, proved to be very interesting. Class rivalry was at its height and added much to the success of the meet. On the other hand, Coach Smith was able to get a line on the men, which will, undoubtedly, help him in framing his tactics for the remainder of the season. Some of the men who will probably do something in our Dual Meets were not able to take part in the Inter-Class Meet, so that our chances for a winning team are probably brighter than the result of the Inter Class Meet might indicate.

The Sophomores came off victorious; Toebke, David and Wacker were responsible for most of the points made by the Sophs. Capt. Reiter, while running the two mile for the Juniors, was taken sick and forced to drop out. Bucks, a Freshman, took the lead and held it to the finish, but was disqualified for having run part the race on the grass inside the track, after having lost his shoe. The Seniors had one man entered and were surprised to find out at the end of the meet that their class was credited with 25 points.

The meet started at 2 P. M. The following were the officials:

Referee—Frick (Lehigh); Starter—Miller (Haverford); Clerk of Course—Sauber (Lehigh); Announcer—Grant (M. '11); Track Judges—Ammarell (M. '11), Fink (M. '12), Raker (M. '13); Field Judges—Rentschler (M. '11), Bieber (M. '11), Henninger (M. '12); Timers—Smith (Y. M. C. A.), Frick (Lehigh); Scorer—Cressman (M. '13). The summary of the meet follows

100 Yards Dash—Won by Flexer '14; second, Wacker '13; third, Sell '14. Time 11 seconds.

120 Yards Hurdle—Won by Smith '11; second, Taylor '14; third, David '13. Time 18 3-5 seconds.

One Mile Run—Won by Reiter '12; second, Frederick '13; third, Crouthamel '14. Time, 5 minutes, 6 4-5 seconds.

440 Yards Run—Won by Toebke '13; second, Sell '14; third, Scheel '13. Time, 57 3-5 seconds.

High Jump—Won by Smith '11, 4 ft. 9½ inches; second, Cook '14, 4 ft. 8½ in.; third, David '13, 4 ft. 6½ in.

Shot Put—Won by Skean (Special)—37 ft. 2 in.; second, Krauss '13, 28 ft. 11 in.; third, 26 ft. 6 in.

Discus—Won by Skean (Special)—103 ft. 9 in.; second, David '13, 86 ft. 11 in.; third, Krauss '13, 71 ft. 9 in.

Hammer Throw—Won by Drehs '13, 65 ft. 9 in.; second, David '13, 62 ft. 7 in.; third, Fetherolf '14, 56 ft. 11 in.

220 Yards Hurdle—Won by Smith '11; second, David '13; third, Cook '14. Time 30 seconds.

Half Mile Run—Won by Toebke '13; second, Rentschler '12; third, Biery '14. Time 2 min. 15 sec.

220 Yards Dash—Won by Wacker '13; second, Flexer '14; third, Sell '14. Time 25 sec.

Pole Vault—Won by Smith '11, 8 ft. 1 in.; second, Keever '12, 7 ft. 10 in.; third, David '13, 7 ft. 6 in.

Two Mile Run—Won by Esser '13; second, Crouthamel '14. Time, 12 min. 22 2-5 sec.

Broad Jump—Won by Smith '11, 19 ft. 11 in.; second, Cook '14, 18 ft. 8½ in.; third, Flexer '14, 18 ft. 3 in.

The points scored by the Teams are as

follows: Sophomores 48; Freshmen, 31; Seniors, 25; Juniors 11; Specials 10.

The individual points won are as follows:

Smith 25, David 12, Toebke 10, Slean 10, Flexer 9, Wacker 8, Cook 7, Reiter 5, Esser 5, Drehs 5, Sell 5, Krauss 4, Taylor 4, Crouthamel 4, Rentschler 3, Keever 3, Frederick 3, Scheel 1, Fetherolf 1, Biery 1.

## BY BRITISH SCHOOL BOYS.

(Continued from page 18)

The German emperor is called the Gey-sir.

John Burns was one of the claimants to the throne of Scotland in the reign of Edward I.

"Mute inglorious Milton" was an epitaph used by a writer who was envious of Milton being Poet Orient.

Tennyson wrote a poem called

"Grave's Energy."

Ben Johnson is one of the three highest mountains in Scotland.

Comme tu te depeches—Come and fish.

L'un etait dragon, l'autre mousquetaire—One was a dragon, the other a mosquito.

"I'm going to stop bein' kind and helpful to people."

"Why?"

"Cause at school today I saw Tommy Jones puttin' a pin in the teacher's chair; so just as the teacher was about to sit down, I pulled away the chair. Then teacher sat down on the floor, and when he got up he licked me for pullin' away the chair, and then Tommy Jones hit me for interferin'."—*Ex.*

One of the "fair ones" boasts that her lover in the Senior class is telescopic. She can draw him out, see through him, and then shut him up.—*Ex.*

Happy man: "Oh! why didn't I know the happiness of being in love before I had spent the greater part of my life!"—*Ex.*

Don't expect pay for being good.  
Be good-for-nothing.—*Ex.*

Weber '11—Doctor, why is Hartzell like March winds and April showers?

Dr. W.—I'm sure I don't know.

Weber '11—Because he brings May flowers.

Father—I don't know what's the matter with my son. He's got a habit of walking in his sleep.

Mother—Let's get him a job on the police force.—*Ex.*



## Exchange.

JOHN E. HARTZELL, *Editor*.

The "Normal Vidette" is always very welcome at Muhlenberg, not only because of the interesting pages, but because it is the literary organ of one of our nearest neighbors and because Kutztown and Muhlenberg are bound together in happy relations thru the students the former sends to our institution. The paper abounds in school items, which, of necessity, brings the various school activities before the attention of the alumni. This, we consider one of the first functions of a school publication. A very considerable and noticeable omission, however, is that of an athletic department, without which no paper can be complete. We extend congratulations to the Keystone Literary Society upon its forty-first anniversary, and wish it a large sphere of usefulness and success.

"The College Student" deserves much praise for its excellent Literary Department. "Louis Kossuth" indicates much thought and excellent skill in arrangement. Every paper should have an Athletic and an Alumni department. Do you not believe that your Literary Department covers too much space at the expense of these departments? Get the proper balance.

The article on "Character and Talent" in "The Mercury" is an unbiased appraisal of these two highly essential qualities. It is written in a modest, straight forward and earnest manner. Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture" is a criticism of some merit. It shows that the writer is conversant with Ruskin's style and manner.

"The Thielensian" contains a moder-

ately good poem entitled "March". The style is somewhat rugged, due undoubtedly to the dialogue form. Its central thoughts brought out very well. "Characteristics and Uses of Imagination" lays down some important facts. The writer quotes Longfellow's statement to Mary Anderson, "every day looks upon some beautiful picture, and some beautiful poem, hear some beautiful piece of music" and furthermore shows that this advice "not only develops imagination, but keeps it active and normal and prevents those diseases of the imagination which are the most fearful that affect this human mind."

The attempt at writing poetry is overdone by High School students and they usually fail in their well-meaning efforts. "A St. Patrick's Day Poem" in "The Junto" is an excellent example of this.

"The Compromises of the Constitution" in "The Susquehanna" is full of historical information. The article concludes by giving weighty reasons for the pride Americans possess for this instrument.

We acknowledge the following: "The Buff and Blue," "The Sorosis," "The Crescent," "College News," "Res Academicae," "The Mirror," "The Red and Black," "The Argus," "The Echo," "Lancaster High School News," "College Chips," "The Budget," "The Lincolnian," "The Ursinus Weekly," "Otterbein Aegis," "The Purple and White," "The Pennant," "The Bayonet," "The Carlisle Arrow," "The Black and Red," "The Buchtelite," "The Red and Black," "The Hemnica," "College Breezes" and "The Comenian."

# A COLLEGE COURSE IN SHAKESPEARE.

Freshman—Comedy of errors.

Sophomore—Much ado about nothing.

Junior—As you like it.

Senior—All's well that ends well.—*Ex.*

---

"Lives of scholars, all remind us  
We should make our lives sublime  
Just by asking foolish questions,  
Taking up the teacher's time."—*Ex.*

---

"There are meters of gas,  
There are meters of stone,  
But the best of all meters,  
Is to meet her alone."—*Ex.*

## HE KNEW.

Angry Wife—"Seems to me we've  
been married 10 years. I can't even re-  
member where we met first.'

Husband—"I can. It was at a din-  
ner party and there were thirteen at the  
table."—*Ex.*

---

"Money is the only orator that never  
lacks an audience, when it wants to talk."  
—*Ex.*

---

"I'll be dammed," said the creek, as  
the surveyor approached.—*Ex.*

## HOW NICE.

She—"Did he say anything dove-like  
about me?"

He—"Yes. He said you were pigeon-  
toed."—*Ex.*

---

He—"I'm trying to get ahead.'

She—"Well, you need one bad  
enough."—*Ex.*

"Oh, Miss," said a love-sick swain,  
"if I were but yon bright star, how  
brightly I would shine for you."

"What a pity," said she, musingly,  
"that you can't shine here."

He went out directly."—*Ex.*

---

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed impatiently,  
"we'll be sure to miss the first act, we've  
been waiting a good many minutes for  
my mother."

"Hours, I should say," he replied.

"Ours? she cried, "Oh, Jim, this is so  
sudden."—*Ex.*

---

"Where is the man who has power and  
skill

To stem the torrent of a woman's will?  
For if she will, she will, you may depend  
on't,

And if she won't, she won't, so there's  
an end on't."—*Ex.*

---

Eight or nine women, assembled at  
luncheon, were discussing ailments and  
operations, as eight or nine, or one or  
two, or sixty or seventy women will. The  
talk ran through angina pectoris, torpid  
liver, tuberculosis and kindred happy  
topics.

---

"I thought," commented the guest of  
honor, "that I had been invited to a  
luncheon, and not to an organ recital."

---

Speaker—"I defy anyone in this  
audience to mention a single action that  
I can perform with my right hand that  
I cannot do equally well with my left."

Voice from Gallery—"Put your left  
hand in yer righthand trousers pocket."  
—*Ex.*



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The stork left here with a flutter.  
Smith named her Oleomargarine,  
For he hadn't any but her.—*Ex.*

He seized her in the dark and kissed her,  
And for a moment bliss was his;  
"Oh, my; I thought it was my sister,"  
He cried. She laughed and said, "It is."  
*Ex.*

## SUREST THING YOU KNOW.

Tommy died a week ago,  
in his coffin lies he low.  
Grass waves o'er him to and fro—  
Tommy-rot.—*Ex.*

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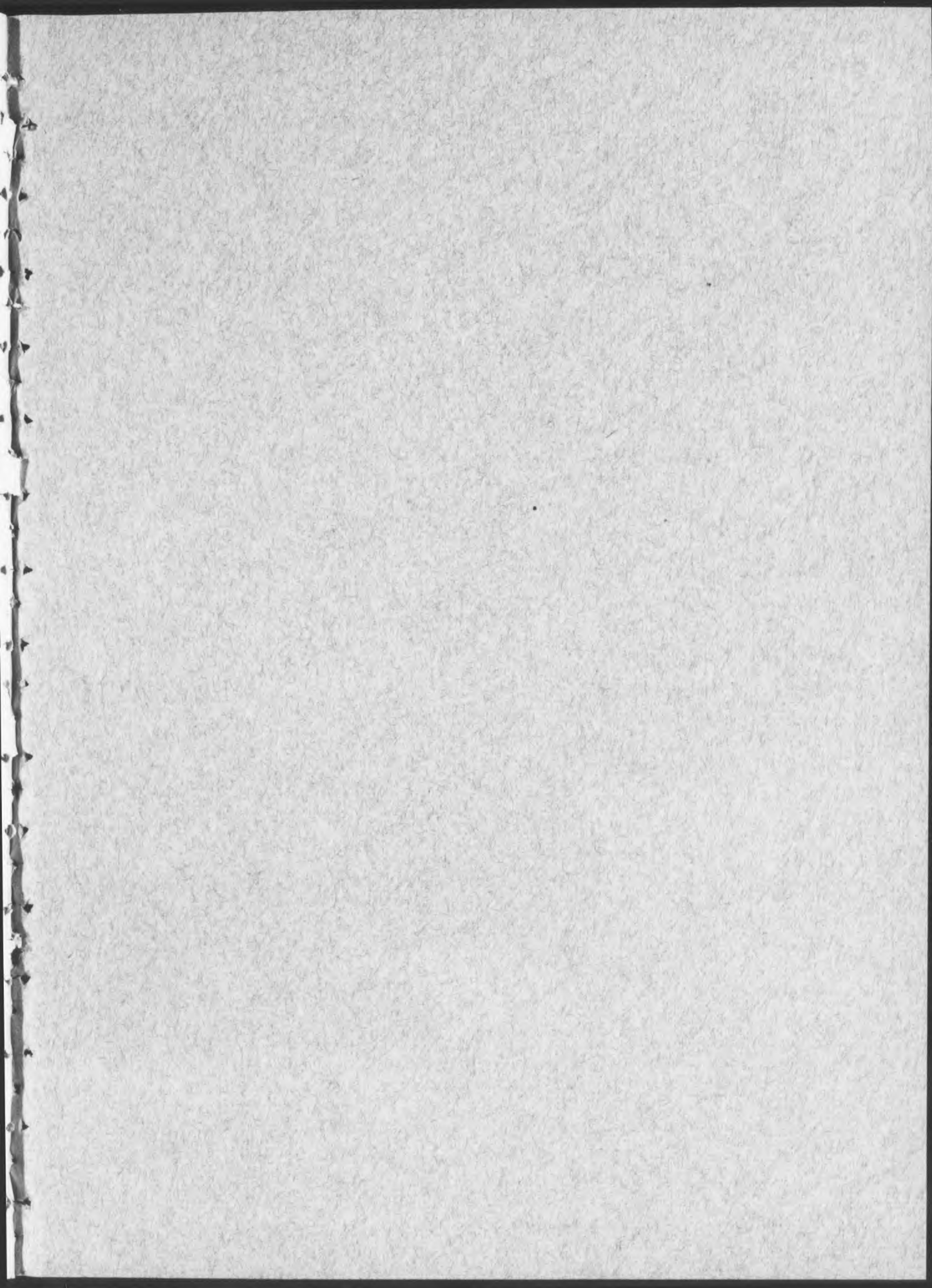
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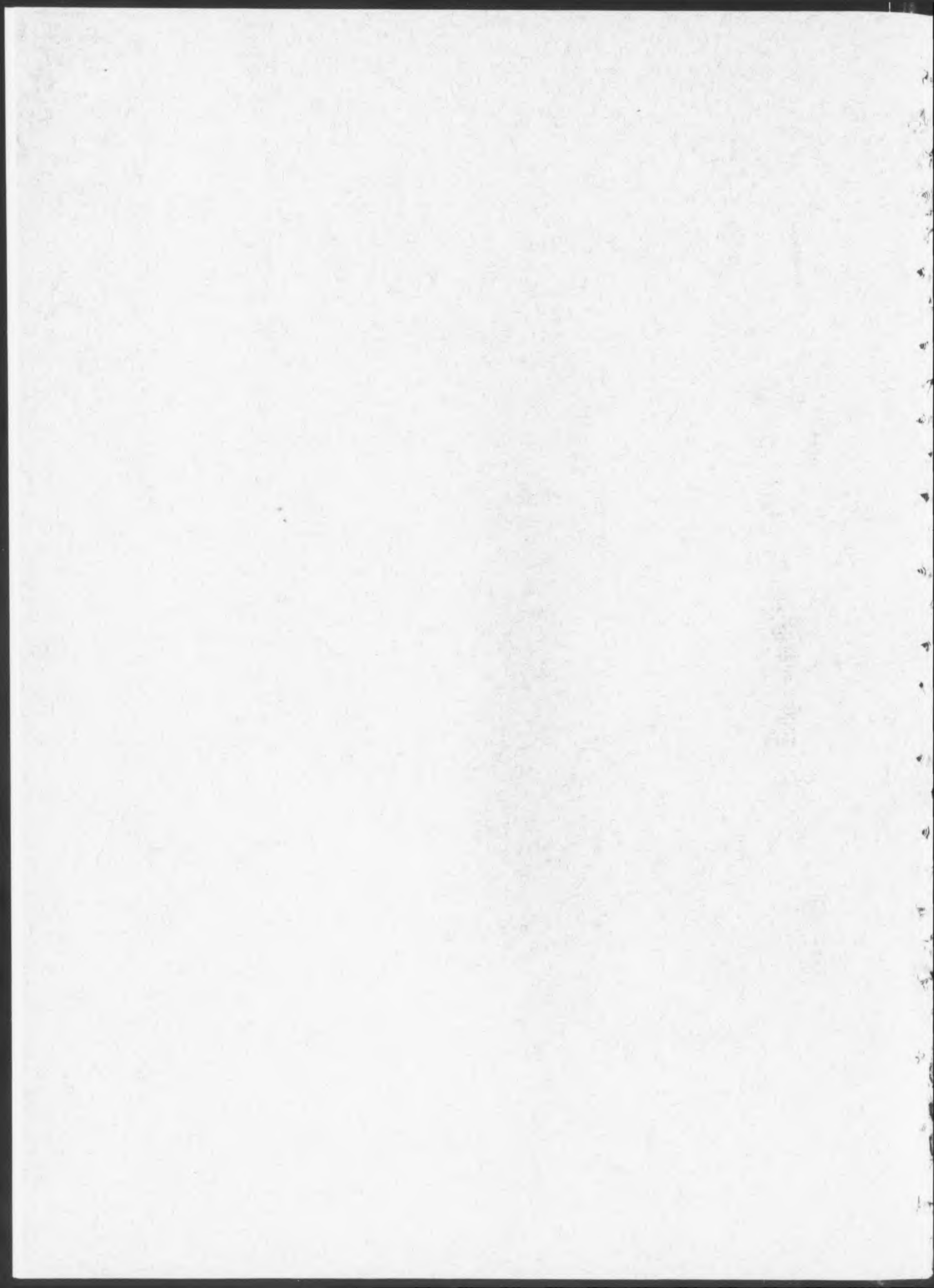
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# THE MUHLENBERG



19 VOL. XXIX. JUNE NO. 10 11

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# THE MUHLENBERG

VOL. XXIX.

ALLENTOWN, PA., JUNE, 1911.

No. 10.



WALTER M. RENTSCHLER, *Editor.*

## A WORD OF FAREWELL.

It is with regret and also with pleasure that the Staff sees the end of its connection with "*The Muhlenberg*" fast approaching—regret, in that the work, which has been so pleasant and enjoyable during the past few months, at least to us, must be given up, and pleasure, in that a better and more competent staff is going to take up the work, where we left off, and make this magazine a still "*Greater Muhlenberg*." In conclusion we here take the "golden opportunity" of extending our best wishes to the incoming Staff for success in their new work, trusting that they will also have the hearty co-operation of the student-body. May all their troubles be little ones and may their successes mountains.

## A BRIEF RESUME.

As this is the last issue of the present staff and as it also marks the close of the collegiate year, it is our object to give a brief resume of the year's literary activity.

The staff of the first semester was considerably hampered in their work by scarcity of literary material and as a result some of the essays and poems were decidedly mediocre, while the rest of the material, however, was of a high degree of excellence. But it is not our object to criticise the staff, as the fault lies only in the lack of interest which the student-body showed in the college monthly and are still showing to some extent. This condition of affairs was greatly ameliorated by an event which we wish to comment on at this stage of the game, and that was the short story contest, which closed immediately after the Christmas holidays. This contest seemed to be just what was needed, for a better and livelier interest began to be taken in the work of the "*Muhlenberg*" and the way contributions came flooding in was a most pleasant and agreeable surprise to the Staff.

Such a contest is of manifold benefit to any institution of our standing and of great excellence, for it fosters a better and larger literary spirit among





THE CLASS OF 1911.

## THE MUHLENBERG

the students and cultivates an intellectual atmosphere that is most desirable. It also promotes a spirit of keen rivalry and competition, which if rightly managed, is of the utmost value to the students, as it makes them more energetic and ambitious along literary lines.

Before we conclude, let us make this suggestion to the new "*Muhlenberg*" Staff, that they conduct during the next collegiate year two contests, a poetry contest and a short story contest, and that they divide a sum of \$15, which amount this year served as prize money for the short-story contest, the winner of

each contest, getting \$5 and the second man receiving \$2.50. This I believe, would be a most excellent plan, for in this way a great deal of material in way of poems and short stories would be supplied and then no complaint could be made for lack of material.

To make mention of the various essays, poems, short stories, editorials, etc., etc., which have been printed in the ten different issues of this year, would require too much space, so we will close this brief resume by saying that each and every issue has been "on the whole" of a high standard of excellence.

---

 COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Glad college days on time's swift sire  
 Are fled and gone. Alas! how soon  
 Apollo stills the tuneful lyre  
 Whose music e'er from moon to moon  
 Inspired, thrilled and set on fire  
 The breast of each with true desire.  
 The farewell day is drawing near—  
 How cruel that glad Commencement  
 Morn,  
 So full, so beauteous, with good cheer,  
 Should saddened be by grievous thorn  
 Of severance from friends grown dear!  
 But life in fact, and fact austere.  
 As up your rolling hillsides green  
 The steeds of Phoebus daily climb,  
 And shed abroad effulgent sheen  
 That gladdens gloomy oak and pine;  
 So 'midst our future trials keen,  
 When fate alone doth seem supreme.  
 Fond memories of college days  
 In consciousness again will swell,  
 Illuminating all our maze,  
 And all our phantoms dread dispel.  
 The warmth and soul of friendship's lays  
 Through life a benediction stays.

F. C. W. '11.



## THE RED BUDDHA.

Written by No. 43, Ah Foo Sin.

*"For ways that are dark, and tricks are  
vain*

*The heathen Chinees is peculiar."*

BRET HARTE.

"'Tis a nasty evenin'." Patrolman Croonan strode into the stationhouse and slammed the door hard behind him. The old sergeant raised his head from the newspaper he was reading and grunted a short "'tis so." The young reporter nodded, then lazily got up, crossed the room and looked out the window. The March evening was heavy with a dirty drizzle which seemed to bring down with it the sooty accumulation of the winter from the tops of the tall skysrapers. It was a misty rain that filled up the entire street, and half concealed, in a pale, dingy glow, the line of yellow street lamps and red balcony lanterns that stretched down through Chinatown.

"There's been another row down there." Croonan motioned toward Chinatown, as he noisily shook the rain out of his rubber coat. "The Tong bunch have finally gotten that young fellow Song Lee. There's no gettin' at these scraps, anyhow. Darn the yellow lizards intoirely, sez I."

At this mention the old Sergeant got up from his easy chair by the stove and crossing over to the window peered out into the street. It would be hard to conceive of the Harrison St. police station without the Sergeant. He was the oldest man on the force, a gray haired, kind hearted old Irishman, with service medals galore, and a wonderful fund of stories, gleaned from thirty years' experience at the Harrison St. police station—situated, as it was, midway between Chinatown and Little Italy.

After a musing stare at the winking lights he slowly returned to his seat. "Croonan, ye are right, the Chinaman is the immutable sphinx, as the Alderman remarked in a speech once. I've been pulling 'em in here, and raiding their dives for twenty-five years now, and I don't know anymore about them now than I did when I started. You can cuss a Chinaman, and call him a liar, and slander his family, things for which a son of the sod would fight for blood, and he will just peer out at you from underneath those yellow green slats of his and never bat an eye. It's uncanny, it creeps on ye." He took a few puffs and then continued, "I'll never forget, to my dying day, the night I went with Sam Revere, him that's inspector now, on the Drayton case." The patrolmen moved nearer the fire and assumed comfortable positions. The Sergeant's stories were rare, and wonderful. The young reporter eagerly got out pad and pencil. "Put that paper away, me boy, this is not for publication. Some day you can make a story of it and give it to your Sunday supplement, but not now.

"It was just about sixteen years ago. This stationhouse was new then. Chinatown, however, was stronger then than it has ever been since. Clark st. from Van Buren all the way down beyond McCarty's saloon below Harrison st. was filled with Chinamen. Chop suey restaurants, stores and the like occupied the daylight stores, but it was down in the

cellars, and underneath the cellars that their real world was. There wasn't many white men knew about the windings of that subterranean world, as your Sunday story would put it, bub. Parties from uptown would go through parts of it to see the poppy houses and the like, guided by some of the poor devils who had fallen to associating with the "pig-tails." But there was only three men who really knew the place, Sam Revere, at that time city chief of detectives, Collins, who's dead, and the present chief. As it turned out that night, Sam didn't know as much about it as he thought he did.

I was on the "plain clothes" force then with headquarters in this very room. And just about that time all Chinatown, in fact, the entire city, had been very much disturbed by the disappearance of Julia Drayton. You don't remember the details of the Drayton case. A fine looking stenographer, with good family connections, had been whisked away one night as she was going home after working late at her office. She was last seen on Vanburen, right at the entrance to Chinatown, and there was the greatest excitement. Half of the city wanted to go down and burn Chinatown to the ground. The other half cursed the police department for not doing its duty. Inspector Revere was worried half to death and we conducted several raids through the underworld without success. We would go off on a clew, always to end up in a blind alley, or get to a room in which the dope sticks would be burning, the air full of smoke, the strings of the fiddles humming, and not a human being in sight. I don't doubt but what half a dozen pairs of almond eyes were sneering at us from overhead or underneath, but we couldn't find 'em.

Two or three weeks passed and the excitement sort of died down. Then, one night, much like this one, dirty and raining, I was sitting here in the twilight playing a quiet game of pinochle with one of the boys, when suddenly the phone rang. It was Sam Revere, who told me in an agitated sort of way, to be in front of the Grand Palace Hotel at eleven o'clock, and then rang off short. Well, I was on the job at eleven. Sam was waiting, and without a word, me following, started down Van Buren St. and turned into Plymouth Court. You know that "L" alley on your beat there, Croonan. Well, we stepped in there. You also know how black it is there at night. Sam stopped and looked around as if expecting someone. Sure enough, a little man slipped up out of the dark and touched Sam on the arm, so sudden and silent, Sam jumped. He beckoned us into a deserted office, where Sam struck a light. Quick as a flash the little man jumped to the window and pulled down the blinds. Then he turned and advanced to the center of the room. The little man was a Chinese woman, one of the few in Chinatown! I could see Sam was surprised, but he asked sharply, "Well, what do you want?"

"You pleece?" she asked, eyeing us keenly. Sam nodded and she spoke rapidly.

"I wife, king Chinatown. King, he steal white gel." At that we both started. "He have heh bound up. Two woman watch heh. He going make heh wife, sell me. I come show you way. Must not see me, so you come here. He Moy Lee, glate man." The little slant eyed woman said this proudly. "He owe big debt, Wu Tong Sin. Tonight at Joss house Wu Tong and Moy Lee settle debt." (Wu Tong Sin was sort of a



Chinese John D.) "Wu Tong want white gel, think he get heh fo debt. Moy Lee sharp. He keep white gel, give me Wu Tong Sin, me, his wife, from China. Come, I show you white gel. Take heh." And she stood there, just like a white woman, just as jealous as Mrs. Mary Croonan is of the County hospital nurses on your beat, Croonan. Well, after asking me whether I had my gun he nodded, and she glides out the door and into the other row of doors opening on Clark St., Sam and me following.

I thought I knew something about Chinatown, but I found out then that I didn't, and as we passed on I noticed the Inspector looked bewildered, too. We knew we were headed for their Temple, the central den of yellow iniquity, but that was all. First it was just plain corridors, with occasionally a covered alley. After a while we descended a couple of flights and then we knew we were passing the opium dives. We could hear the tumtum of the Chinese fiddles and could smell the punk burning, but we seemed to be going through a rear corridor, for we met none of the guards usually found near a dope shop.

The little woman ahead of us never faltered a second. Up and down, in and out she travelled. There was once my heart jumped in my throat. We turned a dark corner and suddenly, up from the very ground, it seemed, a vicious yellow-green face appeared and grunted Huh! That face was just  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch away from mine, trying to read my soul, I guess, and it was the face of a devil. But the little queen touched his arm and when he saw her he salaamed clear to the floor. She uttered a couple of sharp commands and passed on, briefly whispering to Sam, "He my slave, I kill him, he talk."

We were going up a little now. In one place we could peep through a lattice into a room where there was a sort of grand smoker, yellow lights, fiddles thrumming and punk sticks burning. Then we hurried through dark, carpeted passages, lightened with an occasional red lantern, and must have been pretty low, for we couldn't hear the noise of the street, though the air seemed strangely fresh. Suddenly the queen stopped and touched a panel. The one next to it noiselessly slid open, showing the black river flowing about 2 ft. below and before us. There was a boat moored right below the trap. "Here you get away," she whispered and marked the panel with a dim white chalk mark.

Then she pressed her long-nailed finger to her mouth and crept ahead perhaps a hundred feet into a double corridor. It was very dark here, and very quiet, with the exception of a low hum, which seemed to come from ahead. Two Chinamen in green suits passed through the other corridor, so near we could hear them talk.

We noticed the queen beckoning and crept forward. We were standing in front of a heavy red velvet curtain, which, falling from the high ceiling, formed the walls of an immense room. Through the curtain proceeded a low hum and a strange sweet smell, while a red glow seemed to be reflected through the hangings.

Again raising a cautioning hand she parted a fold in the velvet and whispered, "Now I go, stand by king. When I raise hand, grab white gel and run, run,"—and she was gone. Sam looked at me and I looked at him, both of us sort of dubious. However, we shook hands and drawing our guns quietly parted the curtains and stepped in.

## THE MUHLENBERG

I will never till my dying day forget that sight that struck our eyes. We were looking straight into the staring red eyes of an enormous Buddha that filled the space opposite us. We didn't notice his height, nor the room, nor the people in the room. Those sneering eyes of red fire fascinated us. They seemed to possess demoniac intelligence, they made my blood run cold. I gradually noticed that the body itself seemed to be made of a glowing pink marble, all inlaid with glittering stones, with a circlet of pearls as its crown, and its extended hands smoking with incense. It reached to the ceiling and stood there, with a hideous grim sculptured on the flat face with the fiery eyes, an evil incarnation of the devil.

A kick from Sam brought me to my senses. And when I did use rational eyesight I felt like rubbing my eyes. For just about ten feet in front of our hiding place sat the girl whom the entire police force of the city had been looking for for two weeks and couldn't find. She looked very pale and very much out of place in that awful place. Her hands were bound and an ugly Chinese woman stood beside her. She was watching what was going on in the center of the room, the way a bird watches a snake about to strike it.

Under a massive candelabra, whose bronze surface gleamed dully in the soft light, sat two Chinamen on either side of a little ivory table. I had to look twice before I could recognize the brocaded mandarin on the right of the Buddha as the well known king of Chinatown, Moy Lee. Behind him stood several retainers and he was listening with a sort of bland sneer to the document the Chinaman who sat opposite was reading.

The situation was clear enough. The

bespectacled old Chinaman reading was the rich Wu, of the clan of Long, demanding settlement of his debt from Moy, of the clan of Lee. There they were, the powerful heads of their factions, settling their scores in the holiest shrine of the American Chinamen.

Wu finally finished his monotonous drone and slapped the paper down on the table with a "pay me if you can" air, casting a beaming side glance at the bound girl, which made her shudder. I was ready to jump out then but Sam motioned me back. Moy had risen and after replying a few words, with that impassive, bland sneer still on his face, he turns to his wife standing by him, our guide of a few moments before and pointed her over to Wu. The Chinese woman was right! She was to go for his debts!

But Wu had not been considered. That was the first and the last time I ever saw a Chinaman lose his temper. He leaned over the table, and showing his teeth with a dirty snarl, pointed with long skinny finger to the white woman, in front of where we stood concealed. Those two Chinamen stared at each other thus for several seconds, with eyes which seemed green gulfs of envy and hate. Moy recovered himself first and with a bland smile made a suggestion. What was up? Sam and I gripped our guns. Moy motioned to a servant, who handed him—a pack of playing cards. Now that was the Chinaman for you. He'll gamble his right to his Heaven, if he's got any, and if he can get something to stake against it. Moy Lee had suggested to settle the dispute at cards.

They play a game called fan tan, much like our poker, except that three hands around decide the game.

Well, they played two hands and each



won one. Wu shuffled the last. Neither of them quivered an eyelash, the room was silent as the tomb. The other Chinamen and Moy's wife hung around the table, and their labored breathing could easily be heard in the stillness, while the cold Buddha dominated the entire scene like an evil genius, staring down with his big red eyes. The two Chinamen arranged their hands, then looked at each other an endless moment, it seemed, their faces blank, unreadable, flickerless. Then Wu, with a stately gesture, stood up and drawing back into the center of his men, calmly showed down—four aces! There was a sudden gasp and something like a sigh escaped from the almond eyed woman at Moy's side. All looked at Moy. He stared at the aces hard for just a moment, and then, slowly and deliberately placed his cards on the table. He held a Royal Flush.

I had felt the inspector getting restless next to me. What happened in the next few moments came quick and sort of hazy. Wu started back as if struck, his yellow face streaked a sickly green. Then he sprang forward with a snarl. But he was too late. Moy had raised his hand the moment his cards were down and suddenly the room on his side was filled with ugly Chinamen armed with curved swords. Wu stopped and slunk back with the growling of an angry tiger. Moy again motioned to his wife. She hesitated and then, instead of going towards Wu, turned and ran up the steps mounting the Buddha, with one hand slightly raised.

At that the inspector nods and we burst in. Knocking down the hag, the

Inspector picks up the white girl, while I cover the crowd with the guns—And at that moment every light in the place goes out. With one exception. Grinning, huge and hideous, with a dull red glow suffusing his whole frame, that Buddha stood outlined against the blackness and the little figure of the Chinese wife seeming to sink into the reddening lap.

We didn't waste any time staring at that. I had whipped out my bull's eye and my automatic barked often. As we rushed down the corridor we could hear them pounding after us. We made that 100 feet to the panel in record time. The inspector dropped the girl into the boat, and after turning to give a parting volley we dropped after, the panel noiselessly shutting us out in the welcome air of the night, though the vision of that demon statue reddening up in the black distance remains clear in my mind to this day."

\* \* \* \* \*

The station room was silent when the old Sergeant stopped. Suddenly the clang of the returning patrol broke the silence. "What have ye got, Mike," called the sergeant as the driver swung open the door. "Two Chinaman again, cutting each other up. One is a Tong, the other a Lee." "Yes," finished the old Sergeant, "that's where this war started, sixteen years ago, down in the bowels of Chinatown in front of their great Buddha.

PAUL KRAUSS, '12.

*Author's Note:*—Though the chief religion of the Chinese of Confucianism, the American Chinamen have generally adopted the Buddhistic worship.



GLEE CLUB.



## CHARACTERISTICS AND TYPE OF COLLEGE VERSE.

Perhaps the most noticeable characteristic of the verse in many college literary magazines is its absence. This is especially the case in magazines which, like the Muhlenberg, depend not solely upon literary contributions, but also upon college news items, to fill their pages. The artistic disadvantage alone, in a publication of this sort, of page after page of unbroken prose is sufficiently evident, at least to anyone who has ever shared as an editor the responsibility for its appearance. Short passages of verse, just as truly as tales or humorous articles, serve to give tone to a magazine and to lighten the frequent heaviness caused by a superabundance of literary, philosophical or social treatises.

This lack of poetical contributions is due probably not so much to indifference on the part of college men as to a false attitude toward verse writing. Probably one man in every four who come to college has, at some time in his life, written *some* poetry, good or bad—generally, of course, bad. In most cases, however, no matter how good he may secretly believe it to be, no force yet discovered could induce him to have any of it appear in print. This reluctance can hardly be ascribed to modesty, a quality with which the average college man is not popularly regarded as overburdened. It is rather due either to a vague suspicion that no poetry should be published unless it is somehow equal to that of the greatest writers, or else to a distrust of poetry writing, as something not quite proper in a live active youth, and perhaps likely to bring him into ridicule. The first of these reasons is absurd enough. No one plays good football the first afternoon, or makes a brilliant de-

bate the first night. Let him *try*, as in any other game, and if the editors are intelligent and know their business, they will encourage or dissuade him, as his case requires. The second reason is at best pusillanimous. Moreover, the man who earns his letter by thrumming a mandolin or takes the part of the French maid in a play ought not to regard the art of writing poetry as in any true sense unmanly. Yet these are the reasons why many a good candle is hidden under the proverbial bushel, while the board of editors is driven to make use of such well-meant but hardly commendable efforts as appeared in one of the early numbers of this magazine the present year.

Very naturally most college verse is either consciously or unconsciously imitative. That imitation is not a defect is shown throughout the history of literature wherever one great writer has influenced his successors. Frequently, however, in the verse of immature writers, the imitation is so evident that it appears slavish. One man, for instance, was never able for long to get away from the "Strong Gods" of Emerson. Another, in the attempt to secure the melodious effect of Poe's *Ulalume*, will burden his lines with meaningless proper names of his own coinage. For most of us originality consists in reproducing someone else's thought or style as differently and as effectively as possible. Needless to say, the average college writer is seldom as effective as his original, and too often is not different enough to be termed original.

Perhaps one of the most profitable and most satisfactory exercises in verse writing is found in translating poetry in

another language into English metres. The advantages as a rhetorical and linguistic exercise are obvious. The demands of rhyme and metre force the translator to search about in the rich storehouse of the English vocabulary. He will come perforce to an appreciation of the compression, flexibility, and peculiar expressiveness of poetry. He will acquire an acquaintance with English and Classic metres which any amount of ordinary translation will not give him. He will scan his Latin or German text more closely to discover the exact shade of meaning which his verse must reproduce—if it is to be a translation and not a mere paraphrase. Moreover, it is seldom, if ever, that poetry can be rendered in prose in another language without losing something of its charm. In view of these facts it is a source of surprise, if not of regret, that metrical translations as a class exercise are no longer required, or at least encouraged, in connection with the study of languages or of rhetoric, in colleges. The *Odes* and *Epodes* of Horace are particularly suitable for verse translations, as are also some of the Greek and German poetry.

Many young writers have the false notion that it is easy to write good blank verse. They are unaware that the lack of rhyme makes necessary in compensation greater skill in the handling of metre, greater expressiveness of diction or more interesting subject matter. It is, indeed, easy to write quires of more or less metrical prose, but to write blank verse lines of true poetic quality is by no means easy. Rhythmeless doggerel has no better reason for existence than rhymed doggerel. Occasionally there is found in college verse a passage which combines real metrical excellence with

an artistic treatment of the subject. The following lines are quoted not so much for the former quality as for the effectiveness of the description they contain:

The autumn days drift by his dwelling place;

A magic hand has touched his trees to gold.

Close at his feet fall leaflets all untold,  
Yet still he sits, the sunlight on his face.  
Never to him a mortal footstep nears,  
No forest folk gaze wondering as they pass,

But from his lonely vigil oft he hears,  
A Dryad's footfall rustle in the grass.  
So too, the autumn breezes lull his rest,  
The wood-jay's dances mingle with his dream;

Near-by with childish babble flows the stream,

And overhead a squirrel seeks his nest.  
He numbers not the days nor heeds the hours,

Nor cares each day what may the next day be,

Waiting at last to die as did the flowers,  
He weaves a web of wondrous fantasy.  
*Forgiven?* contributed by a girl student to a Columbia magazine, was justly considered worthy of being included in Stedman's American Anthology:

I saw Love stand,

Not as he was ere we in conflict met,  
But pale and wan. I knelt—I caught his hand—

"Oh Love," I cried, "I did not understand!

Forgive—forget!"

Love raised his head

And smiled at me, with weary eyes and worn.

"I have forgot—what was it all?" he said;

"Only—my hands are scarred where they have bled;



My wings are torn."

In view of the constant popularity of humorous "skits" in verse aimed at the foibles of college personalities or treating some of the lighter phases of college life, it seems strange that so few are produced today. Every college has some wag of sufficient talent to compose verse of this kind, some of which is very clever indeed. Of course, as in any kind of horseplay, the danger of going too far needs always to be guarded against. Poems of this type are naturally of too local an interest to serve in a general discussion. One particular form of this humorous verse, however, has achieved a sort of standing of its own, namely the limerick. This baser brother of the sonnet, so easy of production that any clever youth can recite dozens impromptu at any post-midnight frolic, is best described by the overworked adjective, "catchy". Only very rarely is one produced which is so clever as to merit appearing in print. One, or rather two, entitled *A Matter of Taste*, may be quoted, not as good poetry but as a fairly good limerick:

A grim cold land stretched down to a cold sea  
Where only cried the wild gulls overhead,  
Wheeling against the pitiless low sky.  
And over us there blew an endless wind  
That drove the little warmth of our slow hearts  
Off shore across the sharp and hungry waves.  
And there we watched the coming of the night,  
The sunless dawn of day; while in our ears  
Shrieked the eternal blast, a wolf of cold.

The sonnet, nearly if not quite the most artificial form of English versifi-

cation, appeals to many students of literature as a test of ingenuity. The extreme compression of this form, the exigencies of the rhyme, the "rising" sentiment of the octave (of the pure Italian sonnet) and the "falling" or "concluding" of the sextet make anything like perfection difficult of attainment, even for the practised writer. Perhaps the most charitable thing that can be said for most attempts in this direction is contained in the lines written by a college student,

The corse that here in fourteen lines is wrapped  
Had otherwise been covered with a hundred.

An example of partial success in this difficult form is the sonnet *Treasure Trove*, taken from a recent college literary monthly:

Once in a far-off land we two were free,  
And oh, the hours we wandered, hand in hand,  
Among the windy pines, or down the sand  
With winged feet to chase the ebbing sea.  
And once, I know, in childish revelry,  
I tossed a sea-shell toward you, and you sent  
The plaything flying backward as you went,  
And with it an arch challenge back to me.  
This morn I wandered sadly by the shore  
Along the selfsame pathway as of old  
Where you and I had lingered—and behold,  
Among the tangled seaweed, as before,  
I found this antique shell, and listening  
Heard in its depths your joyous laughter ring.

The largest class of college verse, including as a rule the best poems, is naturally the lyrical. Of the poems of this class little need be said. The al-

most infinite variety of English metres and the freedom allowed in the use of iamb, trochee, anapest, etc., leave little excuse for lame and clumsy lines. Likewise the richness of the English vocabulary and the possibilities of inversion and transposition make imperfect rhymes almost wholly unnecessary. The subjects of lyric verse are practically unlimited in range, reflective poems and love songs perhaps predominating in American magazines. *The Wood Hermit*, from an Eastern publication, is worthy of some praise.

To the belle of a cannibal isle,  
A good missionary said with a smile,  
"Your attire may be cool,  
But good taste, as a rule,  
Shuns such ultra décolleté style."  
She replied, "Sir, your comments are  
rude;

As for me, I am not such a prude.  
You'd be prepossessing  
With, or without dressing,  
Roasted, fricasseed, fried or plain  
stewed."

The lowest form of verse imitation is parody. The "fatal ease" with which men parody other people's verse is comparable only to the disease of punning, which is likewise the lowest form of wit. The average pun and the average parody are abominations for which little commendation can be spared. On the other hand it must be admitted that, just as the 1001st pun is a telling stroke of wit, a clever parody is occasionally very effective. It is unfortunate that the

poems that are most effectively parodied are usually the greatest and best known in the language. *The Blessed Poster Girl*, in a recent issue of the *Muhlenberg*, is an exceptionally good, but wholly sacrilegious example of the parody. The original of the following *Elegy Written after Finals*, in the *Blue Book*, of the University of Maine, for January 1906, is too familiar to be named.

The bell has tolled the knell of parting  
day,

The weary student sneaks out through  
the door;

The little "cribs" are fondly put away,  
(Perhaps he'll never need them any  
more.)

Now fades the hope of passing from the  
sight,

And all the campus disappointment  
bears;

To make that "crib" consumed most all  
one night;

He thinks of Scissors, then he roundly  
swears.

Full many a doctored cuff with joy serene  
Has killed a final that the wise would  
fear.

But many a "crib" is made to rest unseen,  
And waste its knowledge when the  
prof. is near.

No further seek their merits to disclose,  
Or draw their frailties from their  
dread abode;

For we refuse more fully to expose  
The "horses" on whose backs we often  
rode.

H. M. ELLIS.



## PLAY BALL.

*Special to the Muhlenberg Athletic Editor.*

Being an account of incidents occurring at the famous Greece vs. Rome game last Friday.

Hades, June 9th, 1911.

## GREECE

## ROME

Aristotle . . . . . 2b.	Caesar . . . . . 1b.
Euripides . . . . . 1b.	Antony . . . . . ss.
Sophocles . . . . . cf.	Pompey . . . . . 2b.
Socrates . . . . . ss.	Brutus . . . . . c.
Homer . . . . . lf.	Sulla . . . . . lf.
Pindar . . . . . rf.	Nero . . . . . rf.
Themistocles . . 3b.	Tarquinius . . . . c.
Demosthenes . . . p.	Marcus Aurelius, p.
Plato . . . . . c.	Arcadius . . . . . cf.

Balls and Strikes Umpire—Diogenes.  
Base Umpire—Cicero. Scorers—Horace and Herodotus.

The game started, like the Trojan war, because of a taunt. This taunt was thrown at Xantippe by Dido. Dido was sore that day, anyhow, and called over to Xanty, "You Greeks were never worth your salt." Xanty got excited and retorted: "We can clean you out at anything from sewing machines to hand cars." This led to the contest at the ball-park on the other side of the Styx. Charon was the one objecting party. He was too lazy to be anxious to row all the people over the gently flowing stream, to say nothing of the bats, etc. Promptly at 3.30, the teams poured libations, and a little later Cicero called out "Play ball." Greece had the field. Demosthenes, pitching for Greece, grabbed a bunch of pebbles to chew, so that his delivery would be effective. Then he shot a high inshoot through the ozone directly at Caesar's head. He tried to form a testudo with his bat, but before he had time to collect his thoughts, Plato had the ball and Dio-

genes calmly and solemnly declared that it was a strike. Three balls were then called. Demosthenes became cross and peeved, telling Diogenes that he was crooked from the bottom, and that he had better use his lantern. All this in beautifully flowing phrases which the correspondent does not hope to imitate. Diogenes retorted in self defense with much vigour. He was expatiating about people with half an eye being able to judge better than, etc.—Here Cleopatra shot a melting glance from the grand stand, settling, or at least quieting the argument. Caesar now prepared himself for the next ball. At the last second his helmet fell down, and the ball hit it. Caesar took 1st. Antony struck out, but in a manner dignified, as became a prominent post mortem speaker. Pompey hit a ball on a line drive over the left field fence. Caesar came home, bellowing "Veni Vidi Vici." Then they passed it around. That is the "vici." Pompey continued his victorious career to 2nd, and then got tangled up in his toga; and by the time he was in light running order Homer took a long running jump over the fence, mounted the recovered ball on some strenuous, winged words, and caught Pompey off 2nd. Brutus got a clean single, but began to soliloquize off 1st and was caught. The Greeks now trotted in, fanned in order, and trotted out. Cato was greatly impressed by the "speed" of Marcus Aurelius. Between puffs of his cigarette he remarked to Dido: "On the whole I think we have them, Habemus!" Up to the eighth inning it really appeared that he was right. In fact the grave Lessing, with unusual wit, had said to Cato, when he made the

above remark "Ja, und Sie auch haben recht." Not a feature had occurred to break the monotony of a battle between two almost evenly matched aggregations; except that Nero, by a fine catch, had cut off a hit in the fourth. He always was used to cutting things off. In the eighth, however, Themistocles got hit on the sandal. He tore up sand a little around first base, then promptly stole second, thereby incurring honesty—loving Diogenes' righteous wrath and indignation. Socrates got mad at this raking of his team mate by an umpire, and called both of the umps dog faces. Cicero calmly said "Off the field, your fined five mines—Hey Diogenes, give me a chew, will you?" Demosthenes stepped to the plate, and rapped out a single. Just at this juncture, Tennyson, Milton and Edgar Allan Poe started "a-raven" along the bleachers. They cheered for Greece, and were backed by many loyal rooters. Goethe, Dante, and their faction had been very consistently encouraging the noble Romans. This sudden outbreak of euthusiasm seemed to inspire Plato. He drove a sizzler square at Nero. That monarch arranged his crown and awaited the sphere with bated breath. This was where the Greek rooters shone. Far out

along the 1st Base bleachers, Orpheus, in a clear, sweet voice began chanting "Nero my dog has fleas, Nero has fleas." A grand and mighty chorus took up the popular refrain. The astounded Nero looked around—the ball sped by. With magnificent speed he recoevered it in time to hold Plato on third. Every man hit safely for one or two bases, till Homer was up. He had vowed to come home or die again, and he hit for four bases. This however, ended the scoring. Pindar fanned, Themistocles got a base on balls, but Demosthenes hit into a double play. Still the Romans could do nothing in the ninth, chiefly through marvelous fielding by Aeschylus. He took Socrates' place at short. Many claimed that he should have been then at first, for Homer wasn't used to short stops, being of the long winded variety. Thus ended the memorable game, and Xantippe could still talk. Dido hasn't lost hope yet, and says with a prophetic air (which Cassandra uses with her new chante-cleer outfit, and Dido thinks is coy, and therefore imitates) "youse just wait till once foot-ball is here already. Then we will clean you proper." And Plato softly said "Let Nero do it—He will." Then quietly aside—"Like Kelly will."

J. C. S., 1913

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"What are the three commonest words in the English language?"

"I don't know."

"Correct!"—*Ex.*

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Pat—"What will be the charges for a funeral notice in yer paper?"

Editor—"Fifty cents an inch."

Pat—"Good heavens! And me poor brother was six feet high."—*Ex.*

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"My hair is falling out," admitted the Professor, "can you recommend something to keep it in?"

"Certainly," replied the obliging assistant, "Here's a nice cardboard box."  
—*Ex.*

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Boyibus kissibus, sweeti girlorum  
Girlibus likebus, wanta somorum  
Pater puella, inter parlorum.

Kickibus boyibus, exhibus doorum.



## A GREENHORN'S FOOT-BALL STORY.

My neighbor, Squire Williams, a wealthy farmer of our prosperous village, has a son about the age of eighteen years whom he has recently sent to college. The college is located very near our village so the father frequently drops in unexpectedly to see his son and by so doing can better discover how his son is applying himself.

Not long ago, I passed the Squire on the street. He was evidently about to make one of these unexpected visits to the college, for he invited me to go along. As I had no special work to do that afternoon I readily stepped into his carriage and we rode through rich farmlands until we came in sight of three or four very large buildings which stood out conspicuously upon a large hill.

My friend gave me to understand that this was the college to which we were going. We were soon in the midst of the interesting buildings, but we were greatly amazed not to hear any voices or to see a person around the place. On searching the first building we were still at a loss to see or hear anyone, and we were on the point of leaving when suddenly there reached our ears a strange sound as of a hundred or more voices joining in an Indian war-whoop. It ceased shortly and by that time my friend realized that it was a Saturday afternoon when the students were most likely indulging in some sport.

We walked in the direction whence the strange sound came and soon reached a field of a few acres in size which was as closely mown as a lawn. At either end were curious arrangements—two poles sticking in the ground a few yards apart and half way up a cross-bar connecting the two poles. The field seemed

to be marked off like a checker-board and we became more puzzled. But what was most amazing was the small group of human beings, scarcely resembling them, however, which was at one end of the field. Their costumes were most absurd. They wore a kind of gauze waistcoat, bearing almost every color of the rainbow, with here and there a lump as though the waistcoat had a blister. Their breeches were clumsy, dirty things which came to their knees, below which some had queer looking arrangements tied around their shins. A few wore skull caps which came down over the ears, and some must have had muzzles on their noses because their noses couldn't have been as big as they looked.

We stood there in amazement wondering what in the world they were doing. Most of them were down on their hands and knees. Those in this position seemed to form two equal lines opposing each other. Back of either line were other men in different positions. Suddenly they all arose and formed a mass which kept moving to and fro until it upset. To see that pile was a show in itself. Here and there a couple kicking legs or struggling arms or a wiggling head would come to the surface. With a great deal of difficulty they were up again and each man seemed to take the same position as before. Suddenly there came whizzing out of the crowd an oval shaped affair which sailed through the air for a short distance and was then caught. Immediately those farther from us started to rush against the others and another heap of struggling limbs was formed.

This happened again and again, until, at last, a heap was formed beside one

of the poles at the end of the field. Then all arose quickly. For some time it seemed the happiest moment of their lives, because they danced around the field with shouts of joy, shaking hands with one another and slapping each other on the back. For others it seemed a most sad occasion, because they walked away in a downcast mood and lined up between the poles.

Another great shout arose similar to the one we had heard before, and, looking about, another strange sight caught our eyes. A short distance down the field stood a tier of seats similar to those I once sat on at a circus, and on these seats sat, what we supposed to be the students of the college. Among the crowd were a number of girls who were waving frantically either a small flag or a bunch of ribbon. It was a pretty sight, indeed.

At the foot of these seats stood several lads who seemed to be vexed at the crowd and were making fists at them. We were nearing them when suddenly the whole mass arose from the benches and swarmed down like bees, but instead of running for the fellows who were making fists at them, they danced around the field so that it looked like a long snake creeping along.

Of course we thought that everything was over. We were going back to the buildings when my good friend met a lad whom he called a "chum" of his son. The boy was very entertaining and asked us to sit down on the 'bleachers', as he called the seats, to await the second half of the game. We willingly did so and remained there until the game was over, during which time I gained a tremendous knowledge of 'punting', 'fumbling',

'bucking the line,' 'end runs' and other queer sounding expressions. Most assuredly to play this game of "Foot Ball," for so it is called, it takes a strong man with an active mind and never-failing courage.

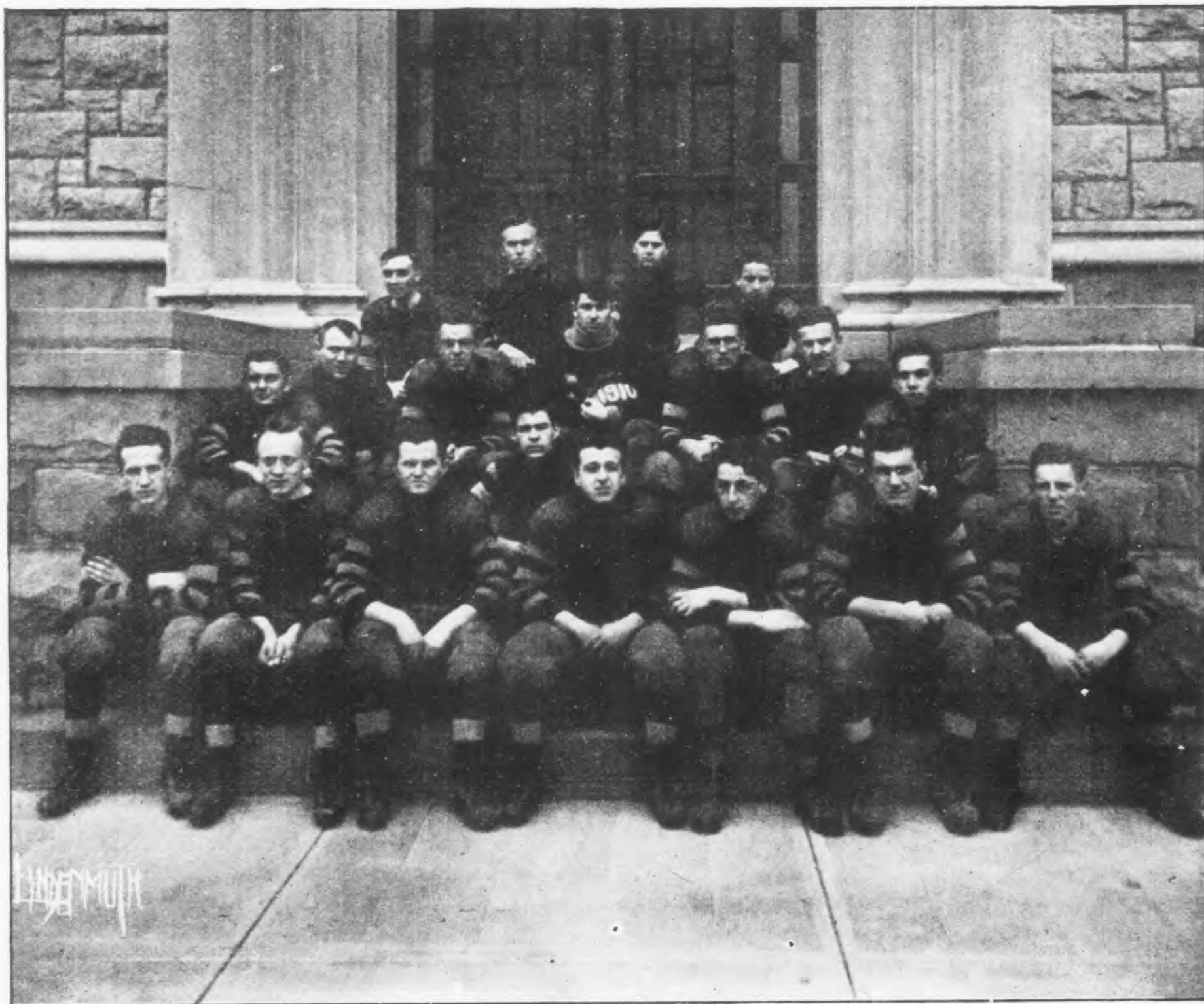
The squire was proud to learn that among the players was his son whom he had not recognized in his queer costume. But near the end of the game something happened which showed what warm spirit of youth still lingered in my friend's breast. During one of the scrimmages, as they are called, there broke out from the fighting mass a stately youth carrying in his arms the coveted 'pig-skin'. As he ran down the field gaining yard by yard on his pursuers, everybody around us jumped up shouting and cheering like mad. The Squire nudged me and exclaimed: "That's John, that's John, I know his stride among a thousand!" I knew then that it was his son who was causing all the excitement. I couldn't help noticing the Squire's face which was beaming over with joy more than ever before.

When informed shortly that his boy had saved the day for his college, my kind friend swore that he was the finest boy in the land and promised to add a few more dollars to the ever-welcome allowance.

It certainly did me a lot of good to witness a game of foot ball, for so often I run across articles praising or attacking the game as it is played. For my part, I think there is nothing like it for developing a manly man, if he is lucky enough to be alive at the end of the game.

FRANCIS H. SMITH, '11.





FOOT BALL TEAM.

## THE KING OF KOPLEIGH.

## I.

In 1909 Kopleigh went Republican. Any reader who is acquainted with Kopleigh will probably groan to himself. "Another one of those superannuated truisms. Everybody knows that," and may throw down this story in disgust. For ever since a Republican President had acknowledged that he was born in Kopleigh, Republicanism had been the political creed of the entire town. Election after election the G. O. P. elephant trampled the Democratic beast under foot. A Democratic candidate had about as much chance to outrun a Republican opponent as has the proverbial molasses in the cold days of January to outrun Uhlan. It is on this sort of a political background that the characters of this narrative will move.

One sultry July day, at the Slatington Club, an incident occurred, at the time apparently inconsequential, which, nevertheless, was the germ of the most violent disturbance in the history of the thriving town.

It was disagreeably humid everywhere that day and particularly so in the heart of Kopleigh. Every wagon or motor-car raised behind itself a suffocating cloud of dust, and sweating teamsters swore at reeking horses in lifeless accents. The two occupants of the reading-room, kept in town by business cares, were in a bad humor with the weather, the world, themselves, and each other. They were seated at opposite ends of the apartment with their backs turned to each other.

The older man, Wilkinson, was the acknowledged boss of the Kopleigh Republican Machine. He could tell you, long before the election, the name of the

victorious candidate, not by a careful analysis of probabilities, but because he *knew*. The other, Stone, was little interested in politics, and seldom took the trouble to go to the polls. He regarded his vote for a Republican candidate unnecessary, and since the Democrats in Kopleigh were absurdly few, his vote for a Democrat would mean nothing. There was no third party, unless you include an unorganized, indefinite number of votes, which about every three or four years were cast for a so-called Reform candidate.

On this hot July afternoon, Stone, out of sorts, was absently perusing Judge, attempting to forget the dusty streets by reveling in the pictured oceans and breezy quips. But the oceans were oppressively hot and dusty and the jokes disgustingly silly and anything but amusing. He was about to throw the paper down in disgust when his eye was caught by a blatant cartoon. It represented a bloated, exotic elephant kicking a dull-looking donkey over a precipice into a splotch of black ink marked "OBLIVION."

He mused. Yes, Republicanism had about sounded the death-knell of Democracy. Well, somebody had to run things and if everything went well, what did it matter? But things were *not* going well. That very morning one of Stone's business rivals had received a contract for a choice bit of city operation on which Stone had bid. Another case of unjust discrimination. What an overbearing crowd of blood-sucking thugs they were! Now there was old Wilkinson, the King of Kopleigh. Of all the—

Just then old Wilkinson chuckled.



Stone whirled round and confronted him.

"I say, Harry, listen to this choice tidbit in the Kourier. 'It is rumored that the Reform element, so long dormant in our town, will organize itself for the coming election and take steps to oppose the Republican interests.' Pretty good, eh?" And Wilkinson passed the paper to Stone for his inspection.

"Well, why shouldn't they?" said Stone, irritably, "you and your crowd have been in long enough."

"My crowd. That's very clever and considerate of you, whose father was three times Mayor of Kopleigh. That kind of talk will never make his son Mayor."

"Oh, it's impossible for his son to become Mayor, is it?"

"His son has never been the loyal party worker he was. I doubt whether he is a Republican at heart."

"I will be the next Mayor of Kopleigh, Wilkinson, whether you like it or not."

"According to your own statement, I shall have a word or two to say in that matter."

"I'm not asking anything of you. You probably consider yourself unshakable in power. You are convinced, are you not, that you are really the King of Kopleigh, as the newsboys say?"

"Stone," said Wilkinson, now thoroughly aroused, "My indebtedness to your father's life prevents me from spanking you as you deserve, but I will say this, that it will be to your advantage to keep your Reform ideas to yourself."

"When I appoint you my paternal adviser, I will inform you of the fact. Good afternoon."

On his way home Stone went over

the incident in his mind. He chafed particularly at Wilkinson's veiled threat at his position in Kopleigh. The old codger should be taught a lesson. But how? It was food for thought.

It took him two weeks to solve the problem, and strangely enough he derived his inspiration from about the last source one might expect, an antiquated one-ring circus, which had deigned to include Kopleigh in its itinerary.

## II.

"Jim," said Harry Stone to J. M. Daly, Esq., President of the Kopleigh National Bank, "Can you and Mae drop in for dinner this evening? I want you to meet Professor Jones, who was my roommate at college. He is teaching Psychology at Yale and has written a few rather decent books. There will be a few of the other boys there."

"Delighted. I'm not strong for the highbrows, but Mae cultivates them, you know."

It was a crisp evening in early October and Harry's dinner was a success. The men were figures of prominence in Kopleigh political life and the ladies were the social divas of the town. The Professor was a small, nervous man, with a delicate, aquiline sort of face, dead black hair and such brows as poets and novelists call beetling. However, what at once held one's attention were his eyes. They were large and black and magnetic. He was a Psychologist and during the evening one of the younger ladies discovered the delightful fact that he could hypnotize, in fact, was quite expert thereat. In a moment he was the absolute center of attention. After some persuasion on the part of his host and hostess he announced that he would attempt to hynotize anyone who cared to be a victim. The young lady

who discovered him was by common consent the first. She pronounced it quite delightful. Each lady was then eager for hypnosis for herself and husband, and when the Professor finally stopped he had hypnotized everybody except Mr. and Mrs. Stone. Even cynical old Dick Slatington, he, who was the grandson of the founder of the Slatington Club, allowed himself to be operated upon, as he expressed it. Really it was a very enjoyable evening.

### III.

Said J. M. Daly to Richard Slatington, the following morning, at the Club, "Queer chap, that Professor of Harry's."

"Rather, James. Have you any idea how long he will be in town?"

"Harry said at least a month. He has a leave of absence, I believe, from Yale, where he is teaching."

"We'll have to get him to hynotize some of the boys here some time. Great joke, eh, being hypotized. Never had been hypotized before."

"I was hypotized once before at Atlantic City. By the way, I thought I heard him say something queer when he awakened you."

"What was it?"

"Possibly I was mistaken. But when he whispered to you just before he awakened you,—you remember he whispered to each man, while he was in the trance?"

"Yes. Mrs. S. felt rather hurt that he did not whisper to the women, too."

"Well, I was pretty near you, and I thought I heard him say something about 'election day' and 'stewed prunes'."

"Election day and stewed prunes! You must have misunderstood him. What could that queer and indigestible combination have to do with parlor magic?"

"I pass. Maybe it was some Latin they use in hypotism— Going down to Philadelphia for the World's Series?"

"I think so. You?"

"Yes. See you later."

"Bye-bye."

### IV.

Professor Jones soon occupied a prominent place under the spotlight on the stage of Kopleigh life. His magnetic personality attracted both men and women. He was invited out by all the "best families" in town and almost invariably complied with requests to exercise his hypnotic powers, especially on men of prominence in affairs.

He visited the Slatington Club and hynotized most of the members. There, almost at once he became involved in a discussion with old Wilkinson on the merits and potency of hypnotic power. Wilkinson finally went so far as to challenge him to prove one of his statements. Jones had remarked that he could make a rheumatic in a trance stand on his head on a billiard table. Wilkinson said that under no conditions, conscious, hypnotized, or even drunk, could he (Wilkinson) stand on his head on a billiard-table. Jones, rather diffidently, it seemed, accepted the challenge, and the aristocratic Slatington Club witnessed the spectacle of its oldest and most rheumatic member in the above precarious posture. Then followed the usual whispering on the part of Jones and Wilkinson came out of his trance.

That evening, October 20, the Kopleigh Kourier announced in flaming scareheads the candidacy of "our well-known citizen, Henry Worthington Stone for the Mayoralty on the Reform ticket. Mr. Stone states that his policies will be essentially Democratic, which was no little surprise to his friends, as



his father, the late ex-Mayor Stone was a staunch Republican."

This was the first time for some years that any man of prominence had run on a Reform ticket and the announcement caused quite a furore, especially at the Club. Its late publication made it appear something of a joke.

Old Wilkinson was sitting near the door with the Kourier spread out before him. As Stone entered, he looked up, and smiled sardonically, as only Wilkinson could. Stone met the smile and returned it with one, which, if not as sardonic, was a trifle more inscrutable.

## V.

Election day was a holiday in Kopleigh. A holiday means that about two-thirds of the people do not work at all, while the other third do. Railroad employees, restaurant-keepers, telephone girls, and all other women knew that it was a holiday only because they had more work to do than usually.

Especially did the telephone girl known as Kopleigh West Side begin to realize that it was her busy day. For one of her telephones, No. 227, was being used with a persistency and prodigality both annoying and alarming. She would be asked for a number, would connect up and in about two minutes the party called would hang up. 227 would then call for another number and the process would be repeated. West Side's curiosity was approaching fever heat and after the fourteenth call she decided to try to gain an inkling as to why she was being overworked in this way. So she threw in her "listening key" and heard something like this:

"Hello Central, give me Main 19. Helo, is this Daly? — I'd like to speak to Mr. Daly, please, — Is this Mr. Daly?"

— Stewed prunes." Bang. "Give me Main 94, Central."

"Well, what do you know about that. 227 is dotty, I bet."

She ignored him for a moment while she looked into the social standing of 227. She found it to be a perfectly reliable party, Mr. H. W. Stone, 29 Park Place. She was kept busy for the rest of the morning.

Down at the polls all was incredulity and dismay on the part of the Republican "heelers." For their most prominent supporters were voting the straight Reform ticket. They would walk in, looking neither to the right or the left, mark their ballots, vote, and return to their homes, without having said a word to anyone. It was remarked that each had a curiously faraway look on his face. Their example swung that great mass of voters who inertly follow where they are led and slowly but surely the balance began to indicate the fall of Republicanism.

The dismay of the heelers turned to blank astonishment as they saw the Republican candidates themselves cast their votes for the opposition. But words fail wherewith to describe their absolute stupefaction, when at high noon old Jeremiah Wilkinson, the King of Kopleigh, walked up to the polls and cast his vote for REFORM.

## VI.

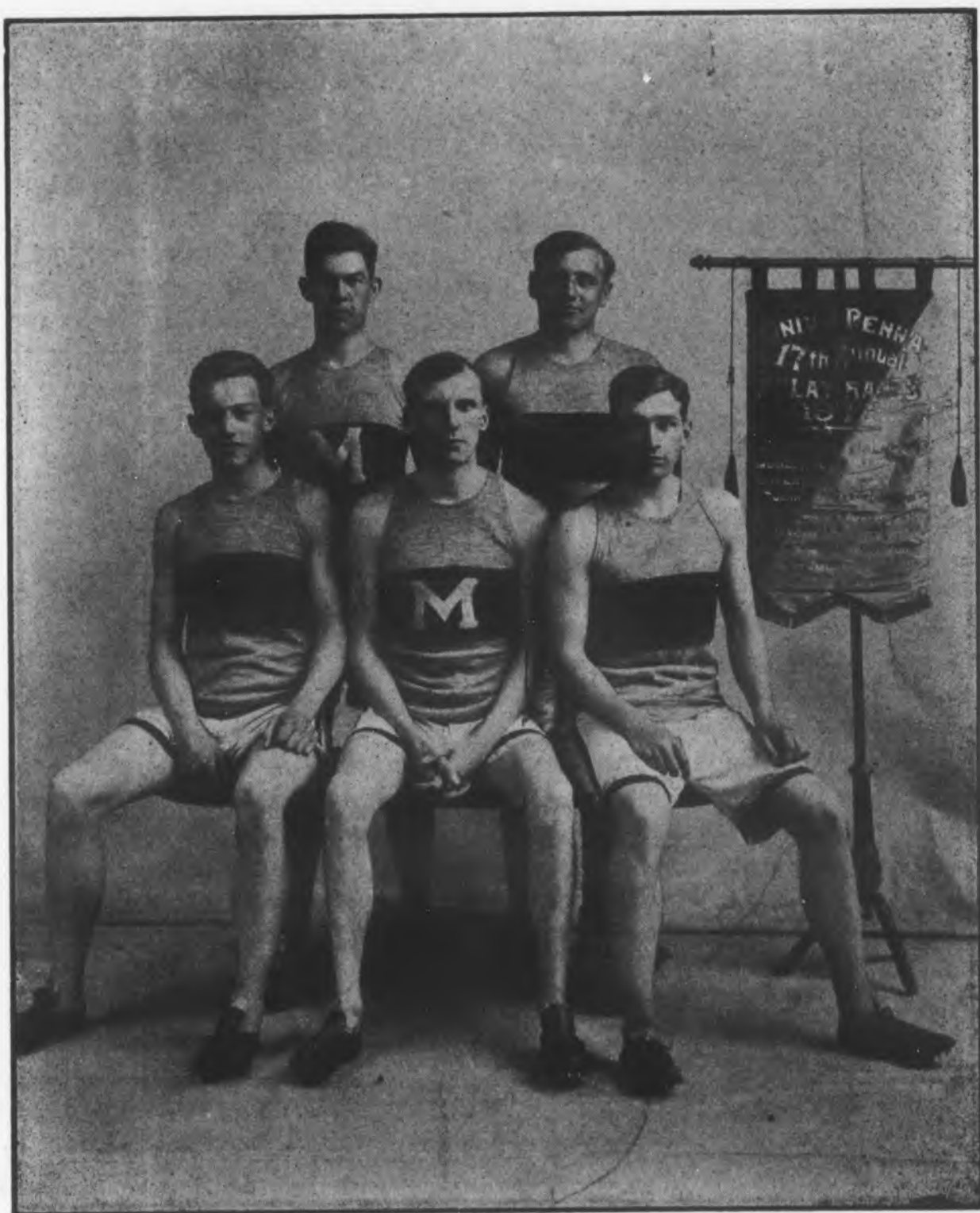
Mayor Stone wheeled around in his desk-chair.

"Show the gentleman up, James," he said.

Wilkinson, somewhat older than when we last saw him, entered and remained standing.

"Stone," he said, "you are your father's son. You beat me at my own game and I always was a good loser."

(Continued on Page 28.)



**RELAY TEAM—First Place at Penn Relays.**



## THE STRENGTH OF THE NATION.

*An Oration.*

Emerson says "The truest test of civilization is not the Census, nor the size of cities, not the crops, no, but the kind of man the country turns out."

America, furnishing a limitless field for the exercise of all the faculties, all the energies, and all the inclinations of which man is capable, has produced great men. "Biography" says Carlyle "is the only true history." Surely judged by its great men our country is great. Where is a country whose initial century has given to the world statesmen so illustrious as Washington, Jefferson, Webster, and Lincoln; authors so justly famed as Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, and Hawthorne; inventors so practical as Whitney, Fulton, and Morse. Great, in explorers, inventors, soldiers, statesmen, missionaries, authors, editors, and educators in the past, our nation is to-day equally great in producing men of highest type, and of these none are superior to those who have in hand the education of its youth.

Twenty per cent. of our population is enrolled in schools. From secondary and higher institutions over seventy thousand graduate each year. Enormous sums are spent on education. Our country to-day invests twice as much money per capita, and almost twice as much per pupil as it did a generation ago. The term is longer, the equipment is more adequate, the teachers are better trained than ever before, and because of these things we have assurance that in the years to come the men and women of our country will be more intelligent, and more noble, than were the men of an earlier time.

We are told that America spells opportunity. But America may spell peril as well as opportunity. In the past three years there have been more lives lost in the United States through homicide than there were men killed by the British in the Boer War, and there are more deaths annually by homicide and suicide than by railroad accidents. Some will explain this increase in crime by increase in population especially as that has been augmented by immigration, but in a recent year there were over three times as many homicides proportionally as there were twenty years before.

Why is this? Where, then, shall we look for the cause of this appalling condition? Is it because we do not have efficient or sufficient laws, or because the laws have not been executed as they should be? Back of law, and administration of law there must be upright, law-abiding men. The cry of the nation is: "God give us men, men whom the lust of office will not spoil; men whom the spoils of office cannot buy; men who have opinions and a will; men who have honor; men who will not lie; tall men; sun-crowned men; men who stand above wrong in public duty and private thinking."

"The child," says Wordsworth, "is father of the man." If this be so, the child must be trained and educated. The state draws its material, for life and perpetuity from the home. The parent is largely responsible for the enrichment of the child's life, socially, morally, and religiously. But because so many fail in their duty to train their children for citizenship, the state must do what other-

wise might not be necessary. The present must be sketched on the background of crowded tenements, child-labor, alien population, poverty, ignorance, intemperance, and disease, all of which conspire to form a dwarfing and deforming environment for millions of children in this land of liberty. Therefore the school must do what the home fails to do, it must bear the burden which the home declines to bear.

As in the acorn lies the germ of the oak so in the child lies the germ of a great man. Because the real strength of a nation is its great men, the child is the strength of the nation. Because of their relation to the child the main problems to be solved by the nation are these: the

development of greater respect for law; the bringing of immigrants to understand that liberty is not license; the better housing of people in great and growing cities; the perfection of youth; and the emancipation of childhood from the crushing burdens that now dwarf it.

To the proper solution of these problems, the energies of men and women who love their country must be directed. And because good men and good women, strong men and strong women are giving their thought and labor to these things, the future is bright. And we have assurance that our nation shall grow in strength and righteousness.

CHARLES FRANKLIN SEIDEL, '14

## THE KING OF KOPLEIGH.

(Continued from Page 25.)

But I would like to know how you did it. It's the nearest thing to magic, I've ever seen."

"Hypnotism," said Stone.

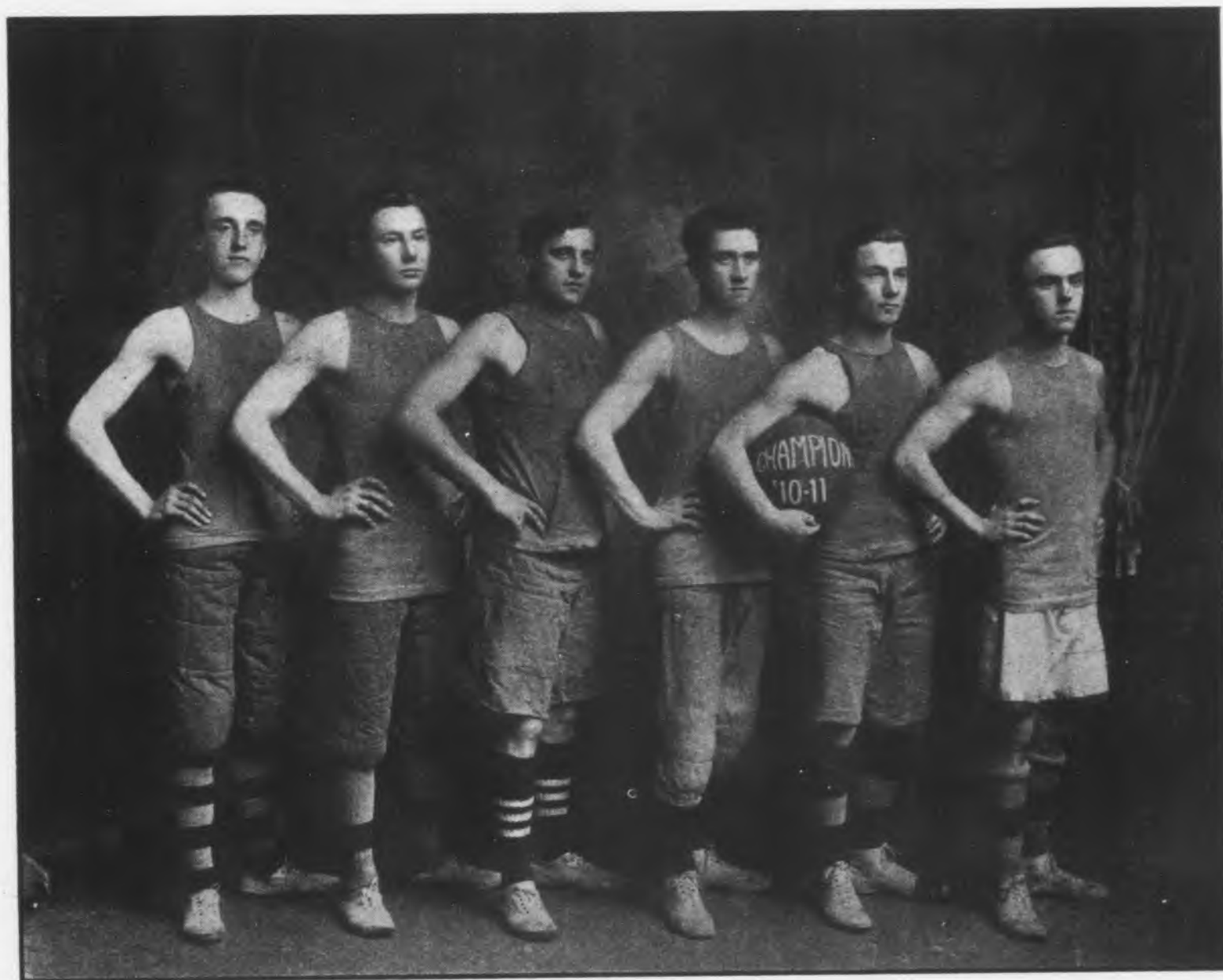
"Rot," said Wilkinson, "I didn't see a hypnotist all day. In fact, I was asleep all day, although someone voted in my name, and for you, too. I remember being called to the telephone, but I must have fallen asleep while I was talking, for I don't remember who it was or what he said."

"That was hypnotism. When my friend Jones hypnotized you, he whispered something to you just before he awakened you. What he whispered was this: 'On election day, when I say to

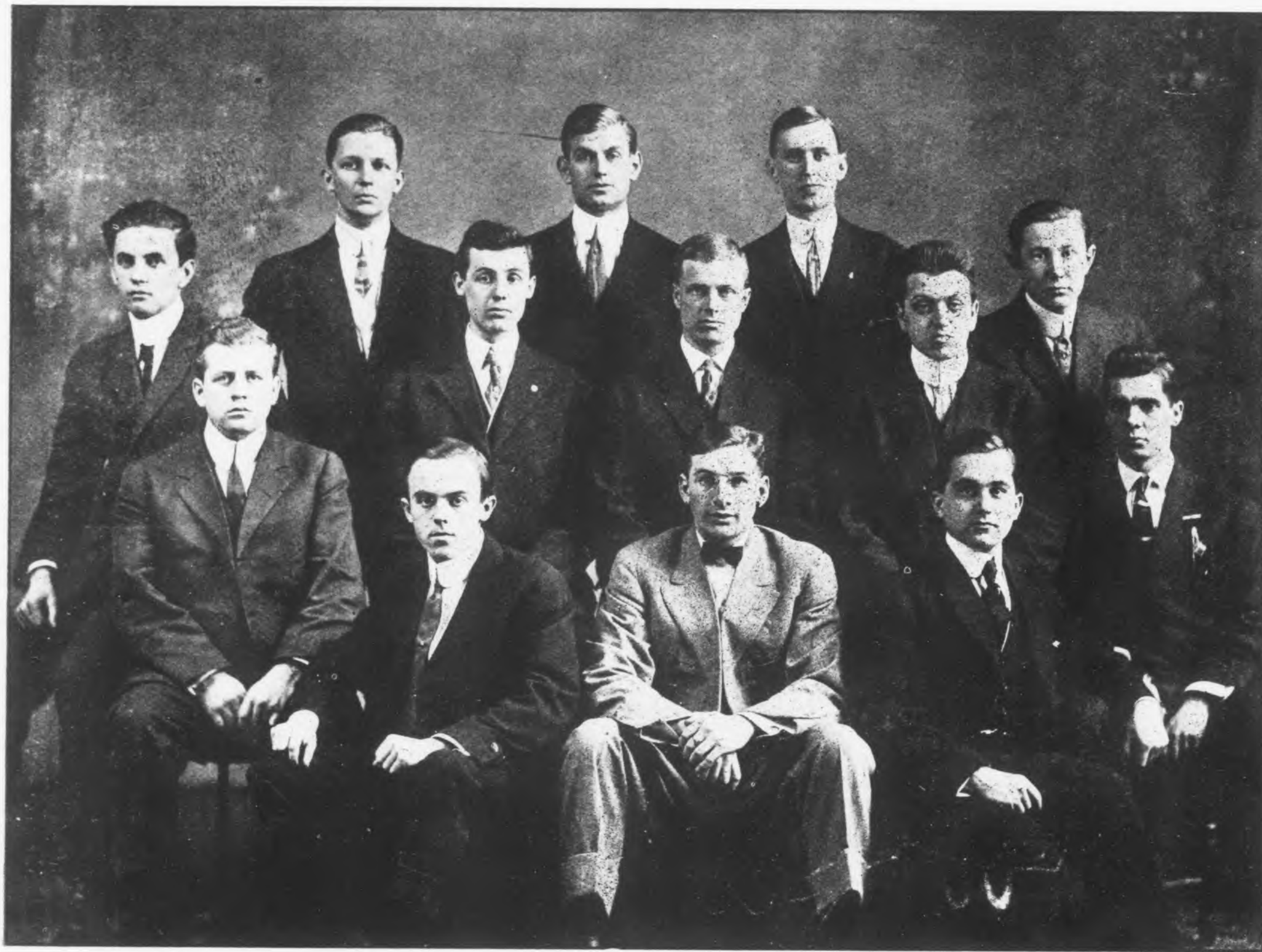
you, 'Stewed prunes,' you will go to the polls and vote the straight Reform ticket. Then you will return home and sleep till evening.' It was Jones who called you up on the telephone and 'stewed prunes' was what he said. It is called Post-hypnotism. You voted for me, as did a great many others, not because you wanted to, but because you had to. I became Mayor because you dared me to and I'm sick of the job already. Gather your forces together and I will not oppose your becoming again the King of Kopleigh."

"No," said old Wilkinson, slowly, "THE KING IS DEAD, LONG LIVE THE KING."





**BASKET BALL TEAM—CLASS OF 1912. Winners of Interclass Series.**



"THE MUHLENBERG" STAFF.



# THE MUHLENBERG

Founded by the Class of '83.

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# EDITORIAL

## VALEDICTORY.

With the beginning of another summer, another class walks down the steps of Old Muhlenberg into the world. They are more directly face to face with their future and the fulfillment of their purpose in life than ever before. Reality is before them, four years of cloistral idealism are sinking into the past. It is a time of great change.

"*The Muhlenberg*" staff also abdicates in favor of a younger staff. They have gone one step into the future, one step toward the realization of "*The Greater Muhlenberg*." The message they wish to convey to their successors, is this: "Onward and Upward" is the slogan that must be borne by the sons of our Alma Mater.

We feel sure that the next Editor-in-Chief, ably assisted by his competent staff will advance the standard of excellence in our college monthly. He has had wide Editorial experience in Collegiate literary work, having been Athletic Editor of "*The Muhlenberg*" during the first term of 1910-11 and a Staff Editor of the 1912 "*Ciarla*". With the support of the student body and the staff, we are confident he will produce a successful periodical.

The outgoing staff is profoundly grateful for the loyal co-operation of the students during their term of office. "Loyalty, fellows, Loyalty," a continuation of the loyal spirit of the past year cannot fail to make "*The Muhlenberg*" better in every way.

So we, the 1911 Staff, to you, men of Muhlenberg, with a strange tug at the heart and a queer catch in the voice, say "Vale."

## A COLLEGE NEWSPAPER.

In the past year the staff has realized certain difficulties in having to combine in "*The Muhlenberg*," the two functions of a literary journal and a college newspaper. News became old during the time required to organize and filter material according to literary demands and literary material was often hurried and injured in order to conform to the "news" idea of telling what "just happened." And a month is too long to wait for news.

The solution to the problem would be the establishment of a weekly or semi-weekly, whose function will be entirely that of recording current events and making common property of things, which otherwise some of us would either never get to know or else hear a very



distorted account of from Dame Rumor.

This would be a step toward a college daily which is inevitable as soon as our college attains suitable proportions.

"*The Muhlenberg*" will in no way be interfered with or hindered by this newspaper. It will rather be very much assisted and benefitted, in that it will be able to concentrate its activities in the field of literature and not be forced, as it is now, to rush through for the sake of news items. It is evident that the literary standard will be greatly advanced.

As to the practicableness we believe the cost of operation would not be prohibitory. It need not be large at first, but increase of size should be a primary aim. Think it over during the summer and we are confident that some of our business men, who have experience in purveying household necessities, could take hold of such a proposition and make it a success. Think it over.

### A NOTE OF THANKS.

We are indebted to the 1912 "Ciarla" for the use of the cuts which appear in this number and we take this opportunity of assuring them of our hearty appreciation.

### EASELY DEFEATED.

On Wednesday afternoon, March 24, the Muhlenberg Glee Club, like that house in the proverb, became divided against itself in a baseball game, but when the spectators left the field of carnage it was still standing.

The teams were composed of Tenors and Bases and when the score-keeper added up the score and extracted the square root he found that the Tenors, as is fitting, had the higher score.

In the first inning the Bases pushed five men across the rubber and walked

to the field with smiles on their faces, but the Tenors got to Wolper and aided by some punk playing on the part of the cellar singers got away with eight runs. It was orful.

The Bases could not overcome this lead and although J. Conrad Seegers took up a collection in the fourth inning and presented same to the ump, Bill Scott, from Philipsburg, they couldn't win.

Monk Waidelich was easy picking for the deep boys and if he had stayed in the box there would have been some Bass hitting of cork-centred balls that would have made Ly Cobb sit up and see things.

But Captain Groff went on the mound in the sixth, and thereafter Bass hits were a matter of note.

In the absence of Mr. Butch Cressman, Mr. C. W. Frederick kept track of the following orchestration:

#### TENORS

#### BASSES

Groff..... c., p.	Butz ..... c., 1b.
Waidelich...p., ss.	Wolper.....p., ss.
Snyder ..... 1b.	Kline .... 1b., cf.
Esser ..... 2b.	Kleckner ..... 2b.
Stump.....2b., 1b.	Brandt...ss., p., c.
Katz ..... ss., c.	Krauss ..... 3b.
Miller ..... 3b.	Brobst ..... rf.
Deibert ..... 1f.	Richards....cf., p.
Wertz ..... cf.	Seegers ..... lf.
Fry ..... lf.	

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Bass ....	5	0	3	2	6	0	2	0	1	—19	22	31
Tenor ..	8	0	4	0	3	1	1	4	x	—21	17	28

### NOTES FROM THE SYMPHONY.

Deacon Fry got in wrong with the umpire by his continual questions.

Throughout the game the Bases showed great team work.

Mr. Deibaht's strenuous coaching reminded the fans of Hughie Jennings.



TRACK TEAM.



## Alumni.

ROBERT C. HORN, *Editor*.

When Muhlenberg College moved to the western extremity of the city a few years ago, there began a new era in the career of the institution. This may be taken as the dividing line between the new and the old Muhlenberg College. We may speak of the alumni before 1905 as the old alumni, and those after 1905—few as they now are—as the new alumni. The latter in a few years will far outnumber us of the old school. What I am writing now is for the old alumni.

When you come back, some of you to an unfamiliar place and to many unfamiliar faces, what do you look for? Or are you satisfied to sit apart, to attend society reunions and alumni meeting, to partake of the alumni luncheon, to listen to the music Wednesday evening, to attend commencement exercises on Thursday, and then go home, with no more knowledge of the institution and its present work than you had before? Do you know what we are doing? Do you care what we are accomplishing? We want you to care and to know. Go about and visit and look into things; ask questions. The college is largely what you make it. The success of the institution depends upon its trustees, faculty, students and alumni, not to mention here its friends. Your full help is needed; the college can't afford to be deprived of one of its supporting pillars. Everybody must go into the work and show a real interest in things as they are and try to make things as they ought to be.

As you move about, looking for new things, compare the new with the old. I know the old days were good, that pleasant associations like clinging ivy

hang about old buildings; but there were disadvantages and inconveniences; there were insects of the kind that we do not keep in our collections, there were splinters in the floor, and dingy walls, and narrow accommodations; we had no athletic field and no physical director; we didn't play foot ball or win track meets; we had no courses in French or Spanish or Philosophy, and but little work in History; we had no Ph. B. course, without Greek, for those who wanted to study philosophy and the modern languages rather than the ancient. But enuf of what we didn't have; a few words now about present activities and operations, and then a few more words about what we still want.

In the Biological Department there is an active Biological Club, which meets once a month to discuss problems or read papers. The Classical Club has been active for several years. Last year it had about 30 members. Several instructors and many students meet once a month to translate some classical author, either Latin or Greek, or hear some lecture on a classical subject; after this teachers and students discuss informally matters of interest to both. Here is a great opportunity to meet without the restraint of the classroom and to learn to understand each other; to find that our aims and sympathies after all are the same, and to foster that spirit of co-operation which is for the welfare of our alma mater. The Philosophical Club is a new organization; its members are students in the Ph. B. course; its aims are similar to those of the other department and clubs.

You will find a good deal of illustra-

tive material in the way of pictures, lantern-slides, maps, and charts, besides a collection of birds and an excellent collection of insects, for both of which some of the alumni are responsible, though all of the alumni should have participated in these purchases. We are hoping that those who didn't contribute to these collections are only awaiting another opportunity which may appeal more to their special tastes. Perhaps they will purchase a collection of Greek or Roman coins to start a classical museum, or will purchase plaster casts of busts or statues of some of the literary or political celebrities of ancient times to beautify the classrooms or adorn the corridors. These things are necessary—to train the eye and taste, and aesthetic sense. A student will leave college with a deeper appreciation of Socrates, the philosopher, or Euripides, the poet, if he sees his portrait bust every day. In these days men feel the need of illustrative material of all kinds in scientific work, but neglect this in the work of the classics, and even in art. And the modern method of teaching the classics does not ask, but demands this. Pictures and lantern slides of Greek or Roman art and architecture and scenery are absolutely necessary. It is my earnest hope that some day some alumnus or alumni will donate some of these things.

The library has many more books than when you were here, and new books are obtained more regularly and frequently. Look at the collection of any department. Some of the books you will find in the main library, others in the department classroom. There is less textbook work and more reading on the part of the student. But we need a great deal more. Not a single department has enough. Why shouldn't an alumnus or a

class contribute a fund, to be known by his or its name, the interest of which is to be used annually for books of a certain kind or books for a certain department. Suppose the sum is small, so small even that only one book can be purchased each year, even that is worth a great deal when you calculate how many men can be benefited in a few years by the reading and study of one book, provided it is good, useful, and authoritative. It is by the accumulation of a number of little things that big things are achieved.

We need some big things too. We want a scientific building, for the present accommodations are too small and not as convenient as they should be. We want a handsome building for chapel and auditorium and library. How much better it would be to have our own auditorium than to have to use the Lyric Theatre for all large public occasions. The college ought to be the centre of all college activities and functions. Many of us have long been dreaming of a large and well equipped gymnasium.

Mention of a gymnasium probably makes you curious about the athletics of Muhlenberg College, the track team or the foot-ball team or inter-class basketball. Find out what is being done; how we are trying to cultivate a good body as well as good mind and soul. Observe the spirit of the place. Isn't there a strong contrast with the days of old?

But what of the mind? Our requirements for admission are higher than they were before; demand better preparation too, but even now it is far from what it should be. Can you help to make it better? If some of you prepare the students who come, give them a thorough preparation, not a hasty one



which you have crammed into them as you would stuff a turkey. Bethink you that the subject studied must be assimilated, and this takes time. The results however are far better and amply repay the time and effort. Haste and cramming and superficiality are the banes of our modern so-called education. And others of you can help by the advice you give to young men preparing for college. Advise them to be thoroughly prepared when they apply for admission, if necessary to take a year or two more, and spend a little more money. The results are so much more gratifying; their college course is changed from drudgery to pleasure; they are prepared to wrestle with problems. It is the difference between a strong man prepared for his task undertaking something worth while and mastering it, and a weakling attempting what is for him impossible. Do we want strong, able, fully equipped men in life? Then we must train them to be deep and accurate and thorough. This preparation must start before they come to college, even earlier than the preparatory school, yes, from the very beginning. But, alumni, you, who are teachers in secondary schools, pray do your best to make the future students of Muhlenberg College thorough and accurate and strong. And you who are in a position to advise, pray give sane and solid and conservative advice. But I have written enuf for the present about a subject in which I am intensely interested; at some other time I may have more to write or say on this matter; but so far now.

I have spoken of the addition to the curriculum of French, Spanish, and Philosophy; Music has been added too; the importance of History has been felt more and more. The philosophical

course, leading to the degree of Ph. B., requires no Greek and a larger amount of the modern languages takes the place of the classical. Such a course is needed now when many high schools make no preparation for boys to study Greek, and when so many who don't—for one reason or another—want Greek, still want a college education, to fit them for spheres of influence in life. We have attempted to fill this need.

In Junior and Senior years the number of hours of class work per week has been reduced to a minimum of 14 hours and a maximum of 16; the work is more intensive; more reading and thinking are required; and frequent reports are asked for. There is reasonable freedom of election in these classes. In Junior year there are 9 hours of prescribed work, in Senior 7; the work of the other hours may be freely elected. Thus a man may become more intimately acquainted with some one subject, instead of dissipating his energies in a superficial acquaintance with a number of subjects. His efficiency in one or two subjects is assured if he is willing to devote himself to the work.

Within recent years an increasing number of students upon graduation have taken a year or more of graduate work at the large universities; they have achieved success for themselves and reflected credit upon their alma mater. This is to be encouraged in every way.

The general store, run by Mr. Bernheim, under the auspices of the Athletic Association, is worthy of a visit. A great deal of business has been done in its first year. Students order books through it; it carries a line of tobacco, crackers and pretzels, chocolate, shoe-strings, and many other articles necessary for a student's use and comfort.

(Continued on Page 45.)

## Personal.

HARRY J. BROBST, *Editor.*

Monday evening, May 29, the initial meeting of the Students' Y. M. C. A. was held in the college chapel, with Dr. Haas presiding. The attendance for the first meeting was rather encouraging.

The constitution presented by the committee appointed to draft it was adopted and officers and committee chairmen elected. They are as follows: President, Paul H. Krauss '12; Vice President, J. Conrad Seegers '13; Secretary, S. J. Henry '12; Treasurer, Henry Fry '14.

The chairmen of committees are as follows:

S. J. Henry '12, chairman of membership committee; Reiter '12, chairman of social committee; Meck '13, chairman of students' aid and employment committee; Katz '13, chairman of the committee on religious work.

This group of officers form the executive committee of the association, with Dr. Haas as faculty advisor.

The association will begin active work in the next collegiate year and the nature of it is largely indicated by the various committees in charge of different phases of the work. There is a great opportunity for Y. M. C. A. work at Muhlenberg. Every student should give his hearty co-operation to make it a success.

Elmer Kidd '14 has been elected Sophomore Football Manager for the coming year by the Freshmen class.

If a certain young burg near here is full of small Fry, how much does Cata-sauquay.

Savacool recently fell in love with a german damsel and now he translates his German into English in this form: "Don't spill the table full with water."

Once more Muhlenberg has lowered the colors from the "Champions of the State of Delaware" in track. The quarter-miler with the record of only 54 must have been absent.

Stump caught in the act of snubbing again.

Janke '13—What will you give me if I hit Henry on the head.

Stump '12—A crack on the face.

Prof. Ross lecturing.

Nenow '14—Prof. I never knew that.

Ross—Yes, there are quite a few things you don't know.

The Freshmen class elected officers for next year: President, Elmer Leisey; Vice Pres., Charles Seidel; Sect., Martin Fetherolf; Treas., Elmer Bausch; Monitor, George Eichler; Historian, Henry Fry.

On February 24th, the Glee Club elected the following officers to serve for 1911-12:

*President*—Paul Krauss, '12

*Vice-President*—Luther Waidelich, '12

*Asst. Director*—Wm. L. Katz, '13

*Bus. Manager*—Robt. Kleckner, '12

*Asst. Bus. Manager*—J. Conrad Seegers, '13

*Secretary*—George Stump, '12

*Librarian*—Henry Fry, '14.



The Philosophical Society have elected the following officers for 1912: President, Chas. E. Esser '13; Sect., John Wenner.

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"When a man tells a woman that she is the only one he ever loved, shy off. He is either a colossal liar, or too green to be wholesome."—*Ex.*

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Again in the history of Muhlenberg the Junior class held an Ausflug this year on May 31. Owing to the inclement weather the usual preceeding baseball game had to be postponed. In the evening however the class repaired to the Mount Vernon Inn at Siegfried, chaperoned by Dr. Wackernagel and Prof. E. D. Ross.

The banquet was tasty and appetizing and the waiters lent color and charm to the occasion. (See Henninger). W. W. Brossman, toastmaster of the evening, with clean cut words and fiery aspect introduced the first speaker, Dr. Wackernagel, who discussed the class from the Faculty's viewpoint. In glowing terms he told the class of the hearty friendship and co-operation of the faculty with respect to the class.

Prof. Ross followed speaking on colleg spirit. Several amusing stories gave spice to the otherwise sound and serious address. He remarked on the apparent spirit at Muhlenberg and urged the continuance of college ideals after college, the maintainence of integrity, and the place for religion in public life. "Monk" Waidelich then spoke of the Ausflug, its causes and effects and was applauded to the echo. Guth was called on for a Pennsylvania German toast and spoke about the girls on the farm. Whether or not this was true to life is a matter of conjecture.

Henninger among other significant remarks "A la Logic" told the following: Roosevelt would not be without a copy of Hibben's Logic; for while on his African trip he was in a terrible storm and was unable to build a fire because everything was watersoaked. But he found a copy of Hibben's Logis in his equipment and lo, it was still dry! (Too true).

Snyder spoke on the origin of the name Decose and advised Rotesbæumchen to get a new one. Forthwith Decose was buried in a hearty class yell.

The Faculty from the class viewpoint was ably looked after by C. D. Hummel.

C. C. Troxell spoke next on "Piper Heidsick, It Floats."

Eccentricities of the class was thrashed out by R. G. Kleckner who spoke in an able manner.

Last but not least was the toast to 1912's future by J. M. Kuder. He told the members of the class that what was needed for a good future is push, energy and unity of spirit. After the toasts were completed the class, after giving numerous yells repaired to the college.

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"Here lies the remains of Dentist Smith, filling his last cavity."—*Ex.*

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The second baseball game between the Sophomores and Freshman was played on June 1. The Freshmen held their own with the score of 8-7. But in the last inning the "Sophs" managed to get two men across the rubber making the score 9-8, in favor of the Sophomores.

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With this issue the present staff has completed their term of office. The best wishes for the Personal department of next year.



FRANCIS H. SMITH, *Editor.*

## RESUME OF ATHLETICS AT MUHLENBERG, SEASON OF 1910-1911.

Looking back over the year the most severe critic must admit that Athletics at Muhlenberg have been successful.

We were introduced to the Season's Athletics last fall in the form of Foot Ball. That was a grand squad of promising candidates that answered Coach Bull's first call for men. There was never in the history of the college a more wholesome looking squad upon the field. Everybody commented that we were going to have the best Varsity ever. Did we? Taking everything into consideration it seems necessary to say that it was not the best but next to the best. Probably the best game that the Team played was the opening practice game against the Carlisle Indian Varsity. The victories over Delaware, Lebanon Valley and the Indian Reserves were perfectly satisfactory. But in the Franklin and Marshall game—the game for which we were all striving—there was something lacking. It was almost heart breaking to see our men robbed of a touchdown in the early part of the game. However, our men braced up toward the end of the game and only by their earnest fighting prevented a much higher score

on the part of the visitors. It is generally supposed that our men were "mentally stale"—a very bad condition in which to fall at the time of a big game. Muhlenberg needs a trainer as well as a coach. The absence of such a man has been the reason for some of our short-comings.

As we look forward to next fall we do so with a feeling of cheerful anticipation. Everything looks good! Only one member of last year's varsity is leaving college and the prospective new men are 'winners'—everyone of them. There are men of last year's Scrub Team who are going to make the Varsity next fall. Great hopes are entertained in respect to our new Coach. Mr. Kelly has already won a very enviable spot in the hearts and minds of all Muhlenberg men and that is going to be of great assistance to him. If we can believe in him without seeing him, what will happen when we see him? In addition to a promising Squad and Coach we are looking forward to the most exciting Schedule ever arranged for a Muhlenberg Team. The season will open with the Carlisle Indians followed by a game with New



York University. Gettysburg is again on the schedule and the Big Game with F. and M. is booked for the 11th of November.

Good Luck to the Team of 1911!

### **BASKET BALL and BASE BALL.**

Although we have not been able to support either a College Basket Ball or Base Ball Team on account of finances, nevertheless, both these sports have been duly recognized in the form of Inter-class Contests. We have the men in college to make winning teams in either of these sports, especially in Base Ball, but it takes money to run these things and that is sadly lacking. The Inter-Class Basket Ball Series which was won by the Team representing the Junior Class was exciting enough to hasten along some of the dreary winter hours.

Here's hoping that Muhlenberg will have sufficient finances next year to run either Collegiate Basket Ball or Base Ball!

### **TRACK.**

The Track Season which has recently come to a close has been a most glorious one. For the first time in our history we came back victorious from the Relay Races at Pennsylvania. This surely was a fitting opening to the Season. The Gettysburg Meet which followed was the most closely contested Meet of the Season, the final score being 65 to 61 in favor of our rivals. The Meet was an inspiration to most of the men on the Track Team to do better next time. The Juniata Meet ended in a defeat for Muhlenberg but the better team won and we did our best. The Season came to a most glorious close on Decoration Day when we brought home another Banner from Delaware College after defeating the Delaware boys by a score of 84 to 42.

In looking back over this Track Season we feel happy that we have secured two Banners out of a possible four. Our opponents have scored 179 points against our 181. We have had a Team that we all can be proud of and as only one member of the Team leaves by graduation there is reason for rejoicing in the hope of a winning Team for next year.

Coach Smith has been a popular and efficient coach. We are sorry that he will not be with us next year. Our best wishes go with him.

Gettysburg 65

Muhlenberg 61

The first meet of the season, which was between Gettysburg and Muhlenberg, held on Muhlenberg's Track on Saturday, May 13th, proved to be very interesting. The events were closely contested—so much so that the victory could not be awarded until the last man had taken his last jump in the fourteenth event.

The 200 Yard Dash, the Half Mile and the Two Mile Run afforded the spectators some exciting finishes. Leathers won the 220 by throwing out his chest; Toebke returned the favor in the Half Mile; and Reiter and Frederick took the lead in the Two Mile at the "Psychological Moment." Leathers is a runner with a reputation but he came near losing it in the 220. Bixler was so close that only the watchful eyes of the judges could detect the winner. However, in Track as in other things "an inch is as good as a mile."

A large crowd attended the meet and was the source of much inspiration to the contestants.

### **SUMMARY:**

100 Yard Dash—Won by Leathers (G); second, Bixler (M); third, Shelly (M). Time, 10 2-5 secs.

120 Yard Hurdles—Won by Smith (M); second, Miller (G); third, David (M). Time, 18 2-5 secs.

One Mile Run—Won by Schofer (G); second, Reiter (M); third, Crouthamel (M). Time, 5 min. 1 4-5 secs.

Shot Put—Won by Skean (M); second, Miller (G); third, Smoll (G). Distance, 35 feet, 9 inches.

440 Yard Dash—Won by Leathers (G); second, Hufford (G); third, Toebke (M). Time, 55 secs.

High Jump—Tie for first, Smith (M) and Cook (M); third, Steck (G). Height, 4 feet, 11½ ins.

220 Yard Hurdles—Tie for first, Smith (M) and Miller (G); third, Steck (G). Time, 29 1-5 secs.

Discus Throw—Won by Miller (G); second, Skean (M); third, Krause (M). Distance, 102 ft. 10½ ins.

220 Yard Dash—Won by Leathers (G); second, Bixler (M); third, Shelly (M). Time, 24 secs.

880 Yard Run—Won by Toebke (M); second, Schofer (G); third, Pee (G). Time, 2 min. 14 1-5 secs.

Hammer Throw—Won by Miller (G); second, Skean (M); third, Smoll (G). Distance, 131 ft. 5½ ins.

Pole Vault—Won by Hatter (G); second, Miller (G); third, Keever (M). Height, 8 ft. 8 ins.

Two Mile Run—Won by Reiter (M); second, Frederick (M); third, Mellor (G). Time 11 min. 27 1-5 secs.

Broad Jump—Won by Hatter (G); second, Bixler (M); third, Flexer (M).

Final Score—Gettysburg, 65; Muhlenberg, 61.

Juniata 72 Muhlenberg 36

In the second Dual Meet of the season Muhlenberg was forced to allow the Banner to remain at Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.

The final score of 72 to 36 is by no means indicative of the comparative strengths of the two Teams because the races were closely contested and proved to be exceedingly interesting.

A heavy rain fell after the second event had been pulled off and the track was left in a sorrowful condition, which prevented the making of good time.

Wacker was the only man to win a Track Event for Muhlenberg. His finish at the end of the quarter mile was exceptionally clever.

Skean put the shot in great style and is reported to have made the best put ever witnessed on Juniata's Field.

Juniata can boast of a very good team and the Muhlenberg Team is not ashamed of the defeat. However, the final score would be considerably altered were a meet between the two teams run off on the Track at Muhlenberg in as much as Juniata's Track is rather inferior and confusing to a visiting team.

The management of the Muhlenberg Track Team was exceedingly pleased with the treatment which the Team received at the hands of the authorities and students of Juniata College.

Muhlenberg 84

Delaware 42

On Decoration Day Muhlenberg closed her Track Season with a decided victory over Delaware College at Newark, Delaware.

Delaware was able to secure but two first places. Sawdon of Delaware broke his college record in the mile and the half mile. It is a custom at Delaware that a medal be given to record breakers. Muhlenberg also had two records broken, the Two Mile Run and the Broad Jump.

The Team received very hospitable treatment at the hands of the Delaware



College men. We hope this relationship may continue.

#### SUMMARY:

100 Yard Dash—Won by Bixler (M); second, Shelly (M); third, Ennis (D). Time, 10 1-5 sec.

880 Yard Run—Won by Sawdon (D); second, Toecke (M); third, Wacker (M). Time, 2 min. 6 1-5 secs.

Shot Put—Won by Skean (M); second, Willington (D); third, Veal (D). Distance, 38 ft. 8 ins.

220 Yard Hurdles—Won by Smith (M); second, Manning (D); third, Dean (D). Time, 28 1-5 secs.

Discus Throw—Won by Skean (M); second, Snyder (M); third, Mellington (D). Distance, 103 ft.

Two Mile Run—Won by Reiter (M); second, Cranston (D); third, Jacobs (D). Time, 10 min. 58 2-5 secs.

Broad Jump—Won by Smith (M); second, Harvey (D); third, Hagner (D). Distance, 20 ft. 6 ins.

440 Yard Dash—Won by Bixler (M); second, Ennis (D); third, Toecke (M). Time, 55 1-5 secs.

High Jump—Won by Smith (M); second, tie between Cook (M) and Harvey (D). Height, 5 feet.

220 Yard Dash—Won by Shelly (M); second, Wacker (M); third, Manning (D). Time, 24 secs.

Hammer Throw—Won by Skean (M); second, Snyder (M); third, Todd (D). Distance 97 ft. 8 ins.

120 Yard Hurdles—Won by David (M); second, McCafferty (D); third, Shelly (M). Time, 19 2-5 secs.

Pole Vault—Won by Smith (M); second, Harvey (D); third, McCafferty (D). Height, 9 ft.

One Mile Run—Won by Sawdon (D); second, Crouthamel (M); third, Reiter (M). Time, 4 min. 59 2-5 secs.

The following nine men, having succeeded in taking a first place in an intercollegiate meet, are eligible to receive their track M.—Captain Reiter, Manager Wunder, Smith, Skean, Bixler, Toecke, Shelly, Wacker, David. The letters will be awarded in a few days at a smoker to be given by the Student Organization in honor of Coach Smith and the team. Beginning next year the track M will be awarded to any student competitor who succeeds in scoring a total of twelve points for the season, or who shall have taken first place at the Pennsylvania Annual Intercollegiate Relay Races.

At a recent meeting of the M men, Toecke was elected to the captaincy of the 1912 track team.

The success of the past season was due in large measure to the careful attention given the team by both Captain Reiter and Coach Smith. Both were laboring under a great handicap—viz, the lack of a training table, a need which must and will be looked after next season.

The individual record of points scored throughout the season follows:

Smith '11,—41 points; Skean, special,—34; Bixler '13—31; Toecke '13—17; Reiter '12—17; Shelly '12—16; Wacker '13—14; Cook '14—9; Snyder '12—6; David '13—6; Crouthamel '14—4; Frederick '13—3; Krauss '13—1; Flexer '14—1.

Muhlenberg scored 201 points, while her opponents scored 195 points.

## Exchange.

JOHN E. HARTZELL, *Editor.*

The editor takes this opportunity of expressing keen sorrow that his labors in connection with "*The Muhlenberg*" staff, after this issue, will be a thing of the past. The relation existing between the exchanges and our paper have been of the most cordial and pleasant nature and we hope that this feeling is mutual. During the tenure of office of the present staff, we have been successful in obtaining new exchanges in addition to retaining all of the old ones, so that now our exchange list is represented by about forty to fifty schools. We earnestly solicit the continuance of exchanging with all of them next year.

We feel that it would not be amiss to say a word to our successor. In the first place, we wish you success in this line of college activity and hope that you will find the work agreeable and worth while. Of all the departments of a college publication, the exchange department, it seems, by nearly unanimous agreement, is held to be of the least importance. This is a wrong view to take, for just why it should not be on a par with the other departments, is not within the range of our comprehension. If anyone, who has such an opinion, takes hold of this department, then, of course, no interest will be shown in it and there will be no signs of improvement. On the other hand, anyone who believes that it should be equal to the other departments, will work to raise it to that point and nothing will prevent him from accomplishing that end. We are convinced that our successor is of the latter type.

We feel confident that next year's

staff will be a competent one and that they will be thoroughly interested in the work. Their first and foremost function should be to arouse an ever increasing interest among the student body and, if successful in that, a good paper is bound to follow. The staff should unite their efforts in trying to put out the best paper in our history. They will find plenty of room for improvement and they should avail themselves of every opportunity along this line. We wish them abundant success.

"The Passing of War" in "*The Perkiomenite*" is full of information and very well written. The writer in showing the advances international law has made tells us the startling yet true fact that "from the date of the Jay treaty, one hundred seventeen years ago, no less than six hundred disputes have been settled by arbitration." We agree with the writer that the tendency today is towards universal peace, but 'that there is no longer excuse for war' is a broad statement, capable of being vigorously disputed. The whole question of peace and war, of course, is a controversial one.

The several cuts that appear in your paper constitute a big improvement.

The "*Swarthmore Quarterly*" deserves to be commended on the large number of good articles in the April issue. "*Overland to Loch-Lomond*" is replete with interest. It contains several first class descriptive paragraphs which are well worth reading. Stories of the style of "*An Aeroplane Ride*" do not enhance your paper any. Your cuts are neat and attractive.



We have always found great pleasure in looking over the "Argus". The article on "The Supremacy of Mathematics" written by an alumnus, contains many lucid and convincing arguments. All knowledge, however, is too much correlated to state which holds the supremacy. It appears to be a question entirely of personal taste. We believe that the writer confuses what is understood as constituting mathematics with philosophy. Again, he speaks of mathematics as being an absolutely indestructible and unchanging science. There

might be some debate on that point.

The "Midland" contains a well studied out article on "Conservation—The National Issue." Letters Home" is a timely subject and should be of interest to all college men away from home.

The Senior number of the "Carlisle Arrow" is very attractive, in fact, one of the finest papers on our list this month. Judging from the pictures of the homes of some of the Carlisle graduates, the Carlisle alumnus is making good and is enjoying a large degree of prosperity.

## ALUMNI.

(Continued from Page 37.)

I have space left only to call your attention to the successful season of the Glee Club and to remind you of the play to be given by the Dramatic Association during Commencement week, which takes the place of the decidedly amateurish attempt of the Freshmen which we used to see in days of old. I might call to your mind the Honor System, the only system which is worthy of young men who are preparing themselves to spread ideals of culture, honor, and right living and thinking, and the Student Council, which is assuming the duties of student government and is en-

deavoring to apply those principles to which I have alluded. There are other things, fellow alumni, to which I might call your attention; but this article may already have proved too long. By this time those of you who subscribe for "*The Muhlenberg*" will have learned that a new Alumni Editor has taken the place of Dr. Ettinger and will have noted the request for information about yourselves and other alumni. To all other alumni I would now extend this request. I close with best wishes for a pleasant Commencement week with your rejuvenated alma mater.

## PERSONAL.

One of the new features of Commencement week will be the planting of ivy by the Senior class. The ceremony will occur immediately after the Literary Society Reunions on Wednesday morning, June 14.

Wanted—Every alumnus of the college to make his appearance on the campus during Commencement week.

Charles Coleman '12 will take his Senior year at Franklin and Marshall. Our best wishes go with him in his new course of study.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are,  
Up above the footlights sheen,  
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